

## Chapter 1

### THE SUMMONING

Inside a dilapidated castle was an old, dusty room, built out of stone and used for ritualistic purposes. A small magic circle was drawn on the floor, squiggly and deformed.

"Yes, I did it!"

It was the voice of a young girl. In this dwelling that looked as though it belonged to an evil witch of children's fairy-tales, the girl seemed less an inhabitant and more a *caption*.

A child no more than five, she had silver hair and violet eyes, wearing a dress somewhat worn-out but distinctly of the noble caste. She beamed at the *thing* resembling a small slime that had appeared in the magic circle. Her hand stretched toward it as she spoke gently, adorably.

"Hey... will you be..."

\*\*\*

*Drip.*

*Drip.*

Cold droplets of water wet my cheek, and I slowly, blearily open my eyes to an unfamiliar ceiling... just kidding, nothing so cliché, it's just a cloudy sky instead.

Hold on... why am I sleeping here... ?

Had it been soft grass that I was feeling on my cheeks and my back, then it would have been possible that I'd accidentally dozed off from the comfortably wide-open outdoors. But as it is, I'm currently lying on something hard and uncomfortably *angular*. Considering the rusty bikes and refrigerators I see around me, this should be the illegal garbage dump near my school.

I remember now... I came here to clean up the trash as an extracurricular activity.

Looking from the school toward this direction, you'd see a cliff several meters high. And since there was a natural dip in the ground under it, people from nearby towns have been coming here to throw away their fridges and TVs. The unlawful dump had been a bit of a problem.

Really, what were they thinking...

And while I don't exactly hold the school in high regards for making its students clean the mess up, I think even less of the more *idiotic* of the students who were only making things worse when they throw away their water bottles and convenience store lunchboxes. At this rate, this dump is never going to go away.

And those who contribute to the problem are also the same ones who never help out with the cleaning. In the end, it's only the serious students that get the short end of the stick.

...by the way... *who* am I?

"H-hey, isn't this kinda bad...?"

"What the hell are you saying Denko, didn't you agree to this?"

"B-but, I mean..."

"...d-did she die?"

"No way..."

"Hey... let's get away already..."

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"What the hell are you saying Denko, didn't you agree to this?"

"B-but, I mean..."

"...d-did she die?"

"No way..."

"Hey... let's get away already..."

"But our group's gonna be suspected..."

"Then do you have an idea, huh?"

"Wasn't it you who pushed her, Botan?!"

"B-but Hina-chan told me to do it too..."

Oh yeah... I think I remember a bit now.

I was pushed by the girls who are, even now, getting into a hullabaloo (do people still say that these days?) on the cliff.

They're only speaking about how to protect themselves. I hear nothing about calling for the school nurse or an ambulance.

None at all.

The cliff looks... about five meters high? If below me had been smaller pieces of trash, then maybe they could have acted as a mattress to cushion my fall. As it is, however, it was after our cleaning, and so the only garbage left were the large stuff that the students couldn't deal with. Basically, I was pushed from a height equivalent to the second floor of a building onto a pile of metal, landing either on my head or my back.

Yup, that's more than enough to kill.

If a person falls from high enough for them to do half a roll in the air, then it's also a height very much lethal. I could have broken a bone even if I landed on my legs, and I could have been stabbed by a rusty, broken length of metal from a bike, too.

“Oh, it’s raining...”

“We really should go...”

“Come onnn, let’s get back to the classroom. I don’t think anyone’s gonna come looking in the rain.”

“...but what if they find her?”

“W-we’ll just tell them we only poked her a bit and she fell all on her own! It’s an accident!”

“...are you leaving?”

*\*kracka-thoooom!\**

“””AAAAAAAHHH?!”””

Ominous lightning struck at just the right moment, and the three girls screamed in chorus. They screamed because of the thunder, obviously, and not because I’d talked to them after I got up and climbed the cliff. Who would scream when their classmate was just asking them a question? That’s just rude.

“K-Kamishiro-san?!”

Oh yeah... that’s my name... isn’t it? My family name, anyway.

The three girls who pushed me are now staring at me with a bit of guilt, a bit of relief... and a lot of fear.

“...w-why...”

“W-weren’t you dead...?”

“The blood...”

“It’s... it’s not my fault!”

“NOOOOOO!”

“Hey, wait—” I say, but they’re already tripping over themselves in fright as they run toward the school.

“Come on...” I mutter, exasperated.

They acted as though I should have died. Such rude people.

The drizzle turns into outright rain, the beads of water soaking my hair heavily. I absentmindedly bring a hand to my head and notice a strangely *thick* wetness on my finger that isn’t water. A closer look reveals that my hair is matted with an amount of blood in far excess of a scratch.

Ahh, I see. No wonder. Normal middle-school girls are totally gonna be terrified by this.

The sky rapidly darkens. The rain is a downpour now, the water beating on the schoolground to turn dry dirt into darkened mud in short order.

I’m soaked anyway, so I just use the rain as an impromptu shower to wash out the blood, then head toward the girls’

locker room to get my change of clothes.

I enter the school building, ignoring my indoor shoes — as dirty as I am, changing shoes would just be a waste of time anyway — and go right for the sophomore locker room.

I don’t meet anyone on the way. The juniors and seniors are probably still in their classes.

Luckily, I’m wearing my PE jersey for the extracurricular cleaning. If I had been cleaning with my uniform, I’d have to go home wearing this eye-searingly *red* jersey.

There’s nobody else in the locker room beside me. I take out a small key from my pocket.

...my memories are getting clearer now.

I open the correct locker, my locker, without having to think twice. It's not like it's difficult. Mine is the only one as dirty as it is.

I suppose those three girls might have done it because I erased their scribbles from my locker. It's amazing, in a way, how they could be so childish.

I take out the towel from my locker, undo the long braid that comes to my chest, and thoroughly wipe off the moisture from my hair.

“...why'd I keep this?”

My front bangs go down to my nose like a black curtain.

...oh, yes, I kept this so long because I used to not want to let other people see my eyes.

When my hair was dry, my bangs only went down to my eyes, so it hadn't bothered me that much. As I am now, though, it just feels *really* irritating.

I take a look around. As luck would have it, there's a sewing kit somebody left behind, and I find what I'm looking for inside. Small, but serviceable.

*Snip.*

Locks of hair fall to the floor.

As amateurish as I am, getting my front bangs straight was the best I could do, but I still looks a lot better than the walking curtain that I used to be.

Now that that's done, I'll have to change... luckily, my underwear's still dry.

I quickly change into my blazer uniform (it's a public middle school's uniform, and there isn't much about it you can describe as 'cute'), then take a look at myself in the full-length mirror placed against one of the walls.

“Oh... so that's what my face look like...”

The lights suddenly buzz and begin to flicker, covering me in bouts of alternating light and darkness.

In the mirror, I see a girl with glossy black hair and dark-red eyes. She looks like an unfeeling *doll*, with all the things that were keeping her on the right side of the uncanny valley stripped out.

Might have sounded like I was describing someone else, but yes, that's me.

\*CRACK-krrrr..."

Another flash of lightning, followed by rumbling thunder. The lighting gives out completely. In the pitch-black darkness, a pair of crimson eyes flicker as though candlelights.

\*\*\*

The town was neither an urban city, nor was it in the countryside. It neighbored a government-designated city and was also adjacent to a national highway, but at the same time, it was why the town was only a place for people to pass by and rarely go into.

The town had no lack of households, though the vast majority of them were old families. There were barely any young people. All the children of age within thirty-minutes walking distance from the public middle school didn't even take up more than one class for each grade.

"...teacher's late. And we just have homeroom left, too."

Ginko, the class vice-president, a girl with an assertive streak that showed in her appearance, grumbled.

"I think she's dragging out the staff meeting again..." Fua, a timid-looking glasses-wearing girl, answered.

Ginko thought of their homeroom teacher, an old maid with so much enthusiasm in making her students do "voluntary service" that she half suspected the woman to be involved in some sort of shady religion, and she nodded, convinced by Fua's words. Ginko then released a small sigh.

Nevertheless, she understood why the woman was giving them the work. It was this class.

Sophomore year, Class 1 — there was just one class anyway, so it wasn't like the numbering meant anything — but the point was, the class only had seventeen students who were all in their second year,

and yet there was still a distinct lack of unity.

The eight male students weren't the problem. They fit together well enough.

Part of it was because most of the boys were quiet, but mainly it was thanks to Sei and Hao, two good-looking students who acted as the leaders to bring them together (despite their somewhat strange names — “saintly garment” and “winged king”, respectively).

On the other hand, it was exactly the two's handsomeness that broke apart the nine female students.

Three of the girls were actively chasing after the two boys and sabotaging each other.

Another three were watchers, who mainly involved themselves in malicious gossip and bullying as an outlet for their frustration.

Ginko and Fua, who tried to stay away from the mess, unwilling to be involved in the drama.

And finally, a girl shunned by all the other girls.

At first glance, the female students seemed harmonious enough. The grade only had the seventeen students, plus there was no other class to change to, so the group was “tight-knit”, so to speak. Now, most of the class just called everyone else by their first names, no matter if they were a boy or a girl.

The only exception was the ignored girl.

When they had been in their first year, Ginko and her friend had thought to bring the lonely-looking girl into their group.

But before they could, the two aforementioned boys had approached her, either out of kindness or a sense of duty, and it had been the beginning of her misfortune. Aside from Ginko and Fua, all the other girls began to pretend she didn't exist.

Even Ginko didn't think the situation was anywhere close to being *good*, for sure, but if she had gone ahead with her original plan, the two boys would make things complicated with their own unwanted actions.

It was another one-and-a-half year until graduation, give or take a few

weeks. The undeniable fact was that she didn't want to rock the boat, to have to spend that much time in a class split into two warring sides when there were no other classes to change to.

“...it's kinda quiet today.” Fua said.

“It is.” Ginko replied, turning a quick glance around the class.

Everyone had already changed out of their jerseys back into their uniforms, except for the three bully girls. They kept whispering to each other, looking scared.

That reminds her, where was that girl...? She was the only one to not be back yet.

‘...and what was her first name again...?’

\*CRACK-grrrr...\*

“Kya!” “Waah!” “Eep!”

A bolt of lightning struck, this time quite a lot closer to the school, and the lights shut off. Several students screamed.

The rain intensified, beating down on the building. The sky grew darker and darker. Somebody gulped, and silence descended in the room.

“My, what's wrong?”

The voice of a girl softly rang from the classroom entrance, triggering another chorus of screams. Since when had the doors been open?

“...K-Kamishiro...san?” Sei, one of the aforementioned boys, whispered raspily. The confusion in his voice was shared by everyone else in the room.

The girl, Kamishiro, had been the target of bullying due to her mixed heritage, being half-Japanese and half-Turkish. It showed in the lines of her face, the color of her eyes... and children were creatures that could so easily reject those different from themselves, even if no one would bat an eye at her once she grew up.

The girl had been the quiet type in the first place. Early on in her life, she had realized herself to be different from those around her, and soon afterward she began to keep her head down, hiding her face.

But now, she wasn't doing that anymore. Now, she carried a completely different air, a cheerfully *intimidating* smile on her face.

As though she had *died and been reborn...*

\*CRACK-grrrrTHOOOM!!\*

Blinding lightning and deafening thunder drowned out the students' screams. The glass windows shattered, and the classroom was flooded with light.

The students continued their screams of terror and shock except for a single girl, the girl named Kamishiro, who showed a look of surprise on her face for a single moment. Afterward, she smiled and slowly closed her eyes in realization and acceptance.

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“Success!”

“Yes, we did it!”

“EEEEee that's awesome! They're *humans!*”

A chorus of cheers mixed with relief came from the students of the magical academy as boys and girls appeared from the enormous summoning circle.

For many students at the academy, it was the fifth and final school year, the year when they would turn fifteen. The noble children with strong magic among them would summon intelligent creatures from another dimension to contract them as servants called “Partners”.

While the summoning *was* a part of the curriculum, to the students with strong enough magic to handle spellcasting, the Partners that they summoned themselves would be their proof of graduation from being magicians to become ‘magi’. And among nobles, being a magus was a certain kind of prestige.

There were many, many dimensions of all kinds to summon from.

There had been summonings of dragons, lunar wolves, or other such mythical beasts with both power and intelligence; and there had also been summonings of elves, dwarves, and other such Demihumans that didn't exist in this world.

And they were still the safer results. Depending on the school year, there were also cases of monsters such as ogres and trolls being summoned, and it had been the reason for the tense atmosphere and subsequent palpable relief among the students.

Now, the relief of the magi-in-training were turning into loud and excited cheers. After all, the summoning this time had given them *humans*, life-forms of the same appearance as them.

Unconfirmed information had it that human-inhabited worlds were dimensionally far apart, and so summoned humans were rare. Furthermore, summoned humans often gained powerful magic, and legends had it that they only showed up every several centuries.

“...phew.”

In this year’s summoning, the students with powerful magic numbered seventeen.

Among them was a severe-looking girl with silver hair and violet eyes named Sharon. She rubbed her fingers, trying to relax from the white-knuckled grip she had on her staff, and she breathed a sigh, expression still tense.

*Looks like I managed somehow... she thought.*

Sharon wasn’t very good in her magic control. If the summoning had failed here, she might just become the target of blame from everyone else. As the daughter of a marquis, she couldn’t afford to invite any further disgrace.

The cheers gradually died down as the academy students remembered what they had to do next, and the tense nervousness returned.

The “Servant Contract” mentioned earlier was a ritual with quite a few similarities to the “Slave Brand” curse, and by law, it was only allowed to be used on dangerous subjects such as criminals or monsters.

But the summoning of intelligent creatures would have abruptly ripped them away from their normal lives. Rarely were they *friendly*.

They might be fearful due to the change. They might wail in grief. Or they might even forget themselves in rage and attempt to bring harm upon the summoners.

It was why the tense atmosphere wasn't limited to the students alone. Even the knights standing by, those who had been deployed by the kingdom to protect the young sons and daughters of high nobility, were waiting with bated breath.

To the noble students who had summoned members of a sapient species, those to whom the Servant Contract wouldn't be allowed, not being chosen would be considered a shameful stain on their records.

As nobility, they needed to be able to display their worth to the summoned, to *convince* them to become their Partner and servant, and they had one year until graduation to do it. After that year had passed, the Partner candidates would be employed by the country. Those who hadn't been chosen would never again have the chance to gain a Partner.

The results of the summoning this year were children the same age as the summoners. They were seemingly of the same ethnic group, judging from the black hair they all shared.

The sudden summoning had made them fearful and heavily confused. There was even a girl among them who looked as though she was about to cry at the drop of a hat, and a few among the student summoners hesitated to speak up, feeling somewhat guilty.

The first to speak would make an impression, but also risked being the target of the summoned people's grudges. Who would take the role?

The air was charged with tension as the students' mind whirred with thoughts on how to best approach the situation and how to obstruct their rivals. Meanwhile, Sharon took deep breaths, trying to calm her thundering heart, and she began to search among the summoned humans, seeing if any would deign to serve someone like her.

The laws only allowed one to summon intelligent creatures from another world *once*, no more. The reason was because supposedly, the first time was the only time a Soulbond could be established, and the Partner who had chosen and been chosen by a summoner at that time would empower their master to their maximum potential.

And the more powerful the Soulbond the summoner had, the more likely they would be chosen.

But Sharon felt nothing but unease with the knowledge

‘...*what do I do if no one chooses me...*’

Sharon had made a mistake in her younger days. A mistake that made this summoning no longer her first.

As tension mounted, Joel, one of the students and the second prince of the kingdom, decided to become an example for his subjects. But just as he was about to put his feet forward, one girl walked out from the group of summoned people, her steps calm and composed.

The noble students gulped, drawn by her presence, by her exotic beauty that could only be born from a confluence of bloodlines, from a meeting of different cultures. They lost themselves in her hair, a gleaming black of obsidian; her skin, fair and delicate as velvet; and her eyes, a mesmerizing shade of vermillion that spoke of the powerful will behind them.

As everyone continued to be captivated by her beauty, the beauty of a doll, she walked onward, unmolested even by the knights that were supposed to be protecting the academy students. She headed right for the second prince Joel... and quietly passed him by, instead stopping in front of Sharon who was standing in the back of the crowd. She daintily pinched her skirt and gave a curtsey, one practiced and full of elegance.

“Greetings, my lady. I shall be in your service. Please, call me ‘Fleurety’.”

In the year 893 of the kingdom’s calendar, the month of Firstfall, thus began the story of a single clumsy villainess and a maid who came from another world.

# Chapter 2

## THE SANDBOX

Hello everyone. Fleurety here.

The fog upon my mind has cleared. I'm feeling great.

My lady's brain still seems to be blue-screening. I give her a smile and walk over to stand beside her.

Not right next to her, of course. My place is one step behind her.

Then my lady finally reboots, jerking her head around at me like a broken phonograph.

“W-w-w-w-haaaat?!” At last, she blesses me with her adorable voice.  
“W-why did you, umm...”

“I am Fleurety, milady.”

“F-fuh... flur...etti...?”

“If you're not used to it, feel free to call me 'Letty'. Oh yes, which reminds me, I have not yet asked for your name. My apologies.”

“I am Sharon de... hold on, why are you standing next to me?! And what do you mean, *your* lady?!” Lady Sharon says, her hands flapping so much it looks like she's doing sign language in fast-forward.

I give her a few gentle taps on the shoulder and a smile.

“Of course, that is because I've decided to serve you, lady Sharon. Or might you be dissatisfied with me, perhaps?” I reply.

“N-no, that's not what I meant! I—”

“A moment, please, Sharon.”

And then some asshole decides to interrupt our heartwarming moment, right when I and my cute-as-a-button lady were in the

middle of affirming our master-servant relationship.

“Sir Joel!” Lady Sharon says, turning around in surprise.

With his air of composure and striking looks that would probably make him quite attractive to a certain demographic, the guy looks like the quintessential fairy tale’s prince, even with the slight bit of confusion showing on his face at the moment.

Oh, right, I almost forgot. Judging from the architecture and clothing I see around me, this world’s probably somewhere around the Middle Ages, or maybe nearing the end of it. I also see light sources floating in the air that use no electricity, so I guess we’d been magically summoned.

“Excuse me, Sharon. Would you allow me a few moments to talk to her?”

“...yes, your highness.” Milady answers, looking strangely... meek? Her face now seems sort of stony-looking, and her voice sounds stiff. Does she not like this man?

This cannot stand. For milady Sharon, this lowly maid Fleurety shall send this brute away from the mortal coil... if not for the fact that she called him ‘your highness’. A wrong move here might just worsen milady’s standing.

“Miss, I would ask for your name.” He says, his question sounding more like a command. The guy’s obviously used to giving orders.

“Yes, milord, I am Fleurety.”

“My name is Joel, and I am the second prince of this country, Argrey Kingdom. Miss Fleurety... do you understand what is happening at the moment? Why have you decided to serve miss Sharon? You have been summoned here—”

“That’s right! There’s no way that halfwit girl could get a Partner first! There must be something wrong!”

So today is the day for interruptions, is it...

This time, the one who spoke up was a tall, brown-haired boy. Ignoring the fact that he has just insulted milady Sharon, just his frivolous-looking face alone is already criminal enough for a sentence

of a million deaths. Sir Joel is a *real* prince in comparison.

“Karl, enough! You’re in the presence of his highness!”

One of the knightly-looking guys standing on guard scolds him.

“Be quiet, elder brother! In this academy, you’re just an imperial knight! You can’t tell me what to do!”

And now they’re getting into an argument.

What a pain... I’m not so good at remembering people’s faces and names, so having so many new characters showing up all at once is way more than my memory can handle.

“We’ll have her choose again after she gets a full explanation! Once she knows who that idiot girl is, there’s no way she’d choose someone so *inferior*!” Karl says, all the while ogling me from top to bottom without even trying to hide his gaze.

I must say, this doesn’t feel very comfortable. My mother had been pretty developed so I’d like to think I inherited a bit of that, but my body is not for your pleasure, Karl.

Beside, my own pair is just about average. I would have thought lady Sharon’s huge tracts of land would make the guys a lot happier, right?

Anyway, I have to say my lady’s bosom is truly amazing... not like I’d say it out loud, though.

“Milady, your breasts are breathtaking. May I touch them?”

“W-w-what are you talking about?!”

My, I accidentally let loose my true thoughts. Unbefitting of a maid indeed, but it can’t be helped. There’s no way anyone can possibly dislike a cute big-boobed girl, be they men or women.

“You shut up already!” The knight from earlier pinned Karl to the ground, eliciting a grunt from him. “Your highness, I must apologize for my brother’s courtesy...”

“Pay it no mind. As Karl said, he and I are but classmates of the same year at the same school. He has not insulted me.

Please let him go.” The prince says.

“...understood. My apologies to lady Sharon, as well.” The knight says, turning toward milady. And blinks his eyes several times as if not comprehending the sight before him.

No surprise there. He didn’t seem to have heard our talk, but he is seeing milady turning crimson-faced as she covered her chest with both hands.

Noticing something strange, lord Joel and several others turn puzzled eyes on us. In place of milady who’s looking seconds away from blowing her fuse, I pinch my skirt and smile, trying to pass the matter off as nothing important.

“...umm, excuse me!”

I hear a voice, somewhat nervous, coming from within the summoned (and subsequently ignored) classmates of mine. Sei is speaking with his hand raised.

“What will happen to us...?”

“””...ah.”””

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After the summoned Earthborn students received a quick summary, they were guided into the academy’s guest rooms to rest. The detailed explanation would be done tomorrow.

The academy had prepared enough private rooms for all of them, but anxious as they were, many had asked to stay in groups of two or three people. Each group was now having whispered discussions of their own in their respective rooms, talking about the day’s events.

In a room for two, Fua was the first to speak.

“Hey, Ginko... what’s going to happen to us?”

“Yeah...” Ginko replied to her best friend half-heartedly. With what had happened, even the strong-willed girl was finding herself at a loss for words.

Is there a way to return to their old world? Would they be forced to live in this one? Would they ever see their parents again? What would their lives become?

In this world, fifteen was the age of majority, while the girls were only fourteen this year. Even here, they were still considered children.

Their anxiety felt *crushing*. In an attempt to look away, to not have to face their unease, both began to search for something to talk about. Anything at all.

“Umm... so, about Kamishiro-san. Has she always been like that?”

“...I dunno. We never talked much... she walked out so *confidently* back then. Alone. It’s like...”

*Her personality’s switched completely*, the two shared the thought. Bewildered as they were of Kamishiro’s actions, they still felt as though their worry had lightened, just a little bit, as they recalled the sight of their classmate.

“And also...”

“Yeah...”

“”Has that always been her given name?””

They spoke in a chorus, the same question passing through their minds at the same time.

Meanwhile, while many of the students were distressed, there were several girls who shared their anxiety only on the surface. Inside, they were shouting with joy.

These girls knew *what* this world was.

There was a certain *otome* game with the title *The Lines of Light, Darkness, and Love*.

The game was set in ‘The Sandbox World of Fanteria’, or to be more precise, the ‘Argrey Kingdom’ inside of it.

Ten years ago, this game was first released for household game

consoles.

Despite the content being a typical *otome* romance game, it had enjoyed a period of popularity among gaming enthusiasts thanks to its *extremely* detailed setting and dialogue writing for its characters.

The game's main character was an Explorer who would find her true love among the many, many 'capture' targets. At the end, she, together with her chosen lover, would create a new country of "Argrey". The game was rather unusual due to having an element of city-building in its gameplay.

Three years after the first game, the second iteration, *Light, Darkness, and Love 2* was released.

The developer was a no-name company, and the first game hadn't been exactly a best-seller, so gamers were rather justifiably suspicious of the second title. But once more, the game made waves on the internet.

The second game's story was set two hundred years after the birth of Argrey Kingdom, in the Magic Academy newly built in the capital city.

Similar to the first, the amount of possible dialogue were so numerous as to make walkthroughs useless. The game gained popularity for its high replay value, and different from its predecessor, it even had an element of country-management such as allowing the player to make changes in the school's educational content or pass legislations. The game was such a mish-mash nobody knew what the target audience was.

And another three years afterward, the game *Light, Darkness, and Love Online* was released.

The second game had looked as though it took the budget of an AAA game to be made, but there hadn't been any news about it selling particularly well. And yet, the third game seemed to have gone a step even further beyond. Rumors began to circulate on the internet that the games were being made as a hobby of some millionaire somewhere.

This time around, the game's peculiarity was mentioned right in its title: it was an online game.

Like a certain hunting game, this game allowed people to join password-protected rooms to play in groups with a maximum of four people, and they could play as female protagonists in the same game world.

The game was set in the magic academy of Argrey Kingdom, another two hundred years after the setting of the last game.

The player played as one of the summoned heroines, and their goal was to 'capture' one of the target male characters.

Except for when playing with friends, there were cases where two or more people chased after the same target, which sometimes even led to flame wars on the internet. And with its inclusion of an element of action-RPG gameplay, the game was the very definition of chaos.

And then, at the end of last year, the fourth game, *Light, Darkness, and Love Online 2 – The Millefeuille of Love*, was released.

Once more, the game was so detailed people were outright making conspiracy theories now, about how the developer could afford making a game at such a scale when they had absolutely no other intellectual property to make money from.

The newest game was, once again, an online game, and this time it allowed over 10 people to play together at the same time.

The stage was set in the magic academy after another two hundred years had passed. A whole middle-school class with eight female students and eight male students, for a total of sixteen, was summoned to the academy. The player would either play as the first heroine, a daughter of a viscount, or choose from one of the sixteen students.

The first twist of this game was that the player could choose to play as one of the *male* students.

Perhaps the game had intended to attract more male players with this decision, but in case the player chose a male student, not only could they choose to seduce one of the villainous female characters, they could even go for the *male* characters (though the difficulty in this case was stupidly high). This had resulted in the game attracting a *lot* of girls and women who wanted to see sausages rubbing together.

Another twist was that the game was a 3D open world game, something very rarely seen in this genre. There was a character

creation process for the player character too, and the students that would become NPCs would be randomly created from a pool of several thousand different appearances and personalities, and even they could be capture targets.

The insane degree of freedom had induced many an exasperated laugh from the players.

The strangest thing about this series was that despite all the development cost, there had been no advertisement at all. The developer had also refused any and all reporters, from game magazines or otherwise. The series became legendary on the internet as memetic games that normal people would never know about.

And now, the middle-school girls who knew about the games had been summoned into exactly that world, just like how it had gone in the fictional story. They did notice that there were seventeen people summoned, different from the sixteen in the game, but their excitement had quickly overpowered their vague puzzlement, and they soon forgot about it.

There were five main capture targets, plus extras. (The age mentioned was the age they were at during the current school year).

Yuri de von Argrey, 19 years old. The Crown Prince of Argrey Kingdom.

Joel de von Argrey, 15 years old. The Second Prince of Argrey Kingdom.

Andy de Mercia, 24 years old. Son of a marquis. Commanding officer of the imperial knights.

Yohanne de Michel. 14 years old. Son of a marquis. Fourth-year student of the magic academy.

Eric Marsaw. 27 years old. A baronet. A teacher at the magic academy.

The extras were non-player characters that the player could talk to.

Serving as the villains were three noble girls, plus extras.

Emilia de von Argrey. 13 years old. The first princess of Argrey Kingdom.

Camilla de Reese. 20 years old. Daughter of a duke. Guest lecturer at the magic academy.

Sharon de Michel. 15 years old. Daughter of a marquis.

Other antagonists included some other player characters.

No matter who the player's target was, the villain girls would always be heavily involved, making trouble for the player.

As there was no precise route to follow, the players *hated* these villain girls.

The students who knew of this game world began to think.

Within one year, they had to find a Partner and 'capture' them.

But in case there was another Player Character beside them, then there was a risk that this other PC would be chasing after the same target as them, or making trouble for them.

That meant they must not let anyone else know that they were a PC. Information was the most powerful weapon here, and by hiding what they knew, they would also be keeping the other PCs in check.

Among the female students, the girl named Kamishiro had offered herself as a Partner candidate to Sharon, one of the villainesses. They suspected her to be a Player Character too, but to confirm it would require them to reveal their own knowledge. It was risky.

As they hid behind their smiles and their nervousness, the girls quietly sharpened their fangs. They were ready to put all they had into this, to hold nothing back.

So began a *deadly* game of romance.

# Chapter 3

## SKILLS

It's morning. The ground is dappled with spots of sunlight weaving through the leaves, and I hear the chirping of unfamiliar birds.

I iron my lady's uniform, carefully brushing off errant specks of dust from the fabric, and I hang it outside the closet.

The pot full of water I placed on the stove (which uses magic stones as fuel) is beginning to boil now. As I listen to the bubbling water, I take out the magic stone from the magitech iron and use the leftover heat to iron the newspaper ink in place.

Paper technology in this world has been developed and popularized enough to be used to make newspaper, albeit the quality still leaves quite a lot to be desired. The paper I have in my hand is just a thin gossip rag for nobility, but milady *is* a noble. She'll need it.

Next, I slice off a few pieces from a hunk of salted pig carcass and drop them onto a heated frying pan. As the fat begins to ooze out of the slices of dead meat, I crack open the shell of some unborn creature to drop a viscous glob full of protein into the pan. To finish, I take a lump of kneaded-and-baked carbohydrate and lightly toast it in the oven, then place everything onto white tableware while I wait for the brown rotten leaves to release their color into the hot water.

“...mmm...”

My, it looks like the smell of burning dead flesh has woken lady Sharon.

As milady crawls out of bed, I set the glob of fat-covered protein and the lump of carbohydrate onto a serving cart and push it in front of her.

“Good morning, lady Sharon. How are you feeling?”

“... mwaah... ‘morning...’” Milady greets me with her adorable voice as she rises from the bed, her nose twitching and her eyes still bleary.

She looks toward the window for a few moments. Then she jolts, doing a double-take at me.

“...eh? Wha?! H-how are you here?!”

It seems milady has finally become aware of reality.

“Of course, that is because I am your maid, lady Sharon.”

“Uh, yeah, of course... no, that’s not what I’m asking!”

Milady retorts with so much energy I’m sure she’d have a bright future as a comedian. Oh, but she hasn’t needed to worry. I know what she means.

“Yes, the window over there—”

“EEEEEEHHH?! THIS IS THE THIRD FLOOR!”

“—was my original plan, but I didn’t think I could enter without breaking the lock, so I asked the dorm mother to lend me the key.”

“...”

This magic academy is a boarding school. Lady Sharon is a daughter of a marquis, which makes her high nobility. It’s why she has a private room on the third and highest floor.

While the female dorm has a dining hall and a large public bath, this room also has its own bathtub, toilet, kitchenette, and basically every other things one needs to live. It’s perfect for my lady, considering how withdrawn she is.

From now on, she’ll never have to eat alone again.

“...did you just think something weird?”

“I would never.” I instantly reply without showing a hint of guilt. Milady believes me, it seems.

“Umm... so, you’re...”

Lady Sharon speaks, sounding hesitant. Then she opens her mouth again, this time seeming more confident.

“...Letty?”

“Yes, lady Sharon.”

Milady’s finally called me by name! I release 100% of my aura in a

beaming smile as I reply, and milady shows a hint of redness on her cheeks and ears.

“Y-yeah...” She says, looking away from me in embarrassment. She sits back down on the edge of the bed, her *négligée*-clad body in full view of me, completely defenseless.

It seems the shock has completely erased what I said yesterday from her mind, about letting me touch her chest.

...I smirk. *Just. As. Planned.*

“Which reminds me, Letty... are you sure coming to my place was a good idea? I thought his highness Joel had said that the Partner explanation was moved to today instead...”

That's right. That lout was the one to have butted in between me and my lady before I could swear my oath of loyalty to her.

He was the one to have kicked me into a guest room and forced me to stay there as he spoke some drivel about “allowing the others a chance to introduce themselves” and “deciding a Partner after the orientation”.

Us summoned students *did* get some knights following us around in the shadow as bodyguards-slash-watchers. However, I am a Maid. I wouldn't be stopped by such trivialities.

“In my wish to serve you, I have snuck out to come here first thing in the morning. I am lady Sharon's maid, after all.”

“I-I see...” Milady answers, trying and utterly failing to sound nonchalant, her fingers twirling in embarrassment.

Milady does look the type to have few friends, after all...

\*gurgle...\*

“Eep!”

“Oh, yes, I have taken the liberty to make breakfast from the ingredients in the kitchen. I am not aware of milady's taste, so please forgive me if milady finds it too simple.”

I pretend to not have heard the sounds of her stomach. Instead, I take off the cover of the serving cart and set the dishes.

“Waaahh...” she says, her eyes glittering, “bacon and eggs, a croissant... there’s even black tea and the newspaper! Did you do all this, Letty?”

“Yes, milady.”

Right, that’s the name of the stuff. I don’t exactly eat, so I only remember them as ‘rotten leaves’ or ‘dead flesh’.

“I asked the dining hall to share with me some of their freshly-baked croissants. I made the rest with the ingredients in the kitchen, although the tea was something I got from the dorm mother. It came from her secret stash, she said.”

“The dorm mother?! But she’s so strict...”

The dorm mother is a woman in her forties who’s very intense in her speech, but I was very sincere in my *request*, and so she was happy to give me the tea and the key.

“...so good.”

My lady gives her praise after she has had a taste.

...it’s such a simple meal, and she’s *devouring* it. How has she been eating all this time?

“I knew it, she has no friends...”

“What did you just say?” Hearing my whisper, lady Sharon gives a piercing gaze toward me with her eyebrows raised.

My, it seems I lost control of my mouth again. I’ll have to fool her somehow.

“Oh no, milady, it isn’t what you think. I was just thinking that not wearing underwear when you sleep is also a cause of sagging, and that right now your sleepwear is making two little ‘tents’—oof!”

“W-WHAT ARE YOU SAYING?!”

Lady Sharon blushes crimson as she throws her slipper at my face, interrupting me.

Looks like I’ve succeeded in distracting her. All’s well that ends well.

After the meal, I’m now helping milady to dress herself. Lady Sharon

looks at me in puzzlement.

“By the way, Letty...”

“Yes, what is it?”

Despite her former fluster at my sexual harassment—I mean, my words of caution, once it was time to change, she didn’t even balk at showing me her hefty melons. Nobles are such strange people.

“...where did you get that outfit?”

Looks like lady Sharon is curious about the high-quality maid uniform I’ve been wearing since morning.

\*

“I may be the second son of a count, but my uncle has promised me a piece of his territory...”

It’s now the morning class hours of the magic academy. Instead of teaching, the school is using the time for orientation, wherein the summoner students would introduce themselves to us Partner candidates.

All of us are right in the middle of our budding years of puberty, when we begin to take notice of the other sex. Boys are looking at girls and girls at boys, their gazes passionate upon finding someone they like.

“L-listen up, people, I-I am the first daughter of a marquis!”

I wonder if lady Sharon’s nervous. She’s being very high-handed in both attitude and gestures, yet still stealing glances at me all the while. And so before I know it, I was already giving her a standing ovation and shouting “Bravo!”. Which made me the target of a *lot* of glares, so I’m forced to — very reluctantly, I must add — stop myself.

“I’ve heard you introducing yourself as Fleurety. Be my Partner!”

Karl, the one who got scolded yesterday by the knight that was his brother, declares, calling me by name and staring at me quite intensely. A hushed commotion instantly starts up among the nobles, while some of the love-struck girls in my class sigh dreamily.

I suppose some people do like the high-and-mighty type, but someone with no interest would just find him really annoying.

Which is why I just smile at Karl and give him a thumbs-down. The nobles just tilt their head in confusion at the gesture, while several in my middle-school class cough as they fail to completely contain their amusement.

Only Eric Marsaw, one of the instructors of the academy, seems to have realized what I meant. He hastily changes the subject.

“W-well, let’s leave the talking for later, no need to choose right away. We should see what Skill everyone who were summoned this time have first.”

The ‘humans’ summoned into this world — in other words, people from Earth — would receive powerful magic upon the summoning. It happens because people from Earth don’t have magic.

What, you don’t understand? Goodness. Fine then, I shall elaborate.

This world is filled with ‘mana’. There’s mana in the air, in the water, even in the earth. The people of this world breathe the air, drink the water, and eat the food grown from the soil, subsequently increasing the ‘magic power’ they have in their body.

Children born from people with strong magic would have more magic from the start. Countries were founded by the really *powerful* people with strong magic, which was how the noble caste was created.

Mana is the source of magic power and at the same time, a kind of nutrient. Increased magic power also leads to increased physical strength, allowing one to learn the skills to fight against monsters.

But Earth has no mana. Or to be more precise, Earth now barely has any mana left, which resulted in the people no longer possessing magic power.

All *life* is supposed to possess magic power, yet the creatures of Earth have survived for over a thousand years without any.

Imagine people used to living on high-altitude regions with little oxygen who were then sent to lower ground. The humans of Earth would then begin to rapidly absorb mana like a sponge in water and turn into what were practically superhumans.

The end. Explanation done.

Oh yes, we were talking about Skills, weren’t we. Of course I

remember.

Creatures with magic on this world are affected by how they spend their time, their preferences, and in turn they would gain special abilities (which are, in fact, a kind of natural magic) that are called Skills.

People summoned from Earth will be gaining Skills when their minds are already mature, which apparently often results in them gaining useful Skills.

And to help people understand their power more easily, a magitool to read and display one's own Skills as words has been developed. Apparently that's what we'll be using today.

This world is very complete, isn't it? Very *convenient*.

"Now, please take turns and place your hand on this crystal ball." Instructor Eric says.

The middle-school students begin to form a line, their expressions showing both nervousness and excitement.

"Then I'll go first..."

Looks like we're starting from Sei.

The boy stands in front of the ball, somewhat tense from being the first, and his finger touches the surface. Bright letters begin to appear inside the ball.

**[Light Magic Aptitude] [Holy Aura] [Divine Blessing] [Martial Arts Talent] [Foreign Tongue]**

A chorus of oohs and aahs comes from the people of the academy.

"Is this... good?"

"It is. A human always get from two to four Skills, but I rarely see someone with so many useful Skills."

The instructor continues into an explanation, which I'll summarize as follows: normal people mostly have Skills related to their livelihood, such as **[Cooking Aptitude]** or **[Farming Aptitude]** or **[Increased Walking Speed]**. People with magical or combat Skills are rare.

After Sei, other students are also shown to possess many practical and

fantastic Skills such as **[Healing Magic Aptitude]** , **[Automatic Mapping]** , **[Regeneration]** , and etcetera.

Hao, one of the two students that act as the leaders of the boys with the other being Sei, his best friend, is also notable for his Skills: **[Flight]** , **[Increased Physical Speed]** , **[Wind Magic Aptitude]** , **[Eagle Eye]** , **[Foreign Tongue]** . The nobles'

eyes lit up in sheer excitement.

“So the last person would be...” Instructor Eric says, prompting everyone to look at me, standing alone and quite obviously given a wide berth. My, how strange. I don’t recall doing anything particularly eye-catching...

I leisurely walk forward. Instructor Eric looks as though he wants to say something.

“What might be on your mind, sir?”

“Umm, well... I was wondering why you’re dressed in clothes of a servant’s...”

“That is because I *am* a maid.”

“...”

My answer didn’t please him, it seems. I pay him no mind.

I walk up and nonchalantly brush a finger on the crystal ball. The shining words appear...

**[The Amazing Maid]**

Nobody says anything for quite some time.

I think I know what this is. It must be that thing where people like to tack ‘amazing’, ‘incredible’, or ‘fantastic’ onto their titles all the time, right?

I smile, completely satisfied by the results of my Skill identification. The room ceases its silence as a commotion breaks out.

“‘Amazing’...?”

“Could it be a composite Skill?”

“Am I the only one who notices she has the word ‘The’ in her Skill?”

“Hold on, how in the world is she understanding the language without [Foreign Tongue] ?!”

“Did she make that expensive-looking servant uniform by herself too?!”

Answering the academy people’s confusion, I pinch the sides of my uniform’s skirt that extends all the way to my ankles, and I smile a telling smile that gives nothing away.

“That would be a *maid en*’s secret.”

I continue to be enigmatic until the end of the orientation. Everyone leaves for their own dorm rooms, looking weirdly tired. I wonder why?

“A moment please, sir Eric Marsaw. What would become of my and lady Sharon’s Partner contract?”

“Oh, yes, there’s that too...”

Instructor Eric replies, making a bit of a face. Lady Sharon’s shoulders twitch. She’s been trying to listen to us.

“Ah, but before that, I just want to tell you that I’m only of low nobility. You can just call me ‘teacher’ or ‘instructor’.”

“Understood, instructor.”

“So about the contract with miss Sharon... well, how about this. Somebody might make a fuss if we make it official right away, so let’s go with a tentative contract. You two will be ‘provisional Partners’ for the moment. I don’t think they’ll complain at that.”

“Thank you very much.”

It’s rather galling that we can’t become Partners straight away, but at least this way I won’t need to sneak around to stay with lady Sharon.

Milady continues to act nonchalant, though I can see her skipping a little bit on our way back to the dorm. So cute.

But just before I could follow, instructor Eric calls.

“Please wait.”

“What is it, instructor?” I reply, not bothering to hide my faint displeasure at the interference to my time with lady Sharon.

Instructor Eric shrinks back a bit but continues to speak, his voice almost a whisper.

“Be careful. Your strange Skill has both turned away some people and attracted the attention of some others. Watch for those around miss Sharon...”

“...I understand, instructor.”

I leave for lady Sharon. Several shadows follow behind me, silently, avoiding attention as they come closer and closer.

# Chapter 4

## MALICE

Two men moved, slinking through the crowd of people as they approached their target.

“Excuse me, miss. Can we talk with you for a moment?”

In a dark alleyway with no sign of anyone else, one of the men called at her. *Can't get any more suspicious than this*, he wryly thought to himself. But the girl, formerly a denizen of a peaceful world, showed neither caution nor surprise as she turned around.

“How may I help you, misters?” She said, tilting her head, a blank look on her face.

The men unwittingly gulped.

They had heard that she was one year younger than the students who had done the summoning, being barely fourteen years of age. But the girl in front of them was displaying a kind of exotic allure that belied her years, that had perhaps come from her mixed heritage.

*...no wonder the young master was obsessed with her*, they thought.

The two men had taken a request from a count whose child had been one of the student summoners. They had been asked to persuade the girl to become the count's son's Partner.

The results of the summoning this time had been rather unusual: human youngsters. Furthermore, they were extremely close in age to the academy students, and all of them were quite good-looking.

Though the degree of interest might vary, both the male and female students had been exuberant for the newcomers. But the sweet, still-somewhat-childishly cute girls among the summoned hadn't attracted the count's son's attention; he was instead infatuated by the beauty of this particular girl only, and rather than trying to win her over by himself, he had called for his father's help.

“My name is Christo, and I work for a noble's house. My lord was

deeply impressed by your beauty, and so I am here on his behalf to extend to you a cordial invitation to a dinner meal.”

“My, is that so...”

The girl wearing a maid uniform gave a faint smile that reached her wine-red eyes.

“But I am my lady’s maid, and my duty is to take care of her. I shall have to decline...”

“No no no, please wait for a minute. You’re still not an official Partner yet, right? You shouldn’t be. Why not allow my lord a chance?”

“My apologies.” The maid girl refused the offer without a second thought. Christo was flustered.

From what he’d heard, this girl had become the Partner candidate of a marquis’ daughter. However, the noble girl had been the daughter of the previous wife who was a lowborn, and the child was shunned by her family. Subsequently, she had not received a complete education in her younger years, which had resulted in her current lack of skill in magic control and low grades.

The count had said with absolute certainty that after the orientation today, the maid girl would have known that the other students were much better choices and thus, would be swayed by the dinner invitation.

Barely any time had passed since the summoning. What had happened between the marquis’ daughter and this girl?

Why was she so fixated on her?

“...I suppose that’s it, then.” Christo said after a few moments of silence.

“Thank you for your understanding.”

“But you know... I don’t plan on returning empty-handed.”

Christo himself was the third son of a baronet house that hadn’t been particularly wealthy. Upon becoming an adult, he was kicked out of the house without any support.

Until then, as poor as his family had been, Christo had still been living as a noble. He couldn't bear to work under commoners. It hadn't taken long for him to fall in with the criminal crowd, yet even in the underworld, Christo still found himself without any particularly notable achievements.

And then, from a contact he had among the nobles, a job dropped into his lap. A job that required him to leverage his status of being an alumnus of the magic academy in order to infiltrate the place.

He couldn't afford to fail this job. The count had told him to use as light a touch as he could, but the man had lived among criminals for far too long. He turned to the plan reserved only for when negotiations had broken down.

"That marquis' daughter? I heard she'd gone downtown by herself to buy some supplies to prepare for you."

"Milady..."

The girl's lidded eyes opened a fraction wider.

"The miss is being quite careless, I must say. Shops for nobles would be much safer, though considering her reputation, they wouldn't be an option. No, she could only go to the shopping district that serves commoners... and well, that means—"

Mid-way through his gloating, Christo abruptly stopped himself.

The girl in front of him was still smiling as she always did. Yet Christo felt a faint chill running down his spine, his foot taking an unwitting step back.

"...get her." Christo gave the signal to his partner.

Something was wrong, he felt, even if he didn't know what it was. As it was, he might as well kidnap both this girl and the marquis' daughter, then let the count sort them out. So went his simplistic thoughts.

The other man moved toward the girl, quickly and without hesitation, his experience in criminal work apparent.

But the man suddenly stopped, a croaking noise slipping from his mouth.

“What’s going on?” Christo said, but no reply was forthcoming. The other man was rooted to the spot as though paralyzed. The girl poked her head halfway out from behind him, her smile unchanging, her dark gaze pointing at Christo.

He gulped, reeling backward from the fear that struck his very instincts. But he was stopped by a **wall** that hadn’t been there before.

“W-what?”

The wall behind him looked as though it was made from pure, concentrated darkness. He struck it, to no avail. The same solid blackness had extended to completely surround him.

“Where are you going...?”

A voice came from behind him. He shrieked.

He turned around from pounding the wall. He saw the girl standing there with her perpetual smile, and near her was his partner... but the man’s arms and legs were *twisted*, his limbs jerking every which way as though he was a marionette being made to follow an eerie dance.

Christo squeaked, his legs giving out.

The girl walked closer, closer, and her hand brushed against him. His gaze was stolen by the sight of her lustrous lips as they slowly parted to reveal a gaping maw of darkness. Inside, he saw an innumerable swarm of *something* crawling, skittering.

He screamed in mad terror.

\*\*\*

Still wearing her uniform, Sharon arrived at the shopping district that mainly catered to commoners.

“E-excuse me, I’d like that cup and that toothbrush...”

“Ere ya go! Thanks for yer business, lassie!”

People nearby were thinking her to be a girl from a well-to-do family as they looked at her magic academy school uniform, but none thought her to be an actual noble. She was being much too shy.

Any other day, and Sharon might have been more arrogant — perhaps *too* arrogant, even — as she acted the part of a proud noble. But as elated as she was, her status was the furthest thing from her mind at the moment.

The girl called Fleurety summoned from another world had decided to become her Partner, even if things weren't official yet.

She had *chosen* Sharon.

Her father was much too meek. Her stepmother didn't want her. Her little brother was rebelling against her. The maids and butlers scorned her. Ever since her mother was gone, Sharon couldn't recall herself having a meal with the family even once.

It was why Sharon had clung to her status as the daughter of a marquis house more than she needed to, why she had begun acting as proud as she had.

Her decision had borne fruit, perhaps, considering that she had become the third fiancée candidate for the second prince.

Yet it had also resulted in her becoming the target of jealousy from the other girls, and there was no one she could call as friends.

Then Fleurety appeared.

Admittedly, Sharon felt like the girl was... indecipherable, at times, but on the other hand, the maids at her home didn't even consider her as *anything*. More than being her maid, the possibility that Fleurety could be her *friend* was what had set her heart dancing.

“Buying the things needed for your Partner is a noble's duty too, right? Mmm, it is, yes.” Sharon mumbled to herself.

The young lady continued with her shopping, her mood still buoyant. Then she realized she hadn't bought clothes for Fleurety, and she took a look at her diminished wallet.

Moving out of her home and into the dorm had relieved her of a lot of stress, but due to her stepmother, her allowance had also been reduced to the bare minimum. The dorm's dining hall did serve food, although it was closer to being a commoner's fare. When nobles came to the dining hall, it was only to make conversation with commoner

students — no noble would ever eat in the dining hall alone by themselves when they had servants to make food for them.

Considering her future expenses, Sharon decided to leave enough for food. For the rest, she would have to bow her head to her little brother from another mother, Yohanne, and ask him to lend her some money. Even as uncomfortable as she was of the idea, she had no other choice.

The family sent Yohanne as much money as he wanted. He even brought along a personal maid.

Yohanne would likely lend her the money if she bowed to him, but she was certain that he and his maid would be making snide remarks and unpleasant comments toward Sharon for quite a long time afterward. Just thinking about it was already making her feel depressed.

“Hey, young lady. We’ve just opened up a new clothing store. Wanna take a look?”

“Eh... me?”

Sharon turned to look in the voice’s direction. She saw a woman in her late twenties, wearing some *very* revealing clothes.

“Yeah, yeah, I’m talking to you. So setting up the store’s all fine and good, but our place’s a bit far away from the main streets, which is why I’m here advertising. Do us a favor, please? Just come take a look.”

“Well...”

*Maybe just a look is fine*, Sharon thought, though she would be far too embarrassed to wear something that showed as much as what the woman had on.

“Aaah, I see... Don’t worry, we sell decent clothes too. Besides...”

The woman moved to whisper in Sharon’s ear, sounding sickly sweet.

“...we also have some classy stuff that would still get the gentlemen’s horses running, if you know what I’m saying. As lovely as you are, young lady, surely you have one or two guys you’re pining after, right?”

Her words brought to Sharon's mind the faces of the boys at the summoning, and her own instantly felt hot.

"And even if that's not the case, our stuff's cheap, too. Just a look, okay?"

"...I guess just a look won't hurt."

*Well, clothes to meet with boys aside, the store might have something on the cheaper side that would look nice on Fleurety,* Sharon thought, without a hint of wariness. The woman guided her into a dark alleyway.

The distinctively rotten smell of back alleys assaulted Sharon's nose. She gulped down her nausea, her hand reflexively shooting up to cover her mouth.

"Sorry about that," the woman chuckled, "should have picked another path. Anyway, the store's over there. We'll get through quick."

"Y-yes..."

The woman was practically pushing Sharon in. Deeper and deeper they went, walking through gloomy alleys that didn't even have a single soul, much less a shop. Sharon's apprehension mounted with every step.

After a while, Sharon was deep enough in that she no longer heard the hustle and bustle of the main street. Some time after she walked past a shadowy side path that looked just like any other, five men appeared from within. They began to follow behind her.

"Is that the noble girl?"

"How about that, she's quite the bombshell... can't wait to have a taste."

"Dude, she's for selling to another noble. Damaged merchandise won't sell as much."

"Come on, it's just gonna be a stripshow. That's okay, right?" The fourth man said, looking behind him for agreement.

The fifth man wasn't there.

“H-hey, where’d he go?”

“What’s wrong?”

“Did somebody leave? Who was it?”

The third man turned toward his colleague walking by his side. There was nobody there.

“W-what?! Where’d he go?!?”

“He’s gone too!”

“What the hell... what the fuck is going on?!?”

Their colleagues were vanishing into thin air one by one, and nobody knew when it had happened. The alley was getting darker and *darker* as though they were stepping into some other dimension. The remaining men huddled together in fear.

“H-hey, look at that...”

One said, his voice quivering. The rest looked in the direction he was pointing to, into the depths of the alleyway that had abruptly turned midnight-dark. They could see the silhouettes of four people walking toward them in lurching, twitchy steps, like puppets on strings.

“...C-Christo...?”

Somebody let loose a raspy whisper as they noticed their missing teammates, as well as another familiar face. Christo had been the one to have hired them for this job, and right now he was supposed to be negotiating with the main target.

But was he really Christo? Were they really their teammates?

Their skins were the color of dead men, and there was no life to be seen in their eyes. They looked like zombies.

Zombies were monsters created when low-ranked spirits possessed corpses that had accumulated enough of the ground’s mana. But that sort of low-ranked spirits should have been completely eradicated from the city, and besides, zombies didn’t even have enough

intelligence to *speak* in the first place. And yet right now, the remaining men were hearing groaning voices of anguish coming from Christo and their shambling teammates.

“...*help*...”

“*hu...rts*...”

“...*kill...me*...”

Faced with a sight that wouldn’t be out of place in the most hellish of nightmares, the remaining men were paralyzed with terror. And then from behind the four shambling dolls, a girl appeared, like a beautiful flower to slice apart the darkness.

“...*y-you’re*...”

Clad in a high-quality set of maid uniform, the girl pinched the hem of her skirt to give a bow as elegant as any noble lady, her lips twitching in a faint smile. Then she *violently* plunged her arm into Christo’s back, her hand wetly going through his organs to grab his jaw from the inside to move it like a ventriloquist’s puppet. From his lips came the voice of a young girl.

“Greetings. My name is Fleurety.”

A warm wetness spread in the pants of the three remaining men as their knees buckled, their expressions nothing but despair.

They had thought the earlier sight of their shambling teammates had been the most terrible moment of their lives. They were wrong.

“...*d...demon*...”

Hearing the whisper, the lovely girl’s lips stretched to her ears in a grin.

# Chapter 5

## FRIENDS

The very first time I woke up, it was to a lifeless world of darkness.

I knew nothing. Not where I was, nor what I was. I only had a vague feeling that I used to be living in some other world, somewhere not *here*.

Yet as ignorant as I was, my mind still possessed a strange sort of knowledge, enough so that I could recognize my current form as *something* like a mass of slime.

A part of me was finding the whole thing unnatural, uncomfortable. Another part much more instinctive was driving me to catch these strange bug-like things and eat them.

Every time I crushed a bug, I felt sweetness, a physical satisfaction, but it was also accompanied with a kind of forlorn homesickness. I stopped eating the bugs to instead spend all my time chasing thoughts that never go anywhere. My body shouted at me, telling me it was hungry, but my mind was filled with nothing but sadness and sorrow, robbing me of all will to live.

I had enemies.

Well, not quite exactly ‘enemies’, to be accurate. Among them were slimes like me, as well as some sort of *things* that looked like clouds of mist. They were probably of the same species as me, and they were trying to eat me.

I wasn’t scared. I also didn’t want to be eaten by them.

I ran-uh, I mean, I *strategically retreated*, forcing my deteriorating body to carry me away.

But they were faster. As they were slowly but surely catching up to me, something resembling an incredibly small ‘magic circle’ suddenly appeared in front of me in a burst of shining light, and it sucked me in.

It was a tiny, tiny summoning circle, and it was unstable. If I hadn't been so weakened, so starved, I probably wouldn't have passed through it.

I arrived somewhere bright. Thinking that my hunters wouldn't be able to catch up with me now, I jiggled in relief.

*"Yes, I did it!"*

This might be the first time since I was born that I heard *words* of meaning, I thought.

As I gradually got used to the light, I came to realize that I was in a room built out of stone. Standing in the middle of the room and looking at me was a small girl.

She was a cute thing of about five years old, with silver hair and violet eyes. Her dress itself was finely made, though I could see fraying threads here and there. Her gaze was fixed on me with evident joy.

Then I felt a connection opening up between us, a conduit through which poured into me her loneliness and her magic. It filled my weakened body with strength.

As small as she was, I was still smaller. She beamed at me, reaching out a hand to brush against me so gingerly, as though afraid that any more force would pop me like a balloon.

*"Hey... will you be..."*

The very moment she finished her words, the magic circle once more sucked me in. I took a look around to see that I was already back in that world of darkness. The magic circle must have been incomplete, I thought. Not enough magic power.

Memories of the girl passed through my mind, accompanied by a faint sadness. Yet this was no time for sentimentality.

My fellow creatures of darkness had been lying in wait for my return, and they were now approaching me.

But I was no longer the same.

The slimes attacked. I slipped through them, using the power I'd regained thanks to the girl's supply of magic to eliminate my *enemies*. Ooh, tasty.

After that, well, I kinda went a bit out of control.

I still didn't know what sort of creature I was, but my instincts seemed to know how to fight, so I listened to it. I killed and consumed more of those things that looked like me.

I had thought the cannibalism would have bothered me at least a little bit, yet I felt nothing at all. I wondered why?

I was on a roll. I kept eating, eating, and my body began to feel heavier... hold on... was I getting fat? I got stronger but also slower, so my hunting speed didn't improve.

If only I was faster. If only I was more nimble.

If only I had a longer reach.

If only I had *more* limbs, so that I could hunt more of my prey...

...

*Splat!* My black claws tore apart a small simian thing.

In the end, I turned into some sort of spindly creature with suuuuper long legs that looked a lot like a golden orb-weaver spider, only pure black in color. Why the heck did this happen?

I asked for it, that's why.

With the transformation, I got even cockier. The small slimes and clouds of mist no longer satisfied me, and I began to hunt the small monkeys.

The little guys were quite powerful. With my new ability to spin threads like a real spider, however, I grew strong enough to deal with five of them at once without breaking a sweat.

Some more time passed since then. I might have gotten a bit too arrogant.

I found a monkey somewhat stronger than the rest, with a slightly different fur color. I killed him after a difficult fight and surprise, surprise, he dropped something that looked like some dried seaweed upon his death. It's like a video game. Then a while after, all the monkeys and slimes near me vanished.

*Had I gotten powerful enough for them to avoid me?* I thought, full of myself.

I was wrong. Apparently I was smarter than them, but also with a weaker set of survival instincts.

“...eep?!”

I only realized its existence after it got much too close.

Something terrible was coming, something impossibly brutal. An oppressively enormous presence was heading in my direction.

The monkeys and slimes had ran away because of the arrival of *this* thing. At least give me a warning! Weren't you my neighbors?!

What arrived was a *horror* in the shape of a human wearing a maid uniform.

I knew, just from a glance, that both running and fighting would be meaningless. To the giant in front of me, I was but an ant-no, a *microbe*. I couldn't even look at her. I immediately dropped down, my face scraping the ground.

I thought I felt a flicker of *something* changing in the aura of the horror before me as she saw my perpendicular prostration.

The innumerable strands of hair on her head stretched out toward me... ah, they weren't hair, they were gold-colored snakes... the swarm of snakes stared at me, watching me. The horror looked at the nest I built out of my threads... aaaand she decided to get me as takeaway. Somebody help me...

In the end, I wasn't eaten.

Apparently the monkey with the weird coloring that I killed had been a subordinate of the horror-I mean, *Miss Horror*.

And since I killed it, now I had to work for her as a replacement. I was hired, to be paid with an exceptional salary of 1

kilogram of dried seaweed a day, and my job was to make clothes (that were going to be worn by women, it seemed) with my threads... Why seaweed?

What? No, I didn't call you a horror. Hmm? I have to call you the Maid Chief? Ah, yes, understood.

Once she found out I could speak, I was, for some reason, provided with a maid uniform and repositioned into the maid squad as a newcomer.

A spider wearing a maid uniform. Surreal, right? Who made this? The Maid Chief herself, surprisingly, and it was handmade too at that.

Thus began my maid life. Proper language and manners were beaten into me. Memories of what was probably a past life, combined with the fact that I picked things up decently quickly had helped me to, in time, climb up the ranks to become the Maid Chief's assistant.

The existence of a maid implied the existence of a master that she would serve. Then I really had to wonder how ridiculous the horror-ahem, I mean, the Maid Chief's master had to be, if they managed to make her into their servant.

But I was just an insignificant spider. I would never have the chance to meet that sort of deity in my whole lifetime. It's actually relaxing, in a way. Hahahah.

...what? The Lord wanted to meet me?

Seriously...?

From what I'd heard, the underthings that I'd been making days and nights from my threads, a material that I could proudly say to be even better than silk, had been presented to the Lord. And that they'd caught her attention, as unbelievable as it was.

Darn it, I should have cut some corners... Not like I actually would, though. The Maid Chief would chastise me. Severely.

So now, I was being dragged toward the Lord's place for an audience.

The Lord was, umm, how do I say this, she were giving off so much golden light I couldn't even see what she looked like.

Anyway, before her overwhelming presence and divinity, I unconsciously and instantly did a perpendicular prostration.

Again.

By the way, a 'perpendicular prostration' was when you touched the ground with your head while your butt pointed up in the air, which made your lower body perpendicular to the ground. Seeing my strange posture, the masked maid beside the Lord cackled as she held her stomach.

Life was such a strange thing. You never knew what tomorrow might bring.

I wasn't sure what had endeared me so to the Lord, but she had decided to grant me a Name herself.

*Fleurety.*

The Lord was the only one who could bestow Names to creatures like us. With a Name, my power was stabilized and dramatically strengthened.

With my power and my abilities, I was granted a thousand subordinate maids and the duty to eliminate the enemies of the Lord.

Fleurety, the Maid Lieutenant-General... what did being a maid have to do with this?

A question came to my mind and was out of my mouth before I could think about it: why a lieutenant-general? Then the Lord spoke as though I'd asked something obvious: Fleurety's supposed to be a lieutenant-general, right?

It seemed like my name had a history behind it.

Anyway, while I still had no idea what it meant, I was on the fast track to success.

Yet although my life seemed to be smooth-sailing, I could see dark

clouds waiting for me on the horizon. My power had been growing unimpeded until now, but it was plateauing these days.

But well, I still had enough strength to deal with most enemies I encountered anyway. Excepting the Maid Chief and the Lord's aides, I was considered one of the more powerful among my colleagues, so I wasn't really that worried. I continued to live my life as carefree as ever.

Then one day, I was called to meet the Lord once more... was I going to get my pay docked?

It seemed the Lord knew the reason why my power hadn't been growing. To summarize what she said, it was because I hadn't completed my first Contract.

My *Contract*...? The moment I heard the words, I was reminded of the adorable girl.

...I still hadn't fulfilled my Promise with her.

Ever since that day, for every single moment of my life, she had been occupying some corner of my mind. But knowing that I couldn't enter that world by my own power, a part of me had already given up.

I could say that I was busy living for myself, that I hadn't the spare time... but it would just be an excuse. The girl had given me the power to live, after all.

*I want to see her again*, I thought idly, *I really do*. I wished that I could meet her, could become her strength.

I wanted to fulfill our promise.

I wanted to meet her again, and this time around, I'll—

And right at that moment, I thought I felt the Lord smirking.

Oh no, what a gaffe... Of all the things I could have done, I had made a *wish* in front of someone who might as well be a goddess. I might not have said it out loud, but a wish had still been a wish.

“...eek?!”

A golden magic circle abruptly appeared on the ground below me. The

Lord spoke as I panicked.

She said that the bond between me and the girl was a string that connected us, that pulled us together even through time and space, that would allow us to meet once more.

Then I returned to the body I once had in my past life, and I met *my* lady once more.

\*

That's it, everyone. The flashback is over.

My? It seems the remaining people had gone ahead and passed away while I was busy with my lengthy reminiscence. I had planned to teach them a bit of a lesson, but when I heard of their intentions toward lady Sharon, well, I just... *accidentally*.

At any rate, I order the meat still under my control to deal with the expired meat, and I head for milady.

“Tsk, the fuck are they doing, comparing dick sizes? Fine, I’ll do it myself.”

“W-what are you doing?! What about the store-”

“Hah, well aren’t you just precious. Don’t be so scared. Just listen to what you’re told and you won’t be hurt.”

“Y-you’re...”

“Heheh... that’s right, I’m going to kidnap you and sell you to those dirty old noblemen. Do what they want you to and you just might live even better than you are now, you know?”

“N-no... somebody...”

“Nobody’s coming. You only have yourself to blame, little girl. Weren’t you taught to not follow strangers? Hey, come now, don’t run.”

“No... no, someone... Letty!”

“Yes, milady. What is your order?” I speak.

“...Eh?” My fearful lady says, looking like a bit of an idio-ahem, looking rather flabbergasted, her cute little puppy-dog eyes opening widely.

“Letty?!”

“Yes, milady. Fleurety is here.”

“W-what about that woman...?”

“She was blocking my way so I relocated her, milady.”

“Blocking your way...? Why are you here...?”

“I am here because milady called for me.”

I speak as gently as I can, enveloping her still-shivering hand with both of my own as I try to reassure her. Milady squeezes back tightly and presses her face to my shoulder.

“...thank you...” she whispers, her voice muted and quavering.

\*

After we came back to the dorm, I made dinner for milady, then helped change her clothes and bathe her. By then, it was near lights-out in the dorm.

I lay milady down on the clean and carefully-made bed. I turn off all the lights except for the lantern I’m holding. Milady speaks, sounding somewhat forlorn.

“...good night, Letty.”

“I wish you a good night, lady Sharon.”

Despite her unease, it doesn’t take long for her breathing to slow down. She must have been tired. But even when asleep, her hand is still looking for something to grip, to give her comfort.

I silently walk toward her and kneel down by the side of her bed. I take her hand in mine.

Her breathing calms down. From her small lips comes barely a whisper.

“...Letty...”

“...yes.”

Asleep, milady looks so much younger. I look at her face and remember.

*You had been just a child back then. You had called for me when I was still weak, and you had given me the strength to live.*

That day, lady Sharon had spoken to me.

“Hey... will you be my friend?... please?”

As the light of the moon slips through the curtain gaps and falls on the two of us, I gently stroke her hair and give her a smile.

“Yes, lady Sharon. I am here. I will always be here.”

# Chapter 6

## LOOMING THREAT

“For tonight’s dinner, we have fish tartare garnished with herbs as the starter. The main dish is roasted meat served with fruit wine and blackcurrant sauce. After that, we have a salad made from wild forest pickings. I was gifted some choice figs from the dining hall, so I thought to make compote for dessert.”

In her room at the girls’ dorm of the magic academy, milady is sitting at a table full of food I’ve made and served. She stiffly nods with cutlery in hand.

“A-ahh, yes...”

It has been three days since I became milady’s provisional Partner. She was quite shy at first, but she has since then gotten used to my presence. I’ve also moved out of the guest room and into the servant’s room, the one connected to milady’s own.

Ever since milady allowed me to take care of her, I’ve been making use of all the knowledge and skills that the Maid Chief had taught me, especially when it comes to cooking for her. And since milady seems to have been making her own food all this time (even as clumsy as she is), she has been looking very happy these days.

“Lady Sharon, is it not to your liking?”

“No, not that! Letty’s cooking is always the best!”

Milady says, jumping up from her chair. But then she immediately looks back toward the food, looking worried.

“Just... how much did you have to pay for all these?”

From what I’ve heard, the lowlives at her home have been treating her rather coldly, and milady was forced to watch her spending as a result.

The noble children going to this school all have servants with them, courtesy of their families. Yet milady has nobody: no butlers, no

maids, not even any cooks. While her esteemed younger brother only brought along a maid and a manservant, they also have the extravagant funds to get chefs from outside the school to make them food.

...maybe I should pay them a *visit*.

Me? As Foreigners summoned from another world, I and the rest of my class can eat at the school's dining hall for free until we decide on a Partner. We also receive clothing and other living supplies from the country, and they even give us three gold coins a month as 'living allowance'.

A single gold coin comes to about one hundred thousand Japanese yen. That means we get three hundred thousand yen a month. Quite generous, I must say.

Well, they *did* kidnap us through dimensions. I suppose it's the least they could do.

At any rate, it means that since I'm still just a *provisional* Partner, I can apply for the three gold coins allowance. But a while ago, when I was about to do that to get the money for our food and other supplies, milady scolded me.

*"I expect nothing less from lady Sharon,"* I told her then. *"Milady is blessed with such integrity that rivals the size of your chest."*

Then she whacked me with her slipper.

Anyway, back to the present.

"Yes, milady, this meal costs almost nothing."

"...mm???" She exclaims in open-mouthed puzzlement. How cute.

"There is a rather large forest to the west of the city, just a short walk away. It is where I have collected the wild ingredients and hunted the meat for this meal."

"The forest to the west... wait, hold on, isn't that the Dark Woods?!"

My? Milady's face has gone pale. I wonder why.

"T-that place is full of monsters! It's dangerous!"

“Is that so, milady? It would explain why the strange-looking giant caterpillars and centipedes had been hostile. I was fortunate that there had been so many to hunt.”

“...eh? ...then, you mean...”

Milady looks down on the meat she has been eating with unease.

“Indeed, milady. The roast was made from the centipedes and the caterpillars. The tartare was made from fishmen. I made the salad by mincing the carnivorous plants. Of course, I have already done the cleaning of residual mana from the ingredients, so milady has no need to worry.”

There is a lot of meat walking around the city on two legs, but even I know it's not fit to serve to milady. I'm not so indiscriminate.

By the way, milady has been looking rather green ever since I told her about the perfectly good ingredients I got. She's holding a hand to her mouth.

“Urپ...”

“Milady?!”

Goodness, did the monster meat not agree with her constitution? I hurry toward her to rub her back, but she raises a slipper to slap at me the moment I get close, her eyes wet and her brows scrunched up. The slipper is accompanied with an adorable squeak of effort.

What a relief, she seems quite energetic. However, I can't just keep getting hit time after time like this.

I let milady's strike whiff past me and strike a pose like a certain yellow-jumpsuit-clad man. I bounce on my feet, wiping a thumb on my lips even though they aren't even bleeding, and I wag my finger. Milady releases a fierce cry of outrage and charges at me with slippers in both hands.

Our relationship-building exercise lasts all the way until the next morning.

“I'm going to the dungeon!”

Milady says, after waking up from a nap from morning until noon.

There are a few dark circles under her eyes, but she seems quite lively.

There's no school today. This country is similar to Earth in that they also have seven days in a week, and that one day is set aside as a rest day.

"Understood, milady. I shall wait for your return." I say, bowing respectfully.

Milady's shoulders tremble.

"L-Letty...? Are you not coming with me?"

She looks at me like an abandoned puppy.

Although Lady Sharon is one year older than me, she is slightly shorter in height. That means that whenever she gets affectionate, she automatically makes this extremely unfair upturned-eyes look. She doesn't even seem aware she's doing it.

"Would my presence be acceptable then, milady?"

"We're not going to class, it's fine... come with me, please?" Milady asks, sounding almost like a child begging.

"Understood, milady." I reply with a nod and a grin veering on being excessive.

And so the two of us stand together to face a terrible threat looming upon us: a lack of food funds.

Dungeons exist in this world. Not only that, they're even considered to be a crucial aspect of civilization.

The dungeons of this world aren't ruins, labyrinths, or any sort of man-made structures. They're simply just a type of *monster*.

From what I heard, their origin was a sort of 'hermit crab' that had transformed into a monster. Upon their births, the monsters called 'dungeons' would burrow into the ground, consuming the nutrients and minerals inside the earth to create an extremely sturdy cave system.

The cave system would then release a slight amount of mana to attract other monsters, and in return the dungeon would live by absorbing the excess lifeforce and magic power of the monsters that had come to

live inside it. Dungeons themselves were rather benign monsters, all in all.

Then things changed about a thousand years ago.

The humans at the time had known that the exposed minerals and metals generated in the walls of dungeons were of extremely high purity, and they began to kill the monsters in the dungeon and mine the precious metals.

This had brought changes to the dungeons themselves.

As humans fought with monsters inside dungeons, their injuries and deaths would then release lifeforce and magic power of high purity for the dungeon to absorb. The older a dungeon was, the larger it grew.

Dungeons had 'evolved', in a manner of speaking. They had even acquired the ability to read the remnant memories of dead creatures inside them, and in time, they began to turn their 'shell' into stone hallways as they looked upon the knowledge of humans, creating weapons and other pieces of equipment with forms and qualities that would appeal to humans. Dungeons no longer attracted only monsters; they had learned to attract humans.

Dungeons used items, minerals, precious metals, and other such valuables to lure in humans, getting them to fight the monsters living inside their shells and harvesting lifeforce and magic power.

Humans went inside dungeons to gather not only valuable minerals and items, but also monster materials and even combat experience for their soldiers.

And so it came to be that the humans of this world entered a relationship of mutual benefit with the dungeons. Symbiosis.

Here ended the exposition.

Right now, milady and I are heading for the eastern side of the city, where the Third Dungeon of the Kingdom is.

Milady isn't wearing her uniform today. She has on a cheap-looking set of leather armor instead.

"Geez, it's what the school gives me! I can't help it!"

“Indeed. As financially-challenged as we are, I understand that a new set of armor would be the height of luxuries.”

“...you’re not wrong, but somehow I’m feeling really irritated right now.”

Oh no, I did not mean anything by that. Please believe this maid, milady.

Speaking of which, at first I thought the nobles here would be like the kind I often see in fiction, people who bring along a huge procession of guards and horse carriages whenever they go out. In this world, however, it’s not rare to see nobles coasting around town with just a single carriage and coachman to accompany them. Even people of high nobility do the same thing.

I suppose it goes to show how safe this city is, the slums excepting. It seems it wasn’t because milady was exceptionally poor that she went alone to the commoners’ shopping district.

“...Letty, did you just think something weird?”

“Milady, is it true what they say, that people with bigger breasts are worse at math?”

“What has that got to do with anything?! Geez, come on, look, we’re here. It’s the Explorer’s Guild.”

Distraction successful, it seems.

By the way, readers, do you need me to explain about the Explorer’s Guild too?... fine.

The Explorer’s Guild is a government department that oversees the dungeons. They also buys dungeon items and monster materials. As people entering dungeons can range from individuals to organized mining groups working for a business, supervision is of the utmost necessity.

Lady Sharon, too, has done her registration back when she was a third-year as a part of the school’s curriculum.

One may wonder why a noble such as milady would risk herself so. The answer is that since the noble caste of this country were descended from powerful people of ages past, beside the typical responsibilities expected of them, they also have an obligation to dive into dungeons and bring back for the country items of qualities commensurate to their noble rank.

Milady's own family, a marquis house, has often been the target of ridicule from the other noble houses, the only exceptions being the rare times they managed to bring back rare items from the dungeon's lower floors. They've lost quite a bit of dignity, I hear. Serves them right.

"Listen up, Letty. Even if we encounter some unpleasant characters inside, remember, our safety is the most important."

"Yes? Ah, yes, understood."

We're a group of two girls. Will some *fun* happenings be waiting inside for us, then? Like, "*Hey hey hey, this ain't no place for spoiled little brats,*" or maybe "*Get over here and pour me a drink, girlies.*"

No matter who or what may threaten us, I shall swear on my name of Fleurety, the maid lieutenant-general, that they will be reduced to atoms before they could befoul milady with their touch.

We enter the Guild. Turns out the building isn't the kind that also doubles as a tavern, one that has drunkards lolling around all over the place. Instead, it looks like a modern city hall with its white plaster walls and smooth stone floor.

"Hold on, Letty, why do you look disappointed?"

"I was thinking that the facility seems cleaner than I expected, milady."

"At any rate, let's take a look at what's available. I hope there's a trading firm somewhere posting mass requests..."

"Oh, Sharon?"

Milady's shoulders faintly tremble upon hearing the voice. She doesn't move, so I turn to look in her place and see three boys and three girls, all wearing very familiar attire. They gaze at us with varying

expressions.

Aah, I see. Unpleasant characters indeed.

“Hey, Fleurety. Get away from that girl. Your place is next to me.”

The one to have called at me was Karl, that boy who made a fuss the other day.

And the girls, no wonder they look familiar. The three girls wearing the uniforms of that middle school are exactly those classmates of mine who have pushed me down the cliff. *“Crap, it’s Kamishiro,”* they whisper the moment they catch sight of me.

Is this a group date? Quite poor taste they have, both the boys and girls.

Well, the girls aside, Karl is still nominally milady’s friend from school at least. As her maid, I am required to maintain a certain level of respect.

“My apologies. I am lady Sharon’s maid at the moment.”

“Y-yes, that’s right, L-Letty is my P-Partner!”

Milady’s operating system has finally rebooted. She fire back at Karl, sounding as imposing as a three-year-old with a speech impediment.

“Hah, please. It’s not even official yet. Come on, Fleurety, stop staying with that idiot girl. She’s so poor she can’t even get anything better than those cheap leathery rags. Be my woman and I promise you, you’ll live like a queen.”

...should I turn him into fertilizer?

And he’s even making advances to me despite the three girls still standing right next to him. Does he not notice them glaring at both me and him?

“That’s enough. Calm down, both of you.”

Again? The men of this world just *have* to be in the limelight all the time, it seems. So tiresome.

So the newcomer is, surprise, his Highness Joel. I didn't expect to meet the second prince of the country here, of all places... does he have too much time on his hand?

He has along an entourage of several imperial knights, as I expected. He is royalty, after all, and he can't afford to go without bodyguards like nobles do.

"Karl, I see that several of the ladies are with you. You would do well not to attract any unwanted trouble."

"Tsk."

"Karl! That attitude is unacceptable!"

"Shut up, brother! This doesn't concern you!"

"Andy, Karl, stop. I am telling you to *calm down*."

Apparently that one imperial knight is here too. Honestly, they're all the same to me, prince or not.

"How about you, Sharon? I understand you might have much to say..."

"...no, your Highness. I have no objections."

"I see..." His Highness Joel replies curtly, nodding to milady and turning away to walk toward the guild's reception desk.

Karl does a mock spit at milady and leaves the guild, his arms wrapped around the three girls' shoulders.

Milady's face is looking quite tense again.

Which reminds me, milady *is* one of his Highness Joel's fiancee candidates, isn't she? Is she being nervous? We should get a move on before she destabilizes and returns to her habit of sounding high-handed again.

"Excuse me, lady Sharon..."

That one imperial knight came back again, and he calls for milady. I suppose they *would* know each other, considering they're both of

marquis families.

“...sir Andy.”

“It has been a long time since we can talk like this, hasn’t it? I apologize for my brother.”

“N-no, please pay it no mind. Besides, I must also thank you for your kindness the other day...” Milady says, her face turning red in agitation. She seems rather flustered...

...oh my? Might it be?

Milady’s heart-to-heart needs no intruder, so I decide to relegate myself to the role of observer. I erase my presence and move away without making a sound, climbing up the wall and clinging to the ceiling to watch over the pair.

Hush now, little baby over there. Don’t point your finger at people, that’s rude. Ssshhh.

And then, to add to the atmosphere, I begin to hum a romantic tune.

“Your birth mother, lady Kyria, had accepted me as her student during her time as an imperial knight. And yet... lady Sharon, if there is anything I can do for you, please tell me.”

“Thank you, sir Andy, for taking such good care of me just because I was her daughter...”

“No, lady Sharon, you are not just her daughter to me. Both I and my brother have known you ever since your childhood, after all. I still can’t believe Karl would take such an attitude to you... and worse still that he would treat you so, when you are a fiancee candidate to his Highness.”

“...yes...”

Milady’s expression hardens once again, and she clams up. Sir Andy gives her a bow and return to his Highness’ side.

I stop humming the romantic tune to instead switch over to something more melancholic to fit milady’s current mood. She finally realizes the background music and looks up, her mouth agape upon finding me.

“L-L-L-Letty?!”

I jump from the four-meters high ceiling and land without making a sound, gracefully dropping into a bow right in front of milady.

Hush now, that staff member over there, I don’t need the applause.

“Letty-why- *how* were you there?!”

“Because I am a maid, milady.” I proudly answer.

Milady doesn’t seem to be satisfied, for some reason.

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“Tsk, that bitch’s getting a big head on her.”

“I can’t imagine why his Highness Joel could have picked her as a fiancee candidate.”

“And what’s up with Kamishiro? Such a stupid look.”

“She’s getting cocky too.”

As the group moved away from the guild, Karl’s two male underlings plus Botan and Denko, two of the middle-school girls, launched into a stream of disparagement with surprising coordination.

Meanwhile, the group leader himself was behind them. Karl walked in silence, every single one of his steps radiating a displeasure of unknown reasons. Nobody dared to be the first to make conversation with him.

Walking next to him was Hina, one of the summoned students. She was deep in thought.

On that day, Hina was the one to have thought of the ‘prank’ to push Kamishiro, the girl who had been a thorn in her eyes, down the cliff.

Hina used to go to the same primary school as Hao. She had looked up to him ever since they were children. It wasn’t even a crush; she liked him the same way one might like an idol on the other side of a screen, that was all.

Upon entering middle school, when she first met the girl named Kamishiro, she saw the face the girl hid behind her bangs only by sheer chance. Hina's own appearance still made her look a bit like a child, and she longed to have the kind of figure and beauty that Kamishiro had.

Hina was envious.

And it irked her that the target of her envy continued to hide behind that curtain of hair, with head always hung low. And when Hao and Sei started trying to talk to the lonely-looking girl, Hina's envy turned into hatred.

“Hey... you don't like that either, right?” Hina said to the boy next to her.

“What?” Karl growled.

Hina almost shrunk back, but she swallowed her nervousness and proposed her idea.

“Then... wanna lend me a hand?”

# Chapter 7

## DUNGEON

With lady Sharon leading the way, we arrive at the Third Dungeon in the eastern district of the city. The entrance is guarded by the Kingdom's soldiers.

In this country, the harvestable resources of its dungeons have long since been an inextricable part of its citizens'

livelihoods. On our way to the dungeon, I saw inns, diners, taverns, equipment stores, dealers that would pay for made-in-dungeon items, and other such establishments that cater to Explorers all over the place.

It turns out that in this country, people working jobs related to Explorers or dungeons actually take up a whole thirty percent of its population. I suppose the mining towns of Earth in the old days would have looked similar to this.

“Milady, I have a question.”

“What... \*huff\*... is it?”

It was an hour's walk from the guild to arrive at this dungeon, a relatively short distance. Nevertheless, we have been walking rather quickly, and used to the lifestyle of a noble as she is, milady is being somewhat out of breath at the moment. It makes her look quite... *sultry*.

She's monopolizing all the gazes of the male Explorers around us. No surprises there; the jiggliness *is* rather obvious.

“I have heard that dungeons attract monsters. In that case, how do dungeons inside cities replenish their monster supplies?”

“...eh?”

Milady shows an adorable expression with her mouth wide-open. It seems she hasn't ever thought about it before.

“U-umm, yes, that's right, the soldiers must be going outside of town

to capture—”

“Excuse me, sir—yes, you, sir, the rather intellectual-looking mister with the glasses,” I say, 30% a compliment, “would you mind answering something for me?”

“At least let me finish talking, Letty!”

Faced with a cute little lady in her teens and her maid, the glasses-wearing man in his late twenties (who also looks like he’s never had a girlfriend) is all too happy to talk.

According to him, outside the city and in the Dark Woods, there are holes in the ground that only suck in monsters. People call them ‘monster pitfalls’.

These strange ‘pitfalls’ only ever appear around a dungeon, and so the current leading theory is that these holes are tunnels created by the dungeon, like roots of a large tree, in order to capture monsters.

Thank you for your answers, mister glasses. Farewell.

Once again, I’m struck by how *convenient* this world is. Truly.

For example, Skills. In a normal world, I doubt that the idea of ‘quantifying Skills in visible form’ would even exist.

Perhaps this world might have an Administrator of sorts.

I haven’t ever met one before, however. I only know what the Maid Chief told me. At any rate, the gist is that Administrators are “those who act the role of gods”.

Some among them even believe themselves to be actual gods and tell whatever sapient lifeforms on their world that “I am your creator!”, but apparently, there’s no such thing as a being powerful *and* human enough to create a whole world.

Those with the capability to create on a planetary scale would have mindsets much too alien for them to ‘perceive’ the world in that way.

Administrators can be broadly categorized into two types: one, they could be the Will of the World type, one that acts like an enormous computer to maintain the world in an eternal, mindless vigil. This type is fine.

But the second type, Parasites that have latched onto a world, are a lot more dangerous. The reason is that some Parasites may have human minds and emotions, and they would *isolate* a country or even a whole continent from the rest of the world to turn it into their playground.

That sort of Parasites are rare, it seems. But if this place turns out to be a carefully-managed ‘sandbox world’, then things might just get troublesome...

“Oh yes, Letty, we will need to prepare your own equipment too.”

Milady says in sudden realization. She then looks into her wallet and frowns.

“There is no need, milady. I do not particularly mind.”

“But I do!”

We’re going to the dungeon to earn money in the first place. We wouldn’t be here if we have the spare money for equipment.

“We’ll just earn it back later. You *will* be getting some decent equipment, even if it takes all the money I have. No objections allowed!”

“Understood, milady.”

Milady has made her decision. As her maid, it is no longer my place to say anything. If there *is* a thought to be voiced, however, then I suppose it would be that all the money she has isn’t actually enough.

“Then may I be allowed to make my pick of equipment, milady?”

“Of course. Go ahead.”

And so I go in the store alone while milady takes her rest.

I return fifteen minutes later right on the dot, my maid uniform still unchanged.

“...Letty... what is that?”

“A fortunate discovery, milady.”

Milady seems to want to say something more, but she hasn’t needed to

worry. She should know that a maid's uniform is also her combat armor.

What I purchased was a single *weapon* that took all of our funds.

“With this Orc Killer in my hand, I am as a bull given wings, as a maid given a feather duster.”

“What a strange metaphor, Letty.”

This Orc Killer that I bought is an enormous spiked club made of magic iron. Magic iron is iron that strongly retains mana, and the strength of the material would improve upon attuning with the user's own magic power.

This thing has been collecting dust in a corner of the weapon shop. From what I've heard, it has drunk the blood of so many orcs that it has since turned into a sort of cursed weapon; it's extremely effective against orcs, but in return the weapon would enrage every orc that catches sight of it. Nobody wanted to buy it. It was how I managed to get it for so cheap.

The shopkeeper was blubbering in tears when I bought it. He must have been overjoyed to have finally managed to get rid of it.

I'm sure it wasn't because I used the Maid-style Shopping Technique to get it for a quarter of the price.

“Come, come, let's go, milady.”

“Hey-wait-are you really sure that's enough?”

So it is that we enter the dungeon without any problems.

This Third Dungeon is inside a city, and thus it isn't particularly difficult. It's suitable for even students and beginner Explorers.

Fundamentally, dungeons mean resources. Useful dungeons are protected by the countries, while dungeons forming in farmlands or are undesirable in other ways would be exterminated.

This particular dungeon is one of the more unusual ones. It generates a very useful resource: rock salt. The country very much values the Third Dungeon, for it removes the need to import salt.

And now we come to the reason why this dungeon is considered a beginner's dungeon: the monsters inside this dungeon all have high blood pressure — possibly due to their high-sodium diet — which weakened their kidneys and subsequently, their health.

"I see that the meat of monsters here wouldn't make for good ingredients."

"I'm not going to eat monsters from *anywhere*, Letty!"

The food in this world all contain mana. As mana is also a sort of nutrient, food rich in mana would taste stronger.

The obvious conclusion would be that animals that have turned into monsters due to mana would taste more delicious.

Unfortunately, this is not so. The meat of monsters has *too much* mana, and anyone eating monster meat would get a stomachache.

Which is why monster meat isn't normally eaten. There is a method to remove the mana, but there is also a more fundamental problem that removing mana doesn't fix: the taste. Monster meat tastes so strongly that no one can eat it much.

In other words, monster meat in this world is seen as a sort of canned food with the most offensive smell ever.

I *can* deal with the smell and taste too, yet the caterpillars and centipedes hadn't been very well received by milady. How strange. I thought it was delicious.

We enter the dungeon. There's a lot of people inside. About as much as the amount of people walking around a shopping district in the early morning, I would say.

"L-Letty, stay behind me. It's dangerous."

"Yes, milady."

Milady is acting like an older sister protecting her younger sibling. So precious.

She's wearing a second-hand set of leather armor, with a staff in her hand that also looks used. She really looks the part of a magician.

Unfortunate for her efforts, her much-too-obvious clumsiness just makes her look like a baby lamb that people should protect instead.

And now, the wolves that walk and talk like young human men are coming closer.

“Hey there, young ladies. Would you like to-”

“My, there’s a caterpillar.”

A giant caterpillar just happens to show up at the right time. I jump out from behind milady and crush it into paste with a swing of my spiked club.

The magic iron club is still intact even with my magic pouring into it. What a wonderful weapon.

This caterpillar was around two meters long. It felt weaker than those in the Dark Woods, if I remember correctly. Ah, but milady is standing stock-still with her staff in hand.

“My apologies for interrupting your conversation.”

“Holy shit, a Crawler just got one-shotted...”

I give my one-meter long spiked club a light swing to flick off the caterpillar juices on it. The men’s faces pale, and they immediately make their escape.

“Letty?! Didn’t I tell you to stay behind me?! That’s one of the stronger monsters on the upper floors!”

“Yes, milady. A maid’s place is certainly behind her mistress.”

I nonchalantly return to my spot behind her. Indeed, no maid should be so brazen as to stand in front of her mistress.

“Do you actually understand what I’m saying?!”

My... I have erred, it seems. On the other hand, milady now knows me to be combat-capable, and she has allowed me to fight in the front.

“...right, Letty, you’ve killed Crawlers in the Dark Woods already, haven’t you...”

“I used a kitchen knife and a pot lid back then, milady.”

“...”

Anyway, we decide to go a little bit further in. Partly to avoid the men's irritating gazes, too.

I believe his highness Joel and Karl have been going into this dungeon not to earn money, but to train. This dungeon has been here for almost a thousand years, and it has over a hundred floors. It's unlikely we would meet those nuisances if they've gone deeper in.

“Milady, this wall here has a different tint to it.”

“Ah, that's salt. So there's a new floor now.”

We've finally found what we came here for. Milady takes out her mining tools.

Those caterpillars have magic stones inside them, which can be sold for five small silver coins (about five thousand yen) each. However, like last time, I'll be keeping them for the magitools in milady's room. I have no plans to sell them.

One 500-grams pot full of salt would sell for two small silvers. Somewhat expensive, as I expected. Just this single mining spot should net us quite a bit.

“I can't believe we found a floor with salt so close to the surface that's still untouched. We're really lucky this time!”

“Indeed. Fortune must have smiled on us due to your good deeds, milady.”

“C-come on, Letty...”

Not used to being praised, milady immediately turns bashful.

...I can't believe her family would turn their backs on such an adorable young lady. Perhaps I should take matters into my own hand...

“L-Letty? ...you're looking kind of, umm, evil...”

“Oh my, please forgive this maid. Milady looks so cute I accidentally let loose my inner pervert for a moment.”

“What in the world are you talking about?!”

It's love, milady, the love between a mistress and her servant.

"Would it be time for us to return, milady?"

"Let's take a look a little deeper. Maybe we can even find a dungeon item."

The unexpected haul has gotten milady quite eager.

The salt we've collected is currently inside milady's Bag of Holding. Apparently it uses magic stones as batteries to allow one to store around 100 kilograms' worth of things in it, no matter how large or heavy they are.

It's very handy. It also makes me wonder why milady has it, considering how poor she is. According to her, it was one of the things her birth mother had left for her, as well as the only thing she had managed to keep for herself.

The more baggage it stores, the faster the magic stone would run out. Perhaps we should try to hunt more monsters on the way for their magic stones, then.

Following lady Sharon's guide, the two of us go deeper inside. I stay on guard, at times using my magic power to intimidate and chase away the small-fry monsters that wouldn't be profitable, preventing them from approaching milady.

Then I feel something moving deeper in. I stop.

"Letty?"

"I feel the presence of humans, milady, though somewhat some way away. It wouldn't be a problem if they are simply other Explorers. Still, I recommend caution."

"...got it."

Milady nods, her face serious. She understands what I wanted to say.

Milady's relatives aren't the only ones to spurn her so, as her undeveloped skills in control of magic has also caused her to be shunned by her peers. Noble houses of lower ranks and commoners wouldn't dare show her contempt, of course, but there are still people like Karl. Better to be cautious than not.

“...and he used to be such a good, honest kid back then...”

“Milady...”

...is it your hobby to set up flags so enthusiastically?

“Milady, please step back.”

I step in front of her the moment I feel several presences coming from further ahead.

“What happened?”

“...something is coming.”

...not people, it seems. They walk on two legs, but their footsteps feel much too heavy and *warped*.

“WAAAAGGH!!”

Appearing in front of us are green-skinned monsters with faces resembling pigs.

My, my, how strange. The monsters immediately go mad with rage the moment they see us, slamming their wooden clubs against the ground and making quite a lot of unpleasant noises.

“...o-orcs...” Milady squeaks.

I see, these monsters are orcs... then perchance, was my Orc Killer actually the flag that has called them here?

# Chapter 8

## SYMPATHY

Let's see, one little pigman, two little pigmen, three little... well, quite a lot. Less than ten, however.

These orcs hold wooden clubs in their hands and wear chest armor, as crudely made as they are, and some among them even have wooden shields that resemble large pot lids. Yet despite all that equipment, they all have nothing but flimsy rags to cover their lower halves. Why?

“Would milady happen to know the reason?” I ask, in case it might be a weakness I can exploit.

“...eh? That’s, umm, it’s because...”

As pale as her face had been upon seeing the orcs, she now blushes crimson, looking like she might just cry at any moment.

Come, come, milady, please answer quickly.

“...o-orcs, umm, attack women... and...”

With those teary eyes and scarlet cheeks, milady is looking like the cutest creature in the world right now.

To be honest, I already had an idea of the reason why, but I think I'll still ask her again tonight for a more... *detailed*...

explanation.

“A-anyway, be careful, Letty.”

“Yes, milady.”

As a maid who have received her mistress' encouragement, I can't afford to show her a less-than-stellar performance here.

I ready my Orc Killer. The orcs visibly hesitate despite their rage still as potent as ever, as though they see the wielder of Orc Killer to be both their worst archenemy and their worst nightmare at the same

time.

Is it truly such a terrifying weapon?

So, I have described it as a ‘spiked club’, but that might not accurately convey how it looks. This type of weapon does have a name, in fact.

It’s a morningstar. A weapon in the shape of a spiky ball affixed to one end of a length of metal.

The difference is that while normal morningstars are one-handed weapons, this Orc Killer is much more likely to be classified as a two-handed one. It has a completely metallic shaft one-meter long with a diameter of four centimeters, while the iron ball at the end is the size of a small watermelon. The ball itself is covered in horrific-looking spikes as big as ice cream cones.

It’s even heavier than milady, as a matter of fact.

As brutal as it looks, a club is still a club. It’s quite puzzling how they can fear it so. I hide the Orc Killer inside my skirt to see what would happen, and the orcs immediately, visibly relax.

“Letty, what are you doing?!”

I can hear the panic and fear in milady’s voice.

Quite understandable. The moment I hide away the spiked club, the orcs no longer look so hostile. Instead, their faces turn... *debauched*, I suppose is the word, as they leer upon milady and me.

Bad piggies... you’ve signed your own death warrants the moment you looked at milady with such gazes.

“I’m the only one allowed to look at her like that, after all.”

“What in the world are you saying?!”

Oh my, it seemed I let my thoughts slip once again.

And also, I can’t exactly let this go on for too long. We seem to have an *audience*, after all...

Anyway, I suppose I should start off by eliminating the root cause for milady’s fear.

I walk forward, as graceful and elegant as a maid should always be. An orc roars, charging forward not with his club, but his bare hands.

“WWWAAGH!”

I turn my head to the side to avoid his strike. I attack.

\*splat\*

“...WAA...aargh...”

\*thud...”

First came a *bursting* sound of impact that made everyone reflexively cover their ears, then the orc’s groan of agony, and finally the sound of a huge body collapsing onto the ground. The remaining orcs tremble, stumbling backward as their hands instantly move to cover between their legs.

“It is called a Maid Kick.”

... *where* did I kick, you ask? Oh my, shame on you, to ask a lady such a delicate question.

“...wah...WAAAGH!”

One of the braver orcs charge forward, looking as though a hero stepping foot toward the final battle of his life.

\*splat\*

“aagg...”

\*thud...\*

The orc collapses frothing at the mouth, eyes rolled back. The rest are shivering with legs crossed, looking as though they might flee at any moment now.

Milady is sending me a rather prickly gaze, but well, you can’t make an omelette without breaking a few eggs. I’m absolutely not doing this because I’m starting to find it rather fun. Not at all.

I walk toward the orcs with a beaming smile on my face. They trip

over themselves, trying to get away.

\*plop-splat!\*

I disable two more orcs with Maid Kicks in rapid succession. I walk toward my next target nearby, and the orc frantically shakes his head, terror apparent on its face. I get ready to unleash my Maid Kick...

“N-NOOOOOOO!!!”

And am interrupted by someone in a full set of plate armor charging between me and the orc, so I jump back. His face is hidden behind a helmet, but I can still see him squirming with legs pressed together even as he points his one-handed sword toward me.

“What might be your intention, sir...?”

“H-how could you be so merciless?!”

My? Whosoever might he be?

“...s-sir Karl?” Milady whispers.

“...”

Aaah, I *was* thinking that his voice sounded familiar, though I couldn’t quite place it. So inside the suit of armor is *that* Karl, then.

“Well then, sir Karl, what might be your intention?”

“I can’t allow you to continue with such cruelties!”

What could he be referring to? How puzzling. I look toward the remaining orcs, and they are now looking at Karl as if he’s their messiah...

“...my, how beautiful!” I exclaim, genuinely moved by the sight before me. “So there *can* be understanding between humans and monsters, is it.”

“...not like this. Not like this...” Karl wearily mumbles.

Then a girl’s voice comes from the hallway that Karl came out of.

“Sir Karl, what are you doing?! Aren’t the orcs attacking her so you can get Kamishiro?!”

She is... umm... well, whatever her name is, she used to be my classmate, as well as one of the girls who pushed me down the cliff back then. And also, did she just say something rather *unfortunate*? For her, I mean.

“...”

“Eep!”

I send her a stare and her face rapidly pales. She takes a fearful step backward.

Oops, I accidentally let a bit of my magic leak and **[Intimidate]** d her. I should be more careful. It wouldn’t do for my true nature to be revealed now.

“Hina, you be quiet! That’s *not* what I meant! We were just going to scare her a bit before I swoop in to save her!”

“EEEHHH?!”

Oh yes, her name’s Hina. I never forgot, of course.

Apparently they haven’t communicated much despite being co-conspirators. I don’t know how they managed to get these orcs toward a floor so close to the entrance, but they certainly seem to be the culprits.

“...sir Karl.”

“Sharon... I couldn’t care less about you yourself, but I can *not* accept you having a Partner.”

“H-how dare you!”

Hmm, I can feel some rather *twisted* emotions coming from Karl.

“Fine then, just Kamishiro will do. Orcs, get her-”

One of the orcs immediately make a move upon hearing Hina’s voice, so I pacify it with a Maid Kick.

\*splat!\*

“Wa...aaagh...”

\*thudd...”

It appears Hina possesses a unique skill along the lines of **[Monster Domination]** or **[Charm]**, but her skill also seems much too weak to do anything more than a nudge in their minds.

It might get rather troublesome if she is to be allowed to do anything more. I rapidly move toward her.

“Wha-”

There's no point in leaving her alive, and besides, she *had* done me a wrong she has to answer for. I unhesitantly squeeze her neck. Yet even as fearful, as painful as she looks, she still lives.

“H-help...”

How strange... that should have been enough strength to crush boulders.

“Letty, stop.”

“Yes, milady.”

Milady's orders are absolute, and I immediately loosen my hand. Hina sinks down on the floor. Sheer relief, as well as a faint smell of ammonia, emanates from her.

“I don't particularly care for Hina, but you, Fleurety,” Karl says, clink-clanking toward me in his suit of armor, “Have a duel with me.”

“...a duel, sir?”

“Yes, a duel. That said, I won't tell you to become my Partner if I win. You just have to give up on being Sharon's.”

“Sir Karl, you have no rights!” Milady shouts.

“Stay out of this, Sharon!”

To dare take that attitude to milady... it seems I shall have to crush

him.

“Then I shall accept.”

“Letty?!”

“Have no fear, milady.”

I flash milady a smile... Karl is just going to have an *accident*, that's all.

“...alright. Let's go!”

“WAAGH! (*Come on brutha, get 'er!*)”

“WAAAAGH! (*Me like pretty ladies but me make exception for you, brutha!*)”

The orcs are cheering Karl on. I understand non-human languages too, but I think I shall spare Karl the knowledge of their words.

Karl swings his sword at me with no hesitation. He must have seen my fight with the orcs, then.

I take out my Orc Killer as I think about what sort of accident he should have today. The orcs' gazes instantly turn into one of dark hatred, even as they stumble backward in fear.

“Can you even swing that thing?!” Karl shouts.

I sure can. I can twirl it like a pen, too.

But it's not the time for him to know I can use it, not just yet. I dodge Karl's sword, pretending to lose my balance, and only then do I slam the spiked club into his neck.

With a beautiful sound of impact, Karl flies. Hmm, strange...

“Tsk, it really is as heavy as it looks...”

My attack should have broken his neck. Yet he still stands up, looking pained but not especially injured.

“But it won’t be enough to get through this armor, this Hallowed Sanctuary that has been the Mercia family’s treasure for generations!”

Karl sounds full of confidence.

It is good armor, I must admit. From what I can see of the armor’s magical flow and materials, Karl’s trust in it isn’t unfounded. Still, I find it rather curious that my strike just now didn’t even manage to make him unconscious.

I spare a few moments to gather my thoughts.

It was the same when I attacked Hina. They can’t die? Yet even if a Skill to prevent one from dying exists, it’s unnatural for both of them to have it.

Then is it just the way this world’s System work? If that’s true, it would be quite the inconvenience.

“It’s my turn now!”

So, I can’t kill anyone. In which case, it would be wiser to keep what I can do a secret until I know the reason why.

At the same time, I cannot lose here. I am milady’s Partner, after all.

“WAAAGH!” “WHAAH!” “WAAAAAAGAH!”

I look at the orcs so admirably cheering Karl on, and I think. What has caused this Orc Killer to be so reviled, so terrifying? They also hold the same gazes of dread for me as they do for the spiked club.

Hmm, perhaps... considering its shape, it might just be...

I stop holding Orc Killer in one hand. Instead, I grab it at the end of its shaft with both my hands and point it to the ground away from me, meanwhile turning myself ninety degrees to one side and slightly bending down.

“““WHAAAAAAAAGAH?!?!?!”””

The orcs *wail* the moment they see me changing my stance.

“...what is that stance?”

“Sir Karl, are you aware that there are many kinds of blunt weapons that can defeat a fully-armored enemy by impact alone?”

“...I am. And indeed, even this Hallowed Sanctuary can’t protect against such impacts... but that’s a weakness that can be covered with magic. A spell has allowed me to retain my consciousness no matter what happens, as long as I’m wearing this armor.”

As he speaks, he takes out a shield from his back and transfers it to his left hand to hold.

“I’ve already prepared myself for blunt weapons! You have no chances, Fleurety! Admit your defeat!”

“Well then, please forgive my courtesy.”

I twist my body and give my Orc Killer a large practice swing upward.

Normally, large blunt weapons should be swung downward in order to leverage their weight. Normally.

Orc Killer isn’t a normal blunt weapon.

The reason why orcs hate and fear it so much lies within *how* it’s used.

This weapon isn’t supposed to be used with downward slams. Don’t think of it as a morningstar, think of it as an iron stick with a heavy mass at one end. Does it not remind one of a certain *something* from Earth, then?

Not a weapon for use in combat, but a piece of *sports equipment*.

I twist my torso, drawing half a circle in the air with Orc Killer to bring it aloft behind my back, and I swing. The heavy end of Orc Killer scrapes against the ground as it speeds toward my target: between Karl’s legs.

\*BANG!\*

“Ugh, aargh...”

Karl groans. He drops to his knees.

“Nice shot,” I announce.

“...d-damn you...” He whimpers.

He still stands up again, if only barely. I swing my 1-iron club one more time at the same place.

*\*BANG!\**

“Fairway,” I say.

“...urk...”

He can still make sounds? One more time then.

*\*BANG!\**

“On the green.”

Thank you for your applause, imaginary audience.

So, while he might have prepared for impacts from above, it seems his protection doesn’t apply to strikes from below.

Karl is twitching now, his hands pressed between his legs. I raise one of his legs to prepare him for a last putt...

“”NOOOO, STOP IT ALREADYYYYYY!!!””

“””WAAAAAGGGHHHHHHHHH!”””

...but then, a chorus of soulful cries reverberate throughout the dungeon, in a wonderful moment wherein the hearts of humans and monsters all become one.

What a beautiful thing it is, that sympathy can transcend all borders.

# Chapter 9

## BROTHERS

Andy de Mercia was an imperial knight squad leader of Argrey Kingdom, one assigned to the second prince Joel.

In a usual knightly order, while the Knight Commander would always be a high noble, squad leaders were, as a rule, meritocratic positions instead. Only less than half of them were nobles; the rest were people who have climbed up to the position themselves.

Things were different when it comes to Argrey Kingdom's imperial knights, however. While other countries might not follow the same rule, here, those chosen as imperial knight squad leaders were almost always of high nobility.

This rule was created after a certain incident in Argrey's history. There had been a monster outbreak — monsters escaping the confines of their dungeon — and yet one of the royal family at the time had made use of the army for their own purpose, and nobody had had the political power to stop them. It had resulted in the near-complete destruction of a town.

It was the reason why the imperial knights attached to a royal family member would always be chosen from families of high nobility that were relatives of the royal family. This granted the imperial knights the power to keep their charges in check, if the need arose.

The previous queen had come from the Mercia marquis family. As the princes and princesses' second cousin, Andy had been allowed to enter the palace to be their playmate ever since he was a child.

At first, Andy was to be assigned to the crown prince as he was closest in age. But after a certain incident, Andy was suddenly set to be Joel's imperial knight instead.

What had happened?

It was the death of Kyria, spouse to the Michel marquis and, as according to the wishes of the queen, also the woman who was to be Joel's personal bodyguard until her successor was chosen.

Kyria had met the queen at school when she had still been only a daughter of a marquis family at the time, and the two had become fast friends. For the sake of her friend who had then entered the royal family, Kyria, despite being the daughter of a knight's family, had gotten herself adopted by a viscount's family who was close to the queen just so she could become the queen's imperial knight.

Kyria's beauty and her silver hair had earned her the title of "The White Rose", to accompany the "Sunflower" that was the queen. Even after the Michel marquis fell in love with Kyria at first sight, even after the two had a child, the two

women's friendship never waned. So it was that the queen entrusted the protection of Joel to Kyria, until such time that the boy decided on an official aide.

These events had been ten years ago.

At the time, Andy was still a student and a knight apprentice. He studied under Kyria, his superior knight officer who had been *very* strict in his training, and as the two were both of marquis families, he, as well as his younger brother, often played with her daughter, Sharon.

The circumstances behind Kyria's death was a mystery even until now.

Almost immediately after her death, the Michel marquis took a second wife, a woman from a count's family. But the problem was that Yohanne, Sharon's younger brother of a different mother, was only one year younger than her.

As young as she had been, knowing about Yohanne must have hurt Sharon terribly. For a time, this fact had also given rise to rumors that lady Kyria had been assassinated, but they were soon quelled by the marquis family.

Sharon's grief had been heart-wrenching, both for her and for those around her.

Andy had tried as much as he could to visit her and to console her. But he was still just a student, still just an apprentice knight — not only that, he was also chosen as Kyria's successor since there was nobody else fit for the role, and so he found himself with fewer and fewer opportunities to meet with Sharon.

However, Sharon had been a stronger girl than he thought.

For a time, there were even rumors that the Michel house was spurning her. Yet as though to prove everyone wrong, Sharon had worked herself to the bone to perfect every aspect of being a noble lady, and her efforts had borne fruit. She was chosen as a fiancee candidate to the second prince.

Upon hearing of the news about the girl he had always thought of as a little sister, Andy felt both sadness and happiness.

On the other hand, Karl, Andy's younger brother, immediately began to lash out against her.

Andy remembered that Karl and Sharon had been very close in their younger years. If anything, he thought Karl had liked her even more than Andy himself had.

And yet that very same younger brother had turned cold to Sharon. Upon entering the academy, he even began to be overtly disdainful of her.

Andy himself had scolded Karl many, many times, yet he showed no signs of changing. A rift had formed between the two brothers.

The news that his younger brother had collapsed in the dungeon and had been carried to the nearest clinic reached Andy's ears.

Details had been vague. However, apparently Karl had taken the Mercia family's treasure, the Hallowed Sanctuary, with him to the dungeon without permission, and that he had been fighting.

As he had been attending to his Highness Joel, Andy was near the dungeon. Joel had graciously allowed him to take his leave to visit his brother, and so Andy came to the clinic.

“Karl!”

“...brother.”

Karl sat up on his bed, his body still shivering.

Andy wondered what sort of monster Karl had been fighting. His face was pale and haggard, while his body was so bruised and battered he

could barely move himself.

Andy had also heard that after he was carried to the clinic, Karl had woken up and then immediately fell back to unconsciousness multiple times in a row, and that he was also poisoned. Thanks to healing spells, however, his younger brother now seemed to have recovered enough to stay awake.

“...this is quite terrible. Did you meet with an ogre horde in the middle floors or something?”

Karl said nothing as he turned away, his expression inscrutable. He seemed unwilling to talk.

“Losing is nothing to be ashamed of. Considering your wounds, you didn’t wear the Hallowed Sanctuary, right? Father would certainly scold you for taking it out without permission, but I reckon he’d be lenient if he knows you’ve had a change of heart.”

Karl continued to look away despite Andy’s words of consolation. Cold sweat dripped from his skin.

Andy found his brother’s reactions to be somewhat strange, but he paid it no mind. He had something else he had to ask, even when he was aware of the rift between them.

“Karl. I’ve heard that lady Sharon was the one to have brought you here... did something happen between you and her?”

Karl’s eyes widened a fraction, as though it was the first he’d heard of it.

“I don’t know why you’ve been so stubborn, but remember that lady Sharon might just be our future princess. It’s about time you grow up...”

“...you’re such an *idiot*, brother.” Karl said with obvious exasperation.

Andy released a sigh mixed with a wry smile. It had been a long time since he’d heard such a tone of voice from his brother.

“...maybe I am.”

“...I’m not going to do that anymore.”

“I see.”

Andy didn't know what had happened. Nevertheless, as curt as Karl's reply was, Andy could still feel that his brother was no longer as bitter as he had been.

And right now, that was enough. Mending bridges wasn't something that could be done in a day or two.

For a while, Andy simply looked at his younger brother, his gaze kind. Then he turned around and silently stepped out of the room.

Karl looked at his back until he was no longer in sight. He gave a small sigh for his dense older brother.

“...if you don't make a move soon, brother, then I will.”

Did everyone think this chapter has been in third-person narration? Too bad. It was actually me, Fleurety.

Currently, I am infiltrating Karl's room, clinging onto a corner of the ceiling while hiding my presence as best as I can.

I'm actually surprised that nobody's found me yet.

All the exposition above was what I've found out from using my Maid Interrogation Technique these last few days. I just added a *little* bit of dramatization while writing the personal character thoughts myself from educated guesses. I've gotten the gist of it right, I believe.

The older brother is just a blockhead, while the younger brother is far too stubborn. How deplorable. They're siblings all right.

Well then, readers, you may be wondering why I wanted to come here so much that I would leave lady Sharon to take her rest alone in a cafe. The answer is that I had a bit of an *experiment* to do.

I wasn't able to kill either Karl or Hina, and I did not know why. There was a need to investigate the secret they held and how far this effect could extend.

To start off, I waited until Karl fell asleep and dropped a string from the ceiling. I then released some light neurotoxin, which followed the string to drip into his mouth.

His lungs seized up and he choked on air, but otherwise nothing happened. The medic hurriedly ran toward him and immediately casted healing spells on him, and that was it.

I was relieved, seeing that at least my poison still worked. Then once Karl went from sleeping to being unconscious, I tried out some muscle solvent.

His skin instantly turned mud-grey. But just as I thought that finally did it, a dull glow emanated from him, and he was as healthy as ever again. Curses.

With that, Karl finally returned to consciousness. I immediately strangled him with loops of stronger-than-steel thread wrapped around his neck and he writhed, thrashing in agony as his lungs begged for oxygen. But in the end, he just dropped into unconsciousness again. He still didn't die no matter how long I choke him.

Results of my experimentation: I can harm people just fine, I simply can't kill them.

There's nothing to indicate him being any sort of undead or immortal, nor was there any sign of skill activation.

Regrettably, I will have to give up here. Any more and I risk discovery.

...how infuriating.

To be fair, it's not like there aren't workarounds I can try out, but I think I'll keep up my observation for the time being first.

...I have more than one *puppet* to experiment on, anyway.

With adhesive threads wrapped around my fingertips and toenails, I briskly skitter across the ceiling. I reach the linen room of the clinic with everyone else none the wiser.

“Mmm!”

“Apologies for the wait, Hina. How are you feeling?”

I've packed Hina up tight with straw rope — using my thread would have left some rather undesirable evidence — and buried her under a

mountain of linen sheets, but she still looks as lively as ever. I hadn't taken much care when I tied her up, so Hina turned out to look a bit like a honeycomb, but, well, she'll probably be fine.

I remove her gag. Hina glares at me, her eyes teary.

“K-Kamishiro...”

“Oh yes, do you need to relieve yourself? Just as well that there's some adult diapers here...”

“N-No, please! I'll be quiet, just don't...”

I see. I did recall her smelling a bit ammoniac in the dungeon, so I thought it would be about time. What a shame.

“Please... I'll apologize, just don't hurt me...”

“Understood.”

She does seem quite sincere in her remorse. I wonder what could have caused such a change of heart...

I untie her and let her sit down. She looks at me, looking perplexed.

“...you're holding your head up high now, aren't you?”

“That is because I am a maid.”

Might she be referring to my earlier days? Her face is reddening somewhat. She looks like she wants to say something.

“What is it?”

“...n-nothing. It's not like I'm thinking you look better like this, not at all!”

Really, just what *did* she want to say?

“So anyway... I'm sorry. Oh, yes, I'll tell you something interesting!”

“My, my.”

Hina stands up and whispers.

“So I overheard this one girl from our class muttering something. She said this world is an *otome* game, apparently.”

...I see.

“Excuse me! Does this clinic has a psychologist?”

“STOPPPP! I’m normal, I tell you! I’m not crazy!”

How ridiculous. Hina must be making it up.

...right?

# Chapter 10

## COUNTERATTACK

Among the nobles in their final school year at the magic academy, there was a certain young lady of a viscount house.

Her father was an inveterate womanizer, and her mother was a songstress famed for her beauty across the town. She was born a commoner. But after the second prince Joel was born and she was acquainted with him at the academy, she was

taken away from her mother and formally entered the viscount family in the hope that she would become the prince's favored wife in the future.

The viscount's wife did not accept her. Her birth mother sold her for money.

But despite her home life, the young lady still stood strong, head held high even when her family treated her with such antipathy. She grew to become a *kind* girl.

Inside a room in the girls' dorm of the magic academy, the glow of a lantern lit up a chessboard, the light unusually warm and hazy.

*Clack.*

Slender fingers moved a piece.

Her icy gaze was fixed on the board, but her clinical thoughts were of a game much, much more vast.

“...m-milady, t-the food is r-ready...”

From a corner of the room came the fearful voice of a maid younger in age, a girl who still hadn't outgrown her freckles.

“...”

“M-Milady...?”

The young lady's cool gaze flicked away from the board for a moment, and she replied frostily.

“...I'll eat later. You can retire for the day.”

“Y-yes, milady.”

The maid shivered. She hastily bowed and returned to her servant's room, as though running away.

With her thoughts interrupted, the young lady faintly sighed, her slim back leaning back on the chair. She arranged several pieces on the board.

“How many shall remain, I wonder...”

\*\*\*

“Lady Sharon, please wait.”

“...sir Andy.”

“How fortunate that you haven't left... lady Sharon, I apologize for the trouble Karl has caused...”

“N-No, there's nothing you have to apologize for... if anything, I should be the one to...”

“...excuse me?”

“It's nothing. We are schoolmates, after all. I only did what was expected of me.”

“...wonderful. As a fellow noble, I truly wish my brother could be half as honorable.”

“Ah... it's really nothing...”

“I will make sure to have the Mercia family send our formal gratitude to your house on a later date. And also... lady Sharon, if I may...”

“Y-Yes!”

“...no, please pay it no mind. I shall have to return to his Highness'

side now, so if you would excuse me..."

"...yes."

They both should grow a spine already.

Greetings, everyone. I am Fleurety, lady Sharon's maid and her protector from the shadows.

Today, I am inside a store near the Third Dungeon.

Milady is standing stock-still in the middle of the road, so deep in her melancholy that she doesn't even notice she's being surrounded by snot-nosed urchins. I do wonder what she might be thinking, but I have something I need to do first.

"Sir shopkeeper, how about this price?"

"You're kidding, maid lass. This city isn't that starved for salt. We have dungeons and all."

This shopkeeper is already in his forties and the skin on his head has lost much protection from the sun, but he's still quite the formidable opponent.

There is a branch of the Explorer's Guild near the dungeon and they *do* buy salt too, but I can generally get a better deal by selling directly to merchants. It's why I'm here.

"Even with this quality, sir? My salt has just been mined from the dungeon. Oxidation hasn't set in yet."

"Come now girl, didn't I say there's not that much demand? Considering the quantity my shop usually handles, buy only that much salt is just going to lower my brand quality."

Emphasis on 'generally'. If one doesn't have the necessary skills to negotiate with the merchant, one might even get haggled down below the fixed price that the guild would buy for.

"My, my... like the merchandise over *there*, you mean?"

"...maid lass, just what are you implying?"

The shopkeeper narrows his eyes and glares daggers at me. I simply respond with a beaming smile as I take glances at the pots of salt he

has on his shelves.

“Do you really need me to say it, sir...? I’ve heard that sometimes, the salt might be mixed with a certain *something* to create brand distinction and make them taste nicer...”

“...ten percent more. That’s the best I can do. If you don’t like that, go to another shop.”

“Twenty percent. I’ve seen how much they sell for around here, sir. You’ll still be profiting more than enough when you resell my salt.”

“Now, now, pretty little maid... don’t you think you’re getting in over your head *juuuust* a little bit?”

“My, would I have to sleep with a dagger under my pillow tonight?”

“Hah, you jest. I’m doing honest business here, cut it out with the false accusations. My store even has dealings with a trading firm that supplies for the royal family. Imagine if their customer blacklist has one more maid on it...”

“A trading firm, you say? The one providing food for the palace this month? ...I’m sure the firm wouldn’t be supplied *those* salt, right, sir?”

“...”

The shopkeeper grimaces. My smile brightens.

“Don’t be so glum, sir. I can throw in a little something for you too.”

“...what now?”

I open my bag to let him see what’s inside.

“Looks dried... what is this?”

“Perhaps you haven’t had many opportunities to see this, considering how far away from the sea we are and that the country also doesn’t import salt. This is *seaweed*, sir.”

“Seaweed...?”

I look at his scalp.

“It’s something *very* good for you, sir shopkeeper.”

“...”

My shopping trip ends without problems.

I sold the salt for seven golds and four silvers. Combined with the sales of monster materials, we have quite a bit of funds now. And not only that, the shopkeeper even threw in some spices. What a kind man.

I walk toward milady, still brooding, and give the gawking urchins some rock candies to shoo them away.

“Lady Sharon, apologies for the wait.” I call at her.

“...eh? Ah.” Milady returns to reality. She turns toward me with an overcast smile. “Welcome back, Letty.”

“I managed to get quite a good deal, milady, so I’ve also bought some of your favorite baked sweets. We will have a feast tonight.”

“Thank you, Letty. No more monster meat, however.”

“Of course.”

Milady is a bit fussy, isn’t she? I give her a broad smile.

I understand how she feels.

“I shall not make the mistake of revealing the ingredients’ origins again.”

“No, that’s not what I meant!”

\*\*\*

Well then, after I did a psychological check-up on miss Hina with a little pharmaceutical aid, my conclusion is that there is nothing wrong with her mind.

How strange. A sensible person would never have said something like that.

And I don’t think I misdiagnosed her either. Her whole body was

twitching, her eyes were vacant and without focus, and she was drooling with her mouth set in a dopey smile by the end, so surely that was enough medication.

Oh yes, don't worry, I only used a weak spider poison. It's all-organic. Hina won't be having any long-lasting aftereffects. After all, poison can be medicine in the right dosage.

Not like I've ever studied pharmacy, however.

So, Hina said that this world is an *otome* game, but she just couldn't recall the identity of the one to have whispered something so ridiculous.

Honestly, I half expect I can shake her head and hear the one single brain cell she has rattling in there.

All the same, I wouldn't dismiss it out of hand just because it sounds absurd. An exemplary maid is one who can prepare for anything and everything.

It's impossible for a world to be an *otome* game, but it *is* possible for a carefully-managed Sandbox world to look like a game. While I'm not sure how large this one is since Sandboxes can vary in scale, considering that there are certain people here who can't die, the possibility of an Administrator is very high indeed.

...truly, so much trouble.

I think I shall continue to keep myself hidden until the investigation is finished.

\*\*\*

“Letty, are you done with your preparation?”

“Yes, milady.”

Currently, I am helping milady with her morning bath.

It is a task that requires my utmost concentration. Today is the day my Lady Sharon's Beautification Project, which has started several days

ago, enters its final phase.

I carefully, meticulously wash and rub hair treatment into her locks of silver. I caress and exfoliate milady's skin with a washcloth made from the best spider silk. And now that milady is dozing off, I begin to massage every single corner of her body with a specially-made aromatic oil that I got directly from the Maid Chief.

Yet even with all that I must do, I cannot take too long. A lowly maid's duty must not take up her mistress' precious morning time, and if she has to use all her magic to bend spacetime to accomplish her tasks, so be it.

“Milady, it is done.”

“...wah?”

Milady awakens to see that her hair has already been styled, her uniform already on her. She seems surprised.

“When?!”

“Milady has slept quite well.”

“...”

As she takes nibbles and sips of the breakfast I've made — cafe au lait, fresh orange juice, and a bagel sandwich — she looks at me with blushing cheeks, her glare still showing dissatisfaction with my answer.

Even until now, milady continues to be rather embarrassed whenever I help her change her underwear. I suppose that might be what had displeased her.

“It is simply a maid's duty, milady.”

“I know you've chosen to serve me, but Letty, you're, umm...”

Milady turns away and continues her words in a near-whisper.

“...you're also... my friend... so... you know...”

“Milady...”

Too precious.

“Thank you for the feast.”

“What feast?! What are you talking about?!”

Feasts for the eyes, milady, feasts for the eyes. Including but not limited to the times you get dressed, for example.

Well then, to explain what milady meant when she spoke of ‘my preparation’, it is the arrangements for me to join her in class.

And the reason *why* is because the Kingdom has decided that, as a part of the Partner-selection process, all the middle-school students summoned from Earth would be transferring into milady’s class of noble students in order to help them acclimatize to this new world.

“Letty... what about your uniform? I thought they gave you one?”

Indeed, the country has provided me school uniforms. Milady is asking only because I am still in my maid attire.

“A maid needs only one uniform, milady.”

“...is that fine?”

It is, it is.

And honestly, the maid uniform I made with my own threads is of better quality, at any rate. Of course, I’ve also secretly replaced milady’s uniform with the material. She is now stab-proof... as long as it’s a knife doing the stabbing.

“Umm... do I look strange?”

As today is the first day I accompany her to class, milady is being quite nervous. She acts just like a mother doing a school visit with her child for the first time, though in all honesty, I would say she’s the kid, not me.

I wouldn’t tell her that, though. Silence is golden.

“No, milady. If anything, you look more radiant than ever today.”

“G-geez, stop that, you say that all the time. Come on, let’s go.”

“Yes, milady.”

She's perfect, of course. I've taken days to make sure of that.

*Clack. Clack.*

The marquis' daughter, lady Sharon, strides through the school hallway with echoing footsteps. Commoners and low nobles hurriedly make way for her.

Milady has perfected all that there is to know in being a noble, and she often give pointers to her juniors quite harshly. It is the reason why she has gained a bit of an intimidating reputation.

But today, something has changed.

The moment the students of low nobility who have fearfully given way to her take a look at her and truly *see* her, all their faces immediately flush pink, both the boys *and* the girls.

“...Letty, are you *sure* I don't look strange?”

Upon noticing their unusual gazes, milady turns to me and asks, her worry apparent. I smile sweetly.

“I am, milady.”

We come to the classroom. I silently open the door and as she crosses the threshold, all those who catch sight of her immediately quieten. A moment later, the room erupts into chaos.

“...Sharon, is that you?”

The first to approach her and speak is the prince Joel, after he recovered from his daze.

“Yes, umm... yes, his Highness Joel. I am Sharon.”

Milady, despite her confusion, still replies with her usual grace.

Good, good. Everything is proceeding as planned.

As milady has been neglected from her childhood by the trash that calls themselves her family, her hair and her skin have not had the care they deserved.

That isn't to say that milady wasn't beautiful; she still was. I simply helped her beauty to regain its true glory by managing her meals, improving her nutrition, and caring for her hair and skin when she used to have to do it by herself without really knowing how. Milady is a new woman now.

And *how*. Just look at the reactions of this whole room.

Let's begin, milady. The stage is set for our counterattack.

# Chapter 11

## CLASS

Most of the class is already here. Everyone, from the students of the academy to the middle-school students from Earth wearing the same uniforms, all stare at the lovely girl in sheer astonishment.

Milady already has beauty in her genes, after all. I simply helped her return to a healthier lifestyle and gave her a bit of a makeover.

“And lo and behold, the goddess Sharon has seen fit to descend in all her splendour, filling the world with her light—”

“No no no what are you saying?!”

Milady frantically blocks my mouth with her wee little hands, despite the fact that I was only whispering. As I expected of milady, her lack of experience in receiving praises has helped her develop a talent to sense any and all words of compliment. Truly commendable, lady Sharon.

Hello, readers. It is me, Fleurety, the maid who can never manage to keep her thoughts about her mistress to herself.

“...I must admit, Sharon, I too am truly surprised. I almost couldn’t believe my eyes. You’re... gorgeous...” Prince Joel says, the gaze he gives to lady Sharon having completely changed.

“...ah... I, umm... thank you, your highness...”

So too does milady blush as she replies, her voice full of bewilderment. Then she glances at me, myself having stepped back so as to not interrupt her conversation with the prince, and she acidly whispers my name.

“... Letty...”

I knew this would happen, of course. It is exactly why I’ve been keeping her away from mirrors since morning.

Mwahahaha.

The gazes people send milady vary quite a bit. Some are honestly impressed. Some are infatuated. Some are simply surprised. While some are spiteful...

Of course, I can't just outright decide which ones are milady's enemies and which ones are her allies based on only their gazes, but I can get a rough idea.

The prince Joel is half impressed and half infatuated, I would say. Which reminds me, milady is technically his fiancee candidate, isn't she? He hadn't ever paid milady a lick of attention before, and now that she looks better he's suddenly in love? He really is a sleaze.

That aside, the looks that the girls send to milady have turned quite a bit harsher. The prince hadn't paid any thoughts to where they are when he complimented milady.

“Sharon, if you would not mind, may I invite—”

“Alright everyone, return to your seats. We’re beginning the lesson.”

Just before prince Joel could finish his words, instructor Eric shows up to return the class to order. My? He’s looking my way. I wonder why he seems so hesitant to speak.

“Miss Fleurety... where is your uniform?”

\*

The marquis' young lady's change had been well received, more or less. As a matter of fact, the main reason why Sharon had been ostracized was simply because *no one knew much about her*.

Was it because she had become a fiancee candidate to prince Joel, and thus became the target of jealousy from the other young noble ladies?

Yet she was but one of five candidates, and the other four hadn't been spurned so.

Was it because of the high expectations that she held for others, being the proud noble that she was?

No. Pride was one commonality all nobles shared, no matter what form it may take. Furthermore, this academy also expected its upperclassmen and high nobles to become role models for — and provide guidance to — their juniors. There was no cause for Sharon alone to be condemned.

Was it due to Sharon's lack of skill in her magic control, despite being of a high noble house?

Not quite. While the fact that her problem had stemmed from her family hadn't been announced outright, many among high nobility were still aware of the rumors, and she had quite a few sympathizers among the older generation.

Was it due to the severe glare she seemed to have on at all time?

You couldn't change genetics, and some might even say a strong gaze shows a strong will. Perhaps children might be scared of her, but it would be impossible for grown men and women to not understand that.

Then could it be the combination of all the above? Perhaps. Yet that would mean that Sharon's detractors would have to be deeply envious, without dignity, ignorant of the happenings of the noble world, excessively condescending, and also be incorrigibly cowardly children.

And these sort of people were always the loud ones. They would have to be, if they wanted their wrongs to be right.

So it was that they became the first to shun Sharon, and as a result, they dictated the first impression people had of her.

And inertia was a powerful force — it was what had made other people begin to avoid Sharon even when they had no particular cause to.

Breaking a person's preconceptions held since they were young would not be a simple task. Success, however, would then be rewarded with *opportunities*.

The summoning had provided the occasion for many of Sharon's contemporaries who hadn't known of her before to see her for the first time. They were no longer children; they were young men and women

with value and moral systems in accordance to their age.

Regardless, when they saw the girl standing alone and away from everyone else, they still found it hard to approach her.

As it turned out, she was the first to gain a Partner. An... *unusual* one, to say the least. The Partner and her Operation: All Boys Like a Cute Girl with Big Tits were what had wiped away all the preconceptions about Sharon that the young men in their puberty had been holding.

Yet some had not viewed the change in a positive light. Included among them were naturally the green-eyed, ignoble, ignorant, contemptuous, and craven children as mentioned above, but they weren't the only ones hostile to Sharon.

There were also the Heroines who knew about the *otome* games.

As complicated as the games had been, players could encounter many, many different dialogue patterns with each playthrough, but one thing remained constant: as one of the Villainesses, Sharon would always appear multiple times to harass the main character. She was a necessary 'device' in raising the seduction target's opinions of the main character.

It was why the Heroines *needed* Sharon to be the black sheep of the class.

\*

As the Earthborn students would be attending class for the first time today, the period would simply be a review of the basics of magecraft. It was an occasion for the academy students to help them out and teach them.

It's a group date, is what I'm saying.

So now we're being split into groups of four to five people. And to my extreme, *extreme* regret, I and milady are in different groups.

I'm worried. She has zero skills in making friends, after all.

"Hello, umm... Fleurety, right? Welcome to the class."

A student of the academy, a girl with a golden head of fluffy hair, greets me with a gentle smile.

“Greetings, miss. I hope to be your acquaintance.” I reply.

“Ah, feel free to call me Clarice, alright? We’re all friends here.”

The young lady Clarice is quite cute, I must say. She looks like the main character of a *shoujo* manga. She gives off the impression of a girl who can be friends with anyone, the direct opposite of milady.

Other than Clarice and me, our group has one more male academy student and one of the girls from Earth.

“Hey, I’m Cosimo. Man, it’s real stressful being surrounded by so many beauties. Come, come, Ginko, sit here.”

“...yeah.”

Oh yes, I remember her, her name is Ginko. She’s looking at me with somewhat intense eyes like she doesn’t trust me.

Really, Ginko hadn’t needed to bother — she should know that I only enjoys that sort of gaze when it’s milady doing the glaring.

Cosimo, a boy who’s *totally* a skirt-chaser judging from his appearance, is currently desperately trying to make passes at Ginko. He’s harmless, then.

The smiling miss Clarice has taken it upon herself to be the group’s leader, so there is no worry on that front.

“As it happens, we generally study about the history of magecraft before learning the basics, as it would better deepen our understanding. Fleurety, how much of the history have you heard?”

“I have not, miss Clarice.”

“...Kamishiro, there was a lecture last week for us Earth people. You weren’t there.” Ginko says.

“My, is that so?”

I didn’t think it was important. And I don’t think anything could be more important than Milady.

“There is no need to slow down on my account. I can find a book

later.” I say.

“Truly? Then we shall begin with Ignite.”

We’re starting off with Utility Magecraft. The term describes spells of convenience such as making a small flame, or pouring water into a bowl.

Magecraft and magic might seem to be the same thing at first glance, but in fact, ‘magecraft’ refers to well-analyzed spells used in talismans and magic circles, those which anyone can cast to create the same effect, while ‘magic’ are spells that can have varying effects depending on the caster.

Magic and magecraft spells are similar in that they both utilize words of power to give direction to magic power in order to cause a magical phenomenon. Interestingly, I must note that these words are very, *very* similar to the language us denizens of the dark world use.

First off, miss Clarice and Cosimo would demonstrate the spell for me and Ginko, as we are both complete newcomers, and then it would be Ginko’s turn and mine.

“‘Ignite’... wah, I did it.”

Ginko didn’t have any problem.

“Ignite.” I say, as I rub pencils together fast enough for them to burst into flame.

My? The group is strangely silent.

“...that’s not magecraft.”

Same difference. I still made fire, why would the method matter?

At any rate, it seems I can’t use this world’s magic very well.

But enough about me. How is milady doing? I give her a covert glance.

Despite being in a five-person group, amazingly, she still manages to be isolated. She was unfortunate enough to be sorted into a group with only girls, and the one academy student and three middle-schoolers from Earth aren’t even trying to hide the fact that they’re

ignoring milady.

...those insects look like they might try something.

“Umm... Fleurety. I understand you may be concerned for miss Sharon, but could you spare me some of your attention...?”

Hearing her words, I turn back to Clarice. She looks at me with an unfathomable gaze.

“Might I still have a chance to be your Partner? If you would be interested, next time, we can—”

\*BOOM!\*

That was me flicking my wrist to throw Orc Killer. The weapon flew through the 50-centimeters gap between the female academy student and milady to embed itself into the wall at the end of its trajectory.

Instant silence. I make use of the moment to stand up, my hands pinching my long skirt, and I give a bow to the classroom full of people shocked still.

“My apologies. There was a bug.”

There really was. There was also a large *cockroach* about to throw the dead bug onto milady’s hair.

I return to my seat and smile sweetly at the people sharing a table with me. They’re still frozen.

“Once again, my apologies to miss Clarice. Please continue.”

“...no, never mind.”

Miss Clarice seems to be quite pale. Does she have anemia?

\*

“Letty, no more stuff like that, understood?”

“Understood, milady.”

Milady scolding like an older sister is cute, too.

After that, instructor Eric reprimanded me and tried to confiscate Orc Killer. Emphasis on 'tried'. When he saw it didn't budge an inch despite his efforts, he made me do a written apology.

Really, men these days are so frail. It's just a bit heavier than milady.

“...Letty, did you just think something rude again?”

“I was wondering why milady’s breasts seem terribly heavy, yet they still float in the bath.”

“What has that got to do with anything?!”

Truly a mysterious phenomenon.

At the moment, even as she is still blushing bright red after she so easily believed my distraction, milady is still kind enough to accompany me to the faculty room.

“An apology letter is quite tedious, isn’t it?”

“That’s getting off really lightly considering what you did, Letty. I mean, the count’s daughter was even frothing at the mouth.”

Yet from her tone of voice, milady doesn’t seem to mind at all. She must have been harassed by that young woman for quite a long time. I should have crushed her, it looks like.

The other girls were Hina and her merry band, so I had nothing to worry about. The girls named... Denko and Botan, if I remember correctly, were just about to snap at me before miss Hina frantically stopped them, her face ghastly pale.

Truly, how fortunate it is that there was no lasting aftereffect.

I should give her a reward later. Just a drop of *medicine* once she’s asleep, I’m thinking.

“Ah...”

As we walk down the hallway, milady suddenly stiffens.

“Lady Sharon?”

Wondering what might have happened, I look at the direction of her eyes. There, I see a girl, plus a boy with an attending maid. They look at milady with some surprise.

“...elder sister.”

“...Yohanne.”

I see. So *that* is lady Sharon’s younger brother, then. One of the pieces of garbage that call themselves her family.

# Chapter 12

## SIBLINGS

It is now later in the day, after milady, having become even more beautiful thanks to all the love and devotion that I had showered her, has finished reinventing herself to the class. She is now having a reunion with her younger brother, a member of the family that has been giving her the cold shoulder.

Can lady Sharon display the dignity of an elder sister? Let us see.

“Sister, it has been some time. You look... different.”

“Truly? I, as well, am relieved to see that you are in good health.”

The younger brother named Yohanne seems to be honestly surprised. On the other hand, milady is looking very much stone-faced. No wonder she gets misunderstood all the time, but that doesn’t make her any less cute, any less lovely.

Yohanne is a boy with blond hair and a face that makes me think he’s going to be kidnapped by some older woman sooner or later. He doesn’t look very similar to milady; he shares her violet eyes at most, I suppose.

Of the two ladies standing behind him, the one who looks like his personal maid is glaring at me. Quite galling. Do you want to have a go? Do you?

“Yet that selfish part of yours hasn’t changed at all, sister, deciding a Partner on your own like that. Have you no consideration for his Highness Joel?”

“I-I’m not being selfish! As a student of the academy, it is a fully justified Partnership—”

“Aren’t you his Highness’s fiancee candidate, sister? Did you not think that perhaps you should wait until his Highness decided on his own Partner? Really, I have to wonder why someone like *you* was chosen. Stop bringing disgrace to our family.”

...hmm, where did I put my Orc Killer...

“...Letty.”

Noticing my indignation, milady whispers, her hand grasping my own.  
...aah, so soft, so smooth...

Understood. If lady Sharon wishes to tolerate them, then as her maid, it shan't be my place to make a move before she does.

Seeing milady's lack of resistance, Yohanne begins to get cocky. He looks at me and spits out.

“And just who is that maid? Did you hire her? If you have the money, why not pay me what you owe?”

Unbidden, Milady and I look at each other. It seems that being of a different academic grade, Yohanne hasn't heard that I've become milady's maid.

“Umm, Yohanne, she's...”

“Ah, my apologies, lady Akiru. Family matters or not, I have still done you a disservice. Were you bored?”

“No... umm...”

The other girl standing behind Yohanne is Akiru, one of the summoned middle-school students from Earth. She has long, black hair, and quite a graceful air about her. According to **my** memories, she was from a well-to-do family.

“...Kamishiro. It's... been a while, I guess?”

“My, my, what strange happenstance that we would meet here.”

I remember her, of course. I remember what she did to **me**.

“Oh, do you two know each other?”

“Umm, yes...”

“I am *acquainted* with her.” I say, guilelessly. The young miss Akiru faintly frown.

*We're not friends, Akiru. You know that, don't you?*

“Lady Akiru is one of the Partner candidates of this year’s summoning. I saw that she wasn’t familiar with this academy, and so I have offered to be her guide.”

“Yes, and for that I am truly grateful. Yohanne has been most kind to me.”

“Hahahah, it is but a matter of course! How can I leave such a noble and lovely lady to fend for herself?!”

They are smiling at each other now, each looking not at all dissatisfied with the other. Are they going to start getting hearts in their eyes? Would they even... *hold hands*?

Maybe I should prepare some pink curtains.

“Yohanne! She is a Partner candidate, what do you think you’re doing?! Have you forgotten your place?!”

As well-versed in common sense as she is, it is no wonder that milady is upset. Despite saying all that to his sister and being of a different school year that has nothing to do with the Partnership ritual, that very same Yohanne is now being intimate with a Partner candidate. I smell a scandal incoming.

“...can you shut up, sister? I’m just taking care of them since you haven’t. Whoever you chose to be your Partner candidate, I’m sure you did it by shouting them down like you did to me just now, didn’t you? And when all Partner candidates inevitably reject you, there’s going to be one extra person.”

“No, you’re wrong! Letty and I—”

“Hey, that maid over there. My sister forced you to serve her, right? Want me to lend a hand? Ah, yes, as you and lady Akiru already knew each other, you can be her maid. I’ll pay you double the wage.”

“Y-Yohanne!” Akiru says, shocked by Yohanne’s incredibly idiocy.

*Double, you say? Even your whole life isn’t worth that much.*

“Please wait a moment, young master Yohanne.”

Right then, the attending maid behind Yohanne walks forward.

She is a woman around twenty years of age, with the same kind of blonde hair as Yohanne. I have heard that he has inherited the color from his mother, and also that when the woman entered milady's family, many of her relatives had also been hired. This maid might be one of them.

"It would not be prudent to have her as lady Akiru's maid right away when we don't even know who she is, nor which ditch lady Sharon had picked her from."

"Then what do you suggest, Mia?"

"If I may propose, she should first receive a full education as a servant of the Michel house. This lowly maid, Mia, shall take responsibility and beat her into shape."

So-called Mia says, smirking at me. I see, this is how they've been removing milady's allies.

"Yohanne, how dare you?! What gives you the right?!"

"Don't you owe me, sister? Mia, how much is her debt?"

The filths *just ignored milady entirely*.

"Yes, young master. Lady Sharon has borrowed about three gold coins..."

Mia takes out what looks like a contract.

"...excuse me, two gold coins and eight silver coins. My apologies. Even as a servant of a marquis family, being so vague would have earned me ridicule. However, including interest, lady Sharon would be required to pay back thirty gold coins."

I thrust a sack full of gold coins into her hand, at the same time snatching away the contract.

"W-What are you doing! Return it!"

"So the exact amount *is* written here, I see. You won't be needing this anymore."

Mia stretches out her hand with a painful-looking grimace, her wrist seemingly hurt. I *rot* the contract — magical too, it looks like — and turn it into dust in an instant, right in front of her eyes.

“Eep!”

Mia frantically jerks her arm away as though she was just about to touch acid. How rude. My decomposition poison is made from all-natural ingredients. It won’t take effect right away.

That aside, I am quite amazed that a magical contract is involved in an agreement between siblings. I wonder how degenerate one must be that they would do such a thing. And not only that, there is even a rather nasty curse in case of a breach of contract.

“...w-who are you?”

Yohanne glares at me in surprise and wariness.

“Ah, my greetings to sir Yohanne, younger brother of my esteemed lady. I am lady Sharon’s Partner, and my name is Fleurety.”

I pinch the long skirt of my maid uniform and perform a perfect curtsey, one more elegant than any noble and yet would still not overshadow lady Sharon.

“Wha...” Yohanne turns to miss Akiru in absolute disbelief. “*Her?!*”

“...yes, she is.”

Akiru reluctantly, quietly nods.

“Letty!”

“Lady Sharon, my apologies. I have not consulted you before using our funds.”

“No no, that’s fine. Are you hurt?”

Incredible. Milady hasn’t had a moment of hesitation as she ran to me, checking my hand after I decomposed the contract to see if I am wounded. Instead of the money, she *worried* for me.

I almost hugged her right there and then to give her headpats, but I control myself. A maid cannot do such a thing to her mistress.

“I am overflowing with happiness, milady. May I have some fun with you in the bath?”

“What in the world are you talking about?!”

“...s-sister’s Partner? How can it be? How can someone so arrogant as you... no, this is not right. You’ve brought nothing but trouble to our house, it’s impossible that a Partner could have chosen you! Even Karl has told me you’ve been trouble at the dungeon! He said he wouldn’t accept it!!!”

“Indeed, master Yohanne! Perhaps she might even be using some sort of forbidden magic to control her. Rest assured, maid, I shall bring you to your sense!”

I wonder if both the master and servant really believed it, or if they’re only doing this on purpose... well, I suppose that to Mia, an improvement in lady Sharon’s reputation would be quite inconvenient for her. It is no surprise she would act so.

I take a quiet step forward, standing in front of milady to cover for her.

“My, how disgraceful for a maid of a marquis house.” I say.

“Silent, girl. I will—”

“You will... what?”

Unable to hold myself back for much longer, I give Mia the widest grin I have, one only she can see. She freezes up.

*...my, my, what an expression, Mia. It makes you look so... delicious...*

“Hey, that’s enough.”

And just when it was getting good, I was interrupted.

“Karl!”

“Sir Karl...”

In contrast to Yohanne’s shiny-eyed excitement, milady whispers his name with a conflicted cast to her face.

Karl looks at the two and after a moment’s frown, he sighs deeply.

“And what is it now? A fight inside the school isn’t any better than a fight outside, you two.”

“There’s no way sister could have a Partner! She obviously forced her! Weren’t you opposed too, Karl?!”

“She *is* Sharon’s Partner, provisional ones as they may be, and it was Fleurety herself who made the choice. I no longer object.”

Indeed, indeed.

“But, but... I heard that sister has inconvenienced you in the dungeon, I was just trying to help you...”

Karl looks at lady Sharon for a single moment (trying his best to not let me into his field of vision) and turns back to Yohanne.

“...and since when have I asked for your help?” He says, his tone brooking no dissent.

“I-I’m sorry, Karl...”

Yohanne hangs his head like a scolded puppy.

It seems Yohanne very much likes Karl. From what I can see, he considers Karl as both a friend and a brother one year older to look up to.

Yet even as he was chastised so, Yohanne still sends glares at milady and me.

“...I still won’t accept it.”

“Master Yohanne!”

“Ah, Yohanne, wait up!”

With a parting bite, Yohanne quickly walks away. Mia and the young lady Akiru hastily follow... with the latter making a quiet *tsk* as she leaves, thinking that no one would notice.

Too bad for her. I did.

“...sir Karl, I apologize for my brother... as well as what happened the other day...”

“No, that’s already in the past. I don’t mind.” Karl says, yet at the same time his hip still instinctively flinches back, making him look a bit like a shrimp. Should I pretend not to have seen it?

“In that case, allow me to take my leave...”

“Wait, Sharon, just a moment!”

Karl says in a panic. Milady turns back in surprise.

“Y-yes!”

“Umm, back then, umm... I’m sorry.”

“...Karl...”

...what a strange atmosphere. What is this lout thinking, after all this time?

Still, being the exemplary maid that I am, I cannot interrupt their conversation. Ah, but is this not a good time for some music?

“It’s been a long time since we can talk like this, Sharon...”

“...yes... it is...”

Hmm, hmmhmm~

“...those days were nice. There was me, elder brother... and lady Kyria, too.”

“...yeah.”

Hummm, hummm, hohhummm~

“...I’d been a brat.”

“...eh?”

Hmmhohumm~

“...I’m sorry. Brother was an idiot, but me even more so.”

“No, Karl... so was I.”

Hmmhmmhmm~

“...S-Sharon, I...”

“Karl...?”

Lalalalaa~

“...”

“...”

The two suddenly go quiet. They slowly, stiffly turn their heads to look at the ceiling, their faces twitching.

“...Letty...”

“...what the hell are you doing...”

The wistful tune I hummed as I clung to the ceiling was not to their liking, it seems.

# Chapter 13

## HOMECOMING

Akiru was born into a family that had been running a brewery for generations. Their *sake* was famous as a local specialty, so Akiru had wanted for nothing as she grew up. She knew it, too.

Then her life took a turn once she entered middle school.

Her earlier education had been a private primary school in a large city. She had spent her time as carefree as could be, playing with friends from affluent families and taking lessons in the arts. She had thought that her life would continue like this, that she would coast along through middle to high school to enter an affiliated university, but her grandfather, the chief brewer and president of the company at the time, had decided that she should move back to their hometown for her education.

While it was only a thirty-minutes car ride from the city, to Akiru, the town might as well be in the middle of nowhere. No nearby trendy cafes, nor shopping malls that she could visit on the way home from school with her friends. Furthermore, the public middle school she would be attending didn't even have enough students to fill a single class for each of its years. Coming from an academy that expected *actual* decorum out of its students, it was quite a shock to Akiru.

Still, it didn't mean everything was terrible.

The class had only seventeen students, yet so many of them were good-looking people that it almost felt like they had been *hand-picked*.

And of particular note were Sei and Hao, two male students who looked more than handsome enough to be models. The first time she saw them, even her own heart began to race despite herself.

It was no romantic love. It was the kind of love a fan had for her idol. Regardless, it didn't change the fact to Akiru, she might as well have found an oasis in the middle of a desert.

With the social skills that she had gained in her earlier years of living among aristocrats, she smoothly put on her sheep's clothing and

mingled with the class as though she had always belonged.

Sei was the so-called ‘honor student’ type, the kind Akiru had often seen in her private primary school, but Hao, a sporty and roguish boy, was *exotic* to her. She began to act the part of an elegant princess to try to attract his attention. She had been certain, had been *convinced* that no country boy could resist a lady such as her.

Yet Akiru’s plan had fallen through just because of one particular girl.

It was a half-Japanese girl who was conscious of her height, of her unusually-colored eyes, of all the things that made her different from others, and so she always hung her head low, hid her eyes, and talked to nobody else in the class.

And then, the two male idols of the class began to pay attention to her.

Perhaps they hadn’t been interested in her in that way; perhaps they were just being kind. Still, it rubbed Akiru the wrong way. She *hated* that they had ignored her in favor of the other girl.

So she began her subtle arrangements in order to incite the three overt bullies that also shared her displeasure. She nudged their thoughts and guided their hands to do the dirty deeds, while her own stayed clean.

She hadn’t done it because of any grand reason.

If there *was* one to speak of, then perhaps she had simply wanted an outlet for her stress, for the frustrations that she had been enduring ever since she came to this town.

The new status quo continued for more than a year. Then one day, all of the class, including Akiru, was summoned into another world.

While some of the more delusional boys were exhilarated, thinking it was a Hero Summoning, Akiru immediately realized what the world around her was.

It was the world of the online *otome* game: *Light, Darkness, and Love Online 2 – The Millefeuille of Love*.

The country’s name, the people’s names, the situation, they were all extremely similar to the game’s.

Akiru's father had thought his daughter unfortunate when she was made to go to a public middle school, so he spoiled her.

He gave her everything she wanted. Among them, she found this game.

When asked, her father had said that he never remembered buying the game. They soon put it out of their minds, however.

In the game, other than the main heroine, the playable characters also included the middle-school students who had been summoned from Earth. Believing that this truly was the world of *Light, Darkness, and Love Online 2 – The Millefeuille of Love*, Akiru was delighted.

Especially when she thought there was a chance she could meet a certain 'capture' character from the game.

Yohanne de Michel, fourteen years old. Son of a marquis. A fourth-year student at the magic academy. Brother of a different mother to Sharon, one of the villainesses, as well as the character to fill the 'cute little boy' spot of the game's casting.

Yohanne was born from a union of *true love* between the marquis and a lady of a count's family. Fearing that the boy might be harmed by the marquis' legal wife and Sharon, the marquis had hidden him away.

He grew up being told by his mother about his sister, Sharon, and her unbecoming conduct as a noble. And once he heard that that very same sister was now a fiancee candidate to prince Joel, he was troubled.

The player character would lend him an ear and listen to his worries, as well as his wishes to prevent his sister from committing any more misdeeds. They would be given the evidence by his mother, and upon bringing Sharon's crimes to light, they would fulfill the condition to have Yohanne as their boyfriend.

Yohanne was Akiru's absolute favorite character. Time after time, she won against her rivals in the online game to capture his heart.

Perhaps her interest in Hao had been nothing more than a way to live out her fantasy in real life. She saw innocent Yohanne in him, and she wanted to have for herself the mischievous smile that Yohanne made

whenever he was alone with the player character.

She was sure that some of her classmates were also aware of the game. There was even a possibility that the main heroine, the viscount's daughter, would become her enemy.

So Akiru was careful. She wasn't such an idiot that she would reveal what she knew. In the end, her meticulous scheme to gain Yohanne's affection was successful: she had been invited to meet his family.

And yet...

“...is *she* going to be in my way again?”

\*\*\*

What a beautiful day today. Warm sun, cool wind, and even a bit of chilling malice off in the distance. So nice.

Greetings, everyone. It is me, Fleurety, the eternal guardian of milady's blessed bosom.

“Milady, there are several letters addressed to you in the dorm's mailbox.”

It is while milady is taking happy nibbles of her snack (kouign-amann and a cup of extra-sweet milk tea) that I brought her the news.

“...eh?” She blinks her doe-eyes in surprise.

While important correspondence between nobles are normally handed directly to the receiver, even noble students would have to follow the rules as long as they live in the dorm.

It is always impressive to see that milady continues to be the uncontested Queen of Loners whenever I check her mailbox.

It still looks brand-new even now, since even her family don't write to her.

“Letty... I *know* you just had another unflattering thought.”

“I was just thinking that your arms these days have gotten somewhat plump, milady.”

“T-That’s because you feed me sweet stuff all the time!”

Milady says that, yet she still continues to munch on the pastry like a little hamster. So cute.

“Do not worry, milady, it is necessary nutrition. You’re still perfectly slim.” I reply, smiling sweetly to her.

“Umm, yes, of course I am!”

She *radiates* relief. She then takes another sip of the cup of milk tea that has so much sugar in it, the liquid is almost molasses now.

I don’t drink that stuff. I’ll get fat.

“Alright, Letty, give me the summary.”

“Then I shall begin with your right arm’s plumpiness—”

“I’m talking about the letters!”

I shall have to check them out later in the bath.

That aside, the reason why such a loner as milady got letters is because of the reveal of her true beauty yesterday. As a result, there has been a deluge of invitations from delusional buffoons who thought they had a chance with milady.

“Let’s see... then I believe the most important among them is his Highness Joel’s invitation to a meal.”

“His Highness...?”

Milady’s eyes bulge in surprise. It seems that whatever the prince tried to say yesterday, it wasn’t simply a moment’s fancy.

Such a wretched man, he is. He used to pay not a hint of attention to milady Sharon, despite the fact that she was supposed to be one of his fiancee candidates. And now that she has gotten just a bit prettier, he shows his true colors.

“All the same, his is not an invitation milady can ignore. I shall

arrange your schedule.”

“That’s fine. Anything else important?”

I sort through the letters. Rabbles and riffraffs... I’ll investigate their names later... my, what is this?

“There is an invitation to a tea party from the young lady of a viscount. Are you acquainted with her, milady?”

The invitation is from lady Clarice, one of the people in my class group. It seems I am also invited.

“...we haven’t really talked, but I also don’t remember her ever be rude to me. Why did she send an invitation?”

“Then shall I propose that milady accepts, with the condition that I am also allowed to attend?”

“Yeah, that’s fine... thanks.”

Milady seems to be relieved that I will be with her. I see her hands fidgeting in apparent bashfulness.

“Well then, next is...”

I come to one particular letter. The moment I see it, I twist my body in a perfect half-circle and hurl the letter with all my strength, sending it into the trash can in a corner of the room.

“There is nothing else notable, milady.”

“No no no hold on I saw that! That was a letter from my family, wasn’t it?!”

Tsk. So she noticed.

I reluctantly, *begrudgingly* pick up the letter that has the insignia of the Michel marquis family, pinching it with two of my fingers and holding it as far away from me as possible, and I give it to milady. She wryly smiles.

“I understand how you feel, I really do. But moderate yourself.”

“My sincere apologies.”

What a blunder. As a maid to milady, I have made a grave mistake.

I bow in sincere remorse. Milady lightly pats my head and opens the envelope.

Upon giving the contents a glance, her mood visibly sours. See, this is why I didn't want her to see it...

The vermins that have been ignoring her for years now suddenly sent a letter.

A little over four years, to be precise, as milady entered this magic academy when she was ten years old. In all that time, she only returned home twice. Understandable — while this academy isn't exactly the best environment, it is still far more desirable than the compost bin that is her home.

They never even gave her the support that they should have, much less a letter. What do they want now?

“What was the contents, milady?”

Normally it wouldn't be a question a simple maid should ever ask, but this is an exception.

“...they told me they've heard of my ‘wrongdoings’ from Yohanne, and they want me to return right away to explain myself.”

“The younger brother again?”

And I suppose the ‘wrongdoing’ is that I'd become milady's Partner? Such small \*\*\*\*\* they have.

“Just as well that his Highness Joel's invitation has arrived at the same time. Let us refuse, milady.”

“...no, Letty. I can't run away forever. Besides, they might just let loose some unsavory rumors if I continue to ignore them.”

Milady sounds like she's speaking from experience.

“I understand. May I just say that it doesn't make it any less aggravating, however.”

Hearing my frank admission, milady snorts.

“But this may be a good chance, too. I... umm... I have you with me now...”

She says, smiling bashfully. Precious! Too precious!

“Milady...”

Overcome with emotion, I instantly kneel in front of her and speak my vows once more.

“I, Fleurety, hereby solemnly swear that with my Dynamite Punch, the rivers will run red with the blood of all who wishes to bring harm upon milady!”

“I never asked for that!”

\*

The next morning, after we have sent in our notice of absent to the academy, we leave for milady’s home.

“I never thought that strict dorm mother would actually lend us her personal horse carriage...”

“She was very glad to help us, milady.”

The dorm mother is an unmarried lady in her forties who is very harsh with the dorm’s girls, but I’m sure she’s a kind woman deep down. She was grumbling about milady under her breath when she first heard we would be absent, but once she noticed my kind gaze, she paled and finished doing our formalities in no time at all.

See, isn’t she such a considerate person? She should rest assured, I won’t tell anyone about her sneaking into town and buying young boys to accompany her.

“Then I shall take the liberty to be the driver.”

“Can you handle horses, Letty?”

The horse looked strangely scared of me when we first got on the

carriage, but it soon turned obedient after some *persuasion*.

To reach the territory of the Michel marquis, it generally takes a day and a half in a carriage. But as we left early in the morning and the horse has been very enthusiastic, we arrive during the evening of the same day.

The energy drink made from monster blood that I gave it along the way has worked well, it seemed.

“...here we are, Letty.”

“I see...”

The Michel marquis’ mansion looks less a mansion and more like a small castle. Painted by the light of the setting sun, the stone almost seems like it’s been drenched in blood.

It looks amazing.

I stop the carriage in front of the gate. Despite calling us here, there isn’t anyone there to welcome us. Not even the gate guards.

“I am Sharon, and I have returned. Open the gates!”

She calls out, her clear voice reverberating through the air. On the other side of the gate, I can see some people who look like the security staff playing cards. They look up in surprise upon hearing her voice... and then return to their game.

“You, open the gates now! I am—”

“Milady, allow me.”

We *can* just return home, but that would mean milady’s determination would go to waste. I decide to take things into my own hands.

“Milady, whenever we visit someone, we should first knock.”

“...eh?”

Milady’s eyes bulge as she sees me taking out Orc Killer EX.

Orc Killer EX is simply Orc Killer with its ball end coated in a kind of metal that is as heavy as depleted uranium.

The metal had been thought as a cursed item that brought its owner toward a gradual and inevitable death. It had been languishing in a corner, and it was why I got it at a fraction of the price.

I can still hear some ghastly moaning coming from the weapon in my hand even now. The coating took really well, if I do say so myself.

“Hello, and excuse us.”

I say, at the same time swinging the spiked club. The gates made out of magic iron crumple like wet paper.

Dust billows around us. Cards fall from the stupefied gate guards' hands. I give them a smile then turn to milady, who looks at me in open-mouth shock.

“The gate must have deteriorated quite a bit. Come, milady.”

“...yeah... yeah.”

And so it is that we return to milady's home without any problems.

# Chapter 14

## FAMILY

I put the spiked club back into my skirt and make way for milady. The noise of the gate has caused the house to be astir with panicked shouts of servants. Soldiers come pouring out from the guardhouse.

“Lady Sharon?!”

A call of surprise and recognition came from an older knight among them, yet the soldiers still raise their spears despite his words.

“Who do you think you’re pointing those to?” Milady answers them with dignity.

The aforementioned knight follows up with a shout. “What are you doing?! Lower your weapons, now!”

The soldiers hurriedly obey.

“Lady Sharon, what has happened here...?” The knight asks as he looks upon what remained of the gate. Milady gives him a cool glance.

“...Bardo. These soldiers have not had enough training. You are the security chief of our Michel house, and yet what have you been doing?”

“I have no excuses, lady Sharon!”

Bardo says, kneeling and bowing on the spot. Milady walks by him with poise and composure.

The servants, the soldiers, the knights — all attention is on milady, the target of their apprehension and their fear, their disdain and their scorn, their anger and hatred.

She still walks forward, undaunted.

Truly commendable, milady, although her heartbeats are quite elevated and her eyes are teary now. I’m aware that whenever she gets stressed, she would automatically turn stony-faced and her tone would get a lot colder.

She must have been very scared. I'll give her a lap pillow and lots of headpats later.

Greetings, everyone. It is I, Fleurety, the maid who would be the happiest in the world if she is to be allowed to comfort her mistress so.

Anyway, things are worse than I thought. Most of them have eyes of hostility, and even the best of them are either only neutral or apathetic. The number of people with a favorable attitude to milady can be counted on one hand.

While that old knight named Bardo seems relatively decent, I don't think I can expect much from him, considering the quality of the soldiers here.

“What is going on here? ...Sister?! What have you done?!”

My, so the brother has also returned.

Yohanne immediately makes a face upon seeing milady. Behind him, that annoying harpy of an attending maid named Mia also shows herself.

“Lady Sharon, this is most disturbing. I would never have thought that a member of the Michel house could be so barbaric that she would vandalize the gates so.”

“T-That's because these gate guards weren't—”

“And now you blame it on others! Disgraceful! The repair cost shall be deducted from lady Sharon's allowance, and—”

“My, miss Mia, might there have been a misunderstanding? Milady has done nothing.”

I say from behind milady as I break my concealment. All the servants jolt in shock upon hearing my voice.

“W-What, you again? Ill-mannered girl, has no one taught you to not interrupt others?!”

“Ah, my apologies. As I have just seen a servant doing the same to lady Sharon, daughter to a marquis, I have assumed that it is simply a family tradition. Was I mistaken?”

I smile, tilting my head in a display of puzzlement. Mia’s face goes through a gamut of colors.

“Y-You—”

“The gate guards there seemed to have been hard of hearing, so I knocked. I never thought the gates would fall apart so...

it must have deteriorated quite a bit. Right?”

I turn to look at the gate guards who was playing their card game when we arrived. Their faces pale, their eyes pinned to the floor.

“That’s impossible! It—”

“Enough.”

Mia is stopped from launching into another tirade by Yohanne, who looks somewhat exasperated.

“It wouldn’t reflect well on our house to have a squabble here. Come in quick, sister. Father and mother are waiting.

Follow me, Mia.”

“...tsk, understood. Soldiers, repair the gates!”

As Yohanne and Mia return back to the castle, the soldiers and servants get to work. Milady grasps my fingers with her own faintly-trembling hand.

“...Letty. Be careful, alright?”

“Yes, milady, I shall take *proper* care. Please do not worry.”

I give her a reassuring smile. Her shivering stops, and she moves an inch closer to me.

She’s like a puppy. So cute.

\*

“Lady Sharon, please go to the dining hall. The master and madam are waiting.”

“Understood.”

The maid immediately walks away after she finished relaying her message, sparing not even a bow for milady.

“...has *any* maid in this house been trained, milady?”

“It’s fine, Letty, just let it be... it’s always been like this.”

Milady replies to my complaint with a wry smile of resignation. She truly doesn’t have any allies in this house, does she?

“Then let us depart, milady. I will be with you.”

“Yes, we shall.”

We seemed to have returned to the marquis’ castle at just the right time for dinner. A call came before we could even leave milady’s luggage in her room. Fortunately, all of it is inside the Bag of Holding that she entrusted me, so there was no problem.

How deplorable the servants of this house are.

Upon entering the dining hall, glares of daggers immediately make us their targets.

“My, Sharon. I never thought you could be so shameless as to show your face here again, after all that.”

The voice is of a caked-faced old hag... ahem, I mean, a *lady* with a generous application of makeup. The blonde-haired woman is sitting at the head of the table.

How strange. Why is she in that seat?

“...madam Gidel, why are you sitting there? It should be Father’s seat.”

“My dear husband suddenly fell ill and is taking a rest. How terrible he must feel, to have *such* a dreadful girl as a daughter. Did you know? Just hearing that you’re back was already enough to make him

faint.”

“I...”

Milady bites her lips and says no more.

“Father has been most kind! He has allowed Mother to take charge of the house’s affairs, as well as letting her have the seat!” Says Yohanne as he sits next to Gidel, sounding as though it was all his achievements.

“Take your seat, Sharon. We will leave the admonishment for later. The chef has had to make your own portion, seeing as you’ve returned much too late in the day. You’d best be grateful.” Gidel says.

“...I’m sorry. I give my thanks to the chef.” Milady quietly replies.

The maid in the room guides milady to the lowest seat, despite the fact that she should be sitting higher up than Yohanne.

A glare prickles my sense, and I turn to look. My, is that not miss Akiru sitting next to Yohanne? Milady notices her too, and she gives voice to her question.

“Excuse me, I would ask about lady Akiru...”

“Miss Akiru has accompanied Yohanne home as his friend, and I must say, she is *such* a wonderful young lady. Aah, if only I can have a daughter like her... Akiru, getting used to an entirely new world must have been hard on you. Feel free to think of our house as your new family, and I your mother.” Gidel says, smiling kindly at her.

“My, madam Gidel! I would be most happy to!”

Miss Akiru replies with a beaming smile. Yohanne and the servants look upon the scene in joy and contentment.

“Lady Sharon, dinner is here.”

The maid before slams a dish of food down in front of milady.

Honestly, calling it ‘food’ would be an offense to cooks everywhere. The plate is full of worm-eaten greens that, on a closer look, still have the live insects inside, as well as dirt and even pieces of gravel. I see Mia standing behind Yohanne and sneering.

As I expected, even milady is shocked into silence. Gidel sees her and speaks, sounding absolutely delighted.

“It is all that the chef could make on such short notice. Eat, Sharon. I will not hear of any selfishness.”

“...yes.”

Milady whispers as she takes utensils in hand.

“Milady, please refrain.”

I gently stop her before she could reach for the food, and I take the plate.

“L-Letty?”

“Who are you?! I have never seen a maid such as you! Know your place!” Gidel shrieks. Apparently she hasn’t heard of me through Yohanne.

With the plate on my hand, I guilelessly smile at her.

“My apologies. I am Fleurety, exclusive maid of lady Sharon. As I do not work for the Michel family, I am not required to follow your order.”

“Wha-?! Sharon, what did you do this time?!”

“My, my, I would have thought a noble lady would be more graceful. Now, I shall take the liberty to have a taste of this dish.”

“Impudent girl! Are you accusing us of poisoning the food?!”

“I have only said that I would ‘have a taste’, madam, not ‘testing it for poison’. It seems the people of this mansion shares the same hearing impairment.”

I borrow the utensils from milady’s lithe hands. With a single mouthful, I clean the plate.

Hmm, quite crunchy, these pebbles. Aside from the sounds of my eating, the room is absolutely silent. Everyone’s faces pale.

“Freshness, ingredients, cooking method, all are not to milady’s taste.” I turn to her. “May I prepare your dinner, milady?”

It takes a few moments for her to start speaking. “...yes.”

“Then, please enjoy.”

I place in front of her the food that I have prepared beforehand as insurance.

“It is milady’s favorite: omelette rice with the fluffiest eggs.”

I slice apart the omelette, releasing a flow of creamy gold to cover the rice and a mellow fragrance of butter. As the aroma of chicken rice, egg, and butter spread across the room, I hear somebody gulping.

“Instead of demi-glace sauce, today the topping will be the veeery sweet kind of ketchup that milady likes so much.”

With the ketchup, I draw a huge heart symbol on the dish. I make the same symbol with my fingers near my chest, and I look to lady Sharon.

“Together with me, milady: ‘Tasty, tasty, moe moe kyun!’”

“Umm, ‘tasty, tasty?’”

“I’m a lucky man. I’m thankful for everything that led me to this point... that led me to you!!”

“I’m a lucky man’... wait, what?!”

My? How strange. This was what the Maid Chief had taught me to do whenever a maid makes omelette rice. Have I made a mistake somewhere?

“Open up, milady. Aaaa—”

“Eh? ...aaaa—”

Milady reflexively follows my lead, her brain not having rebooted yet, and I feed her with a spoonful of omelette rice. She chews like a little baby bird being fed her first meal.

“So good...!”

“I am glad, milady.”

As I continue my happy feeding time with milady, miss Akiru is the first to regain her senses. She asks.

“...Kamishiro... what is that?”

“This wonderful dish has been made from the meat and eggs of birds-of-paradise, as well as tomatoes that I have harvested from the forest of spirits.”

“Letty?! You used monster ingredients again!” Milady says, sounding scandalized.

“They are ingredients that I am certain milady would not be opposed to. Besides, milady’s every meal until now have always been made from some form of monster ingredients.”

“What?!”

“Monster meats?! They’re almost poisonous, aren’t they?!”

Hearing the word ‘monster’, Yohanne immediately jumps up and shouts. I chuckle and take out an ancient-looking journal.

“It is, in fact, not so. An elf summoned several centuries ago had left behind this journal, which has since been stored in the academy’s library.”

Humans, or living beings in general, would become more powerful by absorbing mana.

Overconsumption of mana would cause flora and fauna, lifeforms lacking in willpower, to be ‘monsterized’. The human body, however, would only find monster meat rich in mana to have an overwhelming taste and would respond with a gastric response as a way to prevent itself from absorbing too much mana.

But an elf has done research into the phenomenon, and they have written as follows.

If the taste and density of mana inside monster ingredients can be reduced down to a level that the human palate can find enjoyable, and if a person continues to consume such ingredients, then over time, his

or her body would slowly gain the physical characteristics of elves.

It seemed the elf's endeavor had been to help their Partner live longer.

“The results of the research had led to some success in the removal of mana from certain monster ingredients, which was the origin of several delicacies we know of today. However, the food is still expensive, and the taste remains rather difficult to enjoy.”

“But what about this...?”

Milady says, staring at the omelette rice I made that she has tasted.

“Indeed. I have succeeded in improving the taste. Lady Sharon, I expect you will find yourself quite slow to age, as well as living relatively longer than most other people.”

“Eeeh?!”

Milady begins to pull at her cheeks in her surprise. Recently, her skin has begun to be as smooth and bouncy as that of a baby's.

“Y-You, maid girl! Make me that dish!”

Gidel screeches with bloodshot eyes. And not just her, those among the female servants who are over a certain age are also looking over here with eyes full of desire.

As I pinch my long skirt and drop into a graceful bow, I give them a beaming smile.

“My apologies. I work for lady Sharon and her only.”

# Chapter 15

## ACCUSATIONS

And so the first skirmish ends with lady Sharon's sweeping victory. Even with all that the stepmother has done to her, taking away a marquis' daughter's maid — that's me — is *not* one of the things that are in her authority. All Gidel could do is to stew in her anger as she leaves the dining hall in stomping footsteps.

The two of us try to visit milady's father after the dinner, but a young butler stands in front of the room. We are not allowed in.

“Why can't I meet with Father?!”

“My apologies, lady Sharon. By orders of his attending physician, the weary master is not to be disturbed.”

“But—”

“..milady.”

I touch her arm, asking her to relent.

Greetings, everyone. It is me, Fleurety, the maid who never misses a chance to savor milady's soft and squishy arms.

“Let us retire for the day, milady. Perhaps your father will feel better in the morning.”

“...got it.”

Milady bites her lips and sulks like a kid. How cute.

Seeing that we won't be pursuing the matter, the butler smirks. He is a decently handsome man who looks about in the middle of his twenties, with a head of black hair tinged blue, but his leering gaze pinned at milady's bountiful melons and my own hips just ruins everything about him.

But, well, I can understand him. Milady's recovery from her

nutritional deficiency has made her already-huge cantaloupes even bigger, after all.

“...Letty, I have a feeling you’re thinking something weird again.”

“I was thinking that I like melons more than grapefruits, milady.”

“My, you do? So do I.”

“I shall prepare some for you later.”

My efforts will continue until her own become the envy of all melon farmers.

“Hey, you...”

Just as we are about to walk away, the young butler calls at me, lowering his voice so that only I hear him.

“I *may* tell you how the master is faring, but it’ll depend on you... get what I mean?”

The butler smiles suggestively, so I respond with the same expression.

“Then... perhaps midnight, sir. In front of the large tree in the garden.”

“Yeah, I’ll wait. Name’s Dario. Remember it.”

Then he nods and returns to the door. I smile.

I never said I would *actually* be there, after all.

“Letty, what were you talking about with that butler?”

“He seems rather idle, so I asked him to keep watch on the garden until morning.”

“R-Really...?”

Really, really.

We head to milady’s room to take our rest. Quite deep inside the castle, I must say. There hadn’t been much attention paid to this area, it seems, as I find dust still remaining on the window frames of the

hallways here.

“This is my room.”

We arrive to a room to the north side. I open the door... and then quietly close it again.

“...Letty?”

“Please wait a moment, milady. I will air the room out first.”

“Y-yeah...”

I smile a saccharine sweet smile at her. She nods, looking uncomfortable.

As a maid, it goes against every fiber of my being to see that her room has not been cleaned at all, even if she rarely returns. Furthermore, I am quite sure milady does not have a hobby of collecting filthy bookcases and boxes of empty bottles.

“I suppose there is no other choice.”

I enter the dark room alone and unleash my Maid Cleaning Technique. Anything not needed is returned to where they belong. Like Mia’s room, for example.

“Milady, please enter.”

“Eh? You’re already done?”

If I took more than three minutes just to do this little bit of cleaning, that horror—ahem, the most kind Maid Chief would reprimand me.

Brrr. I still get nightmares sometimes.

“...wow.” Milady exclaims in amazement.

Everything unnecessary has been removed. All the sheets and curtains have been replaced with brand-new, adorably-patterned fabric. Mainly from Mia’s room.

They have been dyed as well. Nobody will ever find out.

“Well then, good night, milady.”

“...but where will you sleep?”

“I can find a place.”

Like on the ceiling, for example.

“You can’t just sleep anywhere! We can share a bed for today. It should be big enough for two, and, umm... you’re my friend anyway...”

“Milady...”

Milady is looking bashful like a little girl going to her first sleepover with friends. How cute.

“Don’t worry, milady, I will be certain to take responsibility.”

“What responsibility?!”

\*

The night is peaceful, and I enjoy myself with milady’s squishy arms until morning comes.

That said, it is still dark outside. Milady and I walk, our steps carrying us through a garden still glistening with dewdrops.

“Over here.”

“Yes, milady.”

In a corner of the garden is the resting place for lady Kyria, birth mother to milady Sharon. The grave is a simple thing, just a stone slab carved with words, but well-tended to.

“May I give my prayers as well, milady?”

“I don’t mind.”

I place the flowers we’ve brought on the gravestone. As we mourn, I hear faint sounds of footsteps on grass behind us.

“...lady Sharon.”

“Franz...”

An old man wearing a gardener's attire walks toward us and stops, kneeling in front of milady.

"My utmost apologies. This is all I could do for lady Kyria..."

"No, Franz, you've done more than enough. Thank you for protecting her grave."

As milady tells me later, this old man used to be a butler working at this mansion. After he retired, he continued to protect lady Kyria's resting place as a gardener.

"Young miss, might you be lady Sharon's attendant?"

"Yes, sir Franz. Lady Sharon has allowed me to be in her service. My name is Fleurety."

"Oh, I'm just an old man, don't bother with the 'sir'."

"Letty is my friend, too." Milady cheerfully interjects. Franz watches her with the kindly eyes of a grandfather.

But the peaceful air is then suddenly broken.

"You! Why didn't you come?!"

"My, my, such dark shades around your eyes. Did you not sleep well?"

The intruder is, of course, that young butler Dario. I wonder what he has been doing here so early in the morning.

"Stop playing the fool, girl, I've been waiting all this time under the tree—"

"Indeed. Thank you for watching over the garden."

"YOU—"

I truly appreciate it. His lack of commitment to his work to instead laze about in the garden had afforded me the opportunity to infiltrate the marquis' room, after I confirmed that milady had fallen asleep.

From the ceiling, I saw that the marquis was a timid-looking man who showed no signs of waking up any time soon. I decided to check on

him by injecting several types of medicine, and I confirmed the faint presence of poison.

My own medicine was much stronger and had subsequently sent him into a coma, but it didn't matter. He didn't seem like the kind of man who could stand against that woman anyway, even if he was awake.

“Hold it, Dario.”

“...Mia.”

The second intruder is Mia, the rotten maid. Dario stopped just as he was about to lose his composure.

I step in front of milady and smile at her.

“Miss Mia, how may I help you?”

“I have business with lady Sharon! Move!” She growls, her face haggard.

“My, you look quite tired. Did you stay up all night?”

“S-Shut up!”

All the garbage in milady's room had been carried to Mia's, but I thought just piling it up wouldn't be interesting, so I set them up as an interlinked mass. Pulling one thing out would make an entirely different thing fall apart.

It would actually be rather simple to clean if she intentionally triggered all the traps to break it apart, but considering her fatigue, it was likely that Mia hadn't done that. She probably took until morning to clean it up bit by bit.

“You did that, didn't you?!”

“My, do you have evidence? I am also searching for evidence to find out where most of milady's allowance had gone to.”

I say, staring into her eyes. Mia flinches.

“...lady Sharon and you, go to the dining hall immediately. The madam is waiting.”

“Understood.”

I wave at her, smiling. Mia grinds her teeth, giving me a glare that is shared by Dario. She drags him away.

Milady is silent as she looks at me with open-mouthed dumbfoundedness, while Franz just nods at me, seemingly impressed.

By the way, before we leave, I also secretly decorate lady Kyria’s grave with some magitech neon lights and disco balls.

\*

I follow milady as we enter the dining hall. Gidel, Yohanne, and miss Akiru are already seated, taking bites of what look like sausages and potatoes as their breakfast.

And since milady doesn’t have her portion — obviously — I give her a plate full of fluffy pancakes with judicious syrup and scoops of ice cream. Miss Akiru looks at me with obvious irritation.

My, does she want some? I don’t mind as long as she asks. No guarantees it wouldn’t earn her the ire of the harpy nearby though.

After the stepmother finishes her pickled greens, she glares at milady and opens her mouth.

“Sharon... I have something to say.”

“...what is it?”

Milady turns stony-faced again. It cannot be helped. She has the heart of a rabbit, after all.

After the stepmother spare me a glance as a warning, she airily waves Dario over. He brings to her some sort of document.

“I see that you haven’t had the best reputation at the academy. Are you aware that as a fiancee candidate to his Highness, you have brought disgrace to the house of Michel?”

“...his Highness Joel has permitted me to have Letty as an attendant.”

“The problem is how the *other* nobles see it. With all that has transpired, I’ve come to believe that you are not fit of the name Michel.”

“Madam Gidel?! What about Father?!”

“My husband agrees. He has woken up, though still bedridden due to fatigue, and I have asked for his thoughts this morning.”

“It cannot be... Father...”

My, how strange that Gidel could talk to him when he was supposed to be comatose due to my ‘medicine’.

Milady is a kind girl. She has always endured, tolerating everything that had been done to her because she does not wish for conflict. She still wishes for peace with her stepmother, even as wicked as the woman is, and her younger brother, even when he shares only half of her blood.

From my research, I understood that in this country, the family is generally inherited by the son. In case the daughter is the older sibling, then she would be relinquishing her claim to her younger brother in order to keep up the tradition. It is how things work according to the letter of the law, at least.

Milady intends to let Yohanne inherit the house. Yet it does nothing to curb Gidel’s fear of her, of the daughter of the Michel marquis’ first wife... though I would say that the real reason is because Gidel hadn’t exactly been on the right side of the law with her dealings, really.

“*Lady Sharon, please admit your crime. I and Sir Yohanne will forgive you.*”

Miss Akiru says, suddenly and without even a hint of emotion in her voice, as though she is reading from a script.

“Miss Akiru... you are far too kind. Would you allow me to stay by your side forevermore?”

“My, sir Yohanne...”

What is this farce? They say love is blind, but does love also makes you deaf? I am astonished that Yohanne could say that after hearing

Akiru's bland delivery.

...or is *something* railroading him?

Well then, never let it be said that Fleurety the maid cannot read the mood.

"Then it would be wonderful if we can witness the proof of their love, wouldn't it?"

I say. Surprisingly, everyone looks at me as though I just spoke another language.

"W-What are you..."

Miss Akiru stutters like an actress who has no idea how to ad-lib. I explain.

"Nobles have a duty to bring back dungeon items for the country. While asking servants to do it in one's stead is all fine and good, I am sure that nobody wishes to be the target of rumors among nobles, saying that one is nothing more than a child of a concubine. And what better way to silence them than to enter the dungeon oneself and take back something worthy?"

"SOMEBODY SHUT THAT MAID UP!!!" Gidel screeches.

Her maids rush at me. I take out a few cupcakes, waving them in front of the maids' eyes, and I throw them far away.

"They are anti-aging cupcakes." I say.

""AAAAAAAHHH!!!"

As the ravenous wolves chase after their prey, I turn back to Yohanne.

"As lacking in achievements as you are, sir Yohanne, I believe it may be difficult to gain lady Akiru's hand in marriage. If milady Sharon goes, she would certainly be able to gather a dungeon item fit for a *true successor*. Or... perhaps you do not have the confidence, sir?"

I tell him, filling my tone with provocation. His hackles rise as Yohanne shoots to his feet.

“Don’t underestimate me. I won’t lose to sister! I swear I’ll bring back a dungeon item!” He turns to milady. “Sister, this is a duel!”

...I did not think it would be this easy.

*A/N:* Here we see a maid who would pick a fight with the whole world for the sake of her mistress.

# Chapter 16

## DUEL

Alone in the guest room, Akiru paced.

“What do I do...”

She hadn’t made any wrong choice. Compared to the other targets, Yohanne’s route was relatively simple.

By nature of being an online game, the interference of other players could cause certain alterations to the story.

Nevertheless, a constant still remained: the player with the highest affection stats would be given evidence of Sharon’s

crimes from her mother, Gidel. During the prosecution of Sharon, by admonishing her while still advocating for leniency, the player character would then receive Yohanne’s profession of love.

If the player answered his proposal, the flag for Yohanne would be established. Afterward, as long as the player kept his affection high enough, they could do whatever until the graduation event, be it spending the days all lovey-dovey with him or even ignoring him to go seduce another target.

Yet before Akiru could give her answer, *she* got in her way again.

As it was still rather early on in the game’s timeline, Sharon’s misdeeds were still light. In the game, the crimes that the villainess was guilty of could vary depending on when her tribunal happened. If she was prosecuted during the graduation event, she might even be executed for treason.

Akiru wasn’t the kind of person that could knowingly consign the villainess to execution without guilt. Even as early on in the timeline as they were, she had full confidence she could establish Yohanne’s flag before the other players interfered.

She *had* cleared his route so, so many times, after all.

So she had acted. She made her moves with such assertiveness that it

surprised even her, and she had succeeded in acquiring the affection of Yohanne as she stayed hidden from the eyes of the other girls who could be player characters, as well as the viscount young lady that was the main heroine of the game.

“...’Status’.”

Akiru whispered. A panel, translucent as though made of acrylic, appeared in front of her.

This was a kind of magic that no one else in this world, other than those who were aware they were player characters, could use. The first time Akiru tried out the chant, she had done it thinking that if she could see her Status in the game, she could do it now, too. And to her surprise, the spell had worked.

**[Name: Akiru] [Female — 14 Years Old] [Status: Good]**

Skill List (skills with ☆ are hidden):

**[Water Magic Aptitude] [Noble Blood] [Alchemy Aptitude]  
[Foreign Tongue]**

**[Charm (Weak) ☆] [Goddess’ Blessing ☆ ]**

She hadn’t much interest in the skills that were public. To her, they were only convenient skills to have in this world.

Akiru’s attention was on the hidden skills instead.

She suspected that both were skills that only player characters could have. She didn’t know what ‘Goddess’ Blessing’

was, but ‘Charm’ was what had helped her to gain Yohanne’s affection. It was what had made him hear her lines, even sounding as wooden as they were due to her nervousness, as a heartfelt speech full of passion.

Yet right at the end, Akiru was thwarted once again.

Was *she* a player character too? Then perhaps she might be the kind of troll player that played not to capture any target, but only to mess with other people.

“...I won’t let you spoil my game.”

Akiru had already forgotten what she had done to the girl in the past. To Akiru, *she* was just an enemy now.

Two knocks came from the door.

“...yes, I am here.”

Upon Akiru’s reply, a maid opened the door to reveal the madam of the house.

“My, madam Gidel.”

“Akiru. Can I have some of your time?”

Gidel was smiling, and in the woman’s hands were some documents that were presumably the proof of Sharon’s crimes.

Seeing them, Akiru smiled as well.

Akiru had still not yet realized that this world was *reality*.

\*\*\*

With Yohanne’s official declaration, the competition becomes a duel between siblings to determine the next successor.

Gidel and the servants had tried to get Yohanne to stand down at first. So I gave him just a liiiitle bit of a push.

“Aww, so the little-widdle \*\*\*\*less boy can’t do anything without his mama?”

And he suddenly found his motivation. A lot of it too, in fact. Even madam Gidel seemed to have changed her mind.

“Hey Letty, what did you say to Yohanne?”

“Simply some encouragement, milady.”

She didn’t hear because I was blocking her ears. I simply could not let her innocence be spoiled by such bad words.

“But... I didn’t want to have to fight my own brother...”

Milady’s expression somewhat darkens. Such a kind girl, she is.

“Helping a younger brother gain strength through a trial is also an older sister’s duty, milady.”

“...really?”

Yes, it really is. It’s also an excuse, but she doesn’t need to know that.

The all-important details of the duel are as follows: until the next morning, milady and Yohanne must bring a valuable dungeon item back from the dungeon that lies in the western region of the Michel territory.

This dungeon is medium-sized, with about forty floors. It used to be famed for its high-quality agates until over a century ago, when its yield of the gemstones dwindled down to almost nothing. The dungeon had since turned into a lair for monsters.

Both parties are allowed up to ten servants to accompany them. This rule is mainly for Yohanne’s benefit, of course.

“Milady, I shall accompany you.”

“Franz... I truly appreciate the thought, but you shouldn’t. What if something happens to Father when you’re not here?”

“Milady... I...”

“Besides, I also need you to protect Mother’s grave. I fear her resting place may be disturbed if you get injured, Franz.”

“...understood.”

Franz kneels, his voice full of reluctance. Milady tenderly places her hand on his shoulder to console him.

“I will be fine. Letty is with me... look, Franz, over there. Something is shining in the evening sun. Is it not beautiful?”

“...it is. If only lady Kyria could witness this with us...”

“Indeed, if only Mother was here...”

The gleaming thing is, in fact, lady Kyria's grave.

Franz accompanies us all the way to the dungeon in a horse carriage. He says his goodbye as he prepares to return to the marquis castle.

"Then I wish you good fortune, milady. Miss Fleurety, please keep her safe."

He looks at me with eyes full of trust.

"Of course."

Then I must prove myself worthy of his trust, too.

By the way, the horse carriage we used was the one I borrowed from the dorm mother. The horse that pulled it is now rampaging in the forest and devouring all the monsters it comes across, even with the carriage still attached to it. It must have been the monster blood I gave it.

This is great. Saves on fodder, too.

"Milady, it seems young master Yohanne had already entered the dungeon."

"My..."

At the dungeon entrance are corpses of what look like goblins, as well as the footprints of multiple people.

Expecting that we may have to stay awake all night, I had let milady take a nap. It was why we had arrived later in the evening, after Yohanne.

"W-Well then, let's go."

"Yes, milady."

We hadn't taken her leather armor with us on our homecoming trip — who would expect we'd need it? — so milady is now wearing a robe made from my threads. I have my usual maid uniform on, of course.

Our way has already been cleared, just as I planned. It won't take much time for us to reach the depths.

“Yah!”

Milady shouts, smacking a skeleton on the head with her staff. It collapses.

She has relatively more magic power than most others, but also worse control. It is why her spells either burn her targets to ashes or simply fizzle out — there is no in-between.

One of these days, I shall have to devise a way for her to use her magic effectively.

“Letty, I did it!”

“Beautiful work, milady.”

We have descended to the twentieth floor underground, yet we still haven’t encountered any particularly tough enemy. I was thinking that if we can’t find any good items then we could substitute with monster materials, but at this rate...

“Maybe going to the bottom floor would be faster.”

“Then let us hurry. Yohanne should already be deeper in.”

...how strange.

I had let Yohanne go first so that he would clear the way for us, yet I have also found monster corpses in some rather unexpected locations, in paths that the younger brother did not take. Did they split into two teams?

We are now at the thirtieth floor.

“Excuse me, milady.”

“Wha-Letty?!”

I pick milady up and start running. Bare moments later, rocks fall from the ceiling where we used to be.

I have noticed traps there. I have also *not* triggered them.

“T-Traps?”

“Yes, milady, *traps*.”

I catch the sound of far-off running footsteps. As I expected, that was a *human* trap, one leveraging the dungeon’s own. I did think it was about time and indeed, they haven’t betrayed my expectations.

“Please continue to hold on, milady.”

“...eh?”

“We’re running through.”

“...aaaaAAAHHH?!!”

With milady holding onto me for dear life, I run deeper into the dungeon. She... *jiggles*... quite a bit.

I hop to the side to dodge a sudden arrow flying toward us from the front. Before the second could be let loose, I silence the men hiding in the shadows with Maid Kicks.

*\*plort\**

“Umm, Letty, what was that? It sounded like fruits being crushed...?”

“Something like that, milady. I think even their seeds are ruined now.”

The two men foaming at the mouth aren’t anyone I’ve seen at the castle. I wonder who they are? They don’t seem to be bandits.

I would have liked to interrogate them with my ‘truth serums’, but I don’t have the time at the moment. I continue running.

After that, we encounter a few more sporadic traps.

“Letty, there’s a boulder coming toward us!”

“Yes, milady.”

Hmm... it feels like we’re being led somewhere. The boulder chases us to a wide-open room without a floor, and we fall.

“EEEEPP?!”

“Do not worry, milady.”

It’s less a pitfall and more like an atrium that connects two floors together. It has two doors. Both are closed.

After landing on my feet, I place milady down. She looks up in unease.

“...maybe...”

“This is also a trap.” I reply.

“Indeed.”

I turn to look at where the new voice came from. One of the doors open, and several people appear.

“Miss Akiru?! Why are you here?!”

“To judge your crimes, miss Sharon.”

Accompanying the lady Akiru is a gaggle of young maids, all armed and pointing their weapons at milady and me. They look fearful.

“You are accused of planning Yohanne’s assassination. How terrible, Sharon. I cannot believe you would do that to your own brother.”

“Wait, no! I would never do anything like that!”

“I have evidence provided by madam Gidel herself.”

Akiru takes out several sheets of paper, thrusting them to milady’s face.

“You have no excuses now, Sha—”

“Why did you not bring these to the town guards?” I interrupt, my head tilting in puzzlement. Milady shares the gesture.

Akiru stands in slack-jawed silence. It takes a while for her to respond.

“...huh?”

“If you already have all the evidence, why not take it to the palace? Or even the local town guards?”

“...b-but...” Akiru stammers, her eyes darting to and fro. The young maids begin to chatter in anxiety. “T-this is supposed to be a judgement scene...”

Akiru lowers her gaze as her voice shrinks into a whisper, having lost all of its former fervor. Really, wasn’t she supposed to have come from Earth? Did she forget about the existence of police?

“May I have a look?” I say.

“Ah, yes.”

Akiru absentmindedly allows me to look at the so-called evidence. It’s a sales receipt of the purchase of a rather special kind of poison, and on it is milady’s signature.

“This is not milady’s handwriting.”

“Eh?”

I suppose that with the power a marquis house has, they *can* make it work even with such a shoddy piece of ‘evidence’, but I would be surprised if it actually fools anyone.

“Miss Akiru, do not listen to her!”

The voice is of a man’s, and it comes from behind the group of maids who are currently confused by the unexpected development.

“Mister Dario!”

“Miss Akiru, that maid might as well be a demon with how easily she can lie to your face without blinking an eye. We haven’t given the evidence to the guards only because the madam wishes to grant lady Sharon a chance to redeem herself.”

“I-Is that so...?”

“Indeed. As long as we have the evidence, lady Sharon won’t be able to talk her way out of it. For the house of Michel, we will have her atone for her crimes here and now!”

“Eh, wha?”

“This is for young master Yohanne, lady Akiru! Everyone, ready your weapons!”

With an upward swing, my Orc Killer EX finds its target.

“Nice shot.”

Dario gurgles.

“Letty?!” Milady exclaims, shocked.

“It seems sir Dario is not being sound of mind. Is there a doctor around?”

Akiru and the maids furiously shake their heads. They look rather pale, for some reason.

As for Dario, despite his frothing bubbles and convulsions, he still lives, perhaps due to his armor. As I could not let milady’s eyes be tainted, I had been very careful with my strike. Still, I doubt he can continue to live as a man from tomorrow onward.

“...really, so useless.”

“Madam Gidel?!”

“””Madam!!!”””

Upon hearing the woman’s voice echoing from above, Akiru and the maids look up, exclaiming in surprise mixed with relief.

Gidel is standing not at the door where the two of us fell from, but on another protruding platform. Accompanying the woman is an elderly maid and some armed men. She looks down, her gaze frosty.

“Good work, Akiru. We can finally make Sharon atone for her crimes now.”

“B-but...”

Akiru stumble over her words. She stares at the ‘evidence’, her disarrayed thoughts apparent on her face.

“I had hoped that that butler and you working together would be able to deal with Sharon. How disappointing. A pity, too, I thought you could have made for a good daughter...”

“M-madam Gidel...?”

Akiru’s face pales, while a fearful uncertainty spread through the young maids. The door opposite to the one Akiru’s group used slowly creaks open.

“Eeek...”

Somebody squeaks. The *thing* that entered slowly scans its gaze around, and it roars.

“*GRRRARAAAAHHH!!!*”

It is a humanoid monster nearly three meters tall, with the head of a bull and a pair of enormous horns.

“...a minotaur.”

Milady whispers, her voice quivering.

“This is one of the boss rooms on the lower floors. Apparently this room leads to a shortcut if you can defeat the minotaur, so why don’t you try? Oh, yes, which reminds me, Yohanne had taken the safe route. Do not fear for him.”

Gidel says, laughing in genuine mirth. Milady glares at her.

“Madam Gidel, what are your intentions?! You would even involve lady Akiru, one of his Highness Joel’s Partner candidates?!”

“Aah, truly regrettable. Akiru was simply *unfortunate* to have been entangled in your crimes, that was all.”

“It can’t be...” Milady whispers in abject disbelief, while Akiru slumps to the ground upon hearing Gidel’s words, her expression one of sheer despair.

“*GRAAAAHH!!*”

The minotaur picks that exact moment to roar and charge toward Akiru.

I don't plan on saving her. She's probably immortal too, anyway.

What I didn't expect, however, is for milady to shout a warning and jump toward Akiru in an attempt to save her.

"Watch out!"

Milady covers Akiru with her own body. Before the minotaur's axe could reach its target, I smack the weapon away with my spiked club. I bring the two to safety.

"Milady!"

"I-I'm fine, Letty."

A trickle of blood drips from her forehead, likely from a piece of flying debris. Despite that, she still gives me a brave smile. Akiru shivers, her teeth chattering, and her gaze is fixed on milady.

"Miss Akiru... may I leave milady in your care?"

"B-but... I..."

Akiru looks ready to cry. Out of guilt, perhaps. I look at her icily.

"If you harm her even a hair further..."

"I-I won't! I swear I won't!"

What a gaffe I've made, underestimating milady's kindness.

So they *really* want to see me go all-out, then?

# Chapter 17

## DEMON

Gidel was born as the first child to the count of Balla.

Theirs was not a particularly wealthy noble family. They had land, but their land had neither any dungeons nor industries of noteworthy value.

The Balla count wasn't content with his lot. He made ventures into multiple lines of business only to end in failures after failures, and his debt to other noble houses grew and grew.

It was at that time that the Michel marquis of the previous generation decided to grant him a loan. In return, the marquis wanted Gidel to be the second wife for his heir, a young man who had just gotten engaged.

The Michel heir's engagement was with a young woman who was close to the queen. While the lady had been adopted by a viscount, originally, she was born as nothing more than a simple daughter of a knight. Even if the couple themselves did not mind, it was still enough justification for the noble world to look down on them. So the Michel marquis had thought that by bringing Gidel, the daughter of a count, into their family, then they would be able to maintain their status. On the surface at least, if nothing else.

The fact of the matter was, having the eldest daughter of a count as a second wife wasn't generally done. It meant that instead of being a union of equals, it was a declaration that the Balla house would be subservient to the Michel house.

Gidel's pride as a noble was dealt a grievous blow.

Still, Gidel believed that if she could give birth to a child before the main wife could, she would gain more influence within the Michel house than her. But the Michel heir had consummated his long-awaited marriage with his sweetheart, and the two had had a child together before his second marriage with Gidel.

With the second blow to her pride — as a woman, this time — Gidel had the Balla house's magus to make her some aphrodisiac. She used it to force the Michel heir into bed, despite the fact that they hadn't yet entered wedlock.

As a result, their wedding was delayed, and she almost had her newly-born Yohanne taken away from her, but the Balla family had then brought the boy who carried the blood of Michel into their protection. They didn't return him until the next year, after the Michel marquis passed away in a sudden *accident*.

Several years after, when the Michel heir was now the official head, tragedy struck once again as his main wife died due to a sudden *illness*. It was then that the current Michel marquis, a man now poor in spirit, officially took Gidel as his second wife.

Everything went smoothly. As convenient as they had been for the Ballas, the successive deaths had given rise to rumors among the nobles for a time, but in the end, for a noble caste of a country that had lasted for a thousand years, it wasn't anything they hadn't seen before.

But a single concern remained: Sharon, the child of the main wife. The girl must have been carrying a grudge against her stepmother and brother, considering how they had spurned her so.

In the noble world, the son generally inherited the house, but according to the law, the first child also had inheritance rights. In another noble family, an older sister who wouldn't relinquish the house to her younger brother could be safely dealt with by marrying her into another house, but Gidel could no longer do that to Sharon when she was now a fiancee candidate to the second prince.

Then what should Gidel do? The solution was simple.

“Aah... finally. *Finally...*”

Gidel sighed as she looked down upon one of the boss rooms of the Agate Dungeon. Everything she had done was for this day.

To Gidel, the girl summoned from another world, Akiru, was nothing more than a convenient pawn.

She could gain some amount of fame if Yohanne could take Akiru as

his wife, but she would also earn the ire of some other nobles. So she decided that the girl would become a victim of Sharon's, and the two would die together in an accident. Yohanne would then gain sympathy from the other nobles as a boy who had lost his beloved.

Gidel truly thought that having Akiru as a daughter would be fine too, if that Dario hadn't failed. Still, dealing with Sharon took precedence.

And if the maids attached to Akiru — innocent commoner girls — happened to die as well, public hatred would further concentrate into Sharon. The Michel house would gain even more sympathy, and their bad rumors would dissipate as well.

So it was very fortunate for Gidel that the monster that had appeared in the boss room was a minotaur — and not only that, its black horns marked it as a higher-ranked minotaur as well, one unique to this dungeon. Its bones had been transformed into magic iron through its consumption of minerals and ores.

Gidel did find it rather regrettable that she would lose the knowledge of the maid that Sharon had brought, the impudent girl who possessed bizarre skills. On the other hand, seeing her tears, her cries as she begged for life would be much, much more fun, Gidel thought.

She turned her eyes to the maid. The black-haired girl returned an unblinking stare.

Gidel looked at that silent stare, that unfeeling smile, those dark eyes, and an unsettling discomfort began to churn deep inside her chest, seeping through her as it grew and *grew*.

“*GRAAAAGHH!!!*”

Upon having its axe deflected, the minotaur released a roar of fury. It charged at the maid.

“*Letty!!*”

“*AAAH!*”

As the screams of Sharon and Akiru echoed in the chamber, the minotaur once more swung its battleaxe at the black-haired maid to

cleave her in half. But before the weapon could hit its target, the girl spoke, her voice quiet and lilting.

“...*I call the Darkness...*”

And all was instantly suffused in black, the darkness surging to cover even where Gidel was standing.

“What happened?!”

It took a moment for her to realize that it was her who had shouted. No voices answered. Not from the maids or the soldiers under her command, nor even Sharon or anyone else below. Even her sight extended no more than her immediate surroundings.

“Is anyone there?! Answer me!”

She shouted once more, in confusion and in fear, but she couldn’t even feel the presence of her servants. They were supposed to be right behind her.

“...what—”

“*Grlfp...*”

“Eek?!”

Suddenly, in front of Gidel was the minotaur. Both its horns were broken, its whole body covered with blood, and it collapsed after a final cry of agony.

What had happened? What could have done something so *horrible*?

Gidel staggered several steps backwards, shaken by a sight so nightmarish she didn’t dare to even *think* of it. Her back hit something.

She turned in trepidation. She screamed.

Standing behind Gidel was her maid, a servant of the Balla house who had come with her. The maid’s face was deathly pale, her eyes were rolled up, her limbs hanging loose. Only her head jerked to turn toward Gidel, and inside her mouth...

...were crawling, squirming, *arachnid* legs.

Gidel's face lost all colors. She tried to run, but a hand caught her legs.

“...ma...dam...”

“L-Let go!”

The maid had served Gidel for a long time, but now, feeling cadaverous skin and ice-cold fingers on her own body, there wasn't a single moment of hesitation before Gidel reflexively kicked at her.

And Gidel screamed hoarsely in fear as she witnessed the maid visibly *shriveling*, crumbling into dust.

“...”T-Teleport!”

The jewel on Gidel's ring lost its colors and broke, the fragments evaporating into thin air. The woman vanished.

\*

What Gidel used was a Ring of Teleportation, a magic item that could rarely be found in the lower levels of a dungeon.

By speaking the keyword, the user would be transported to the location where they believed to be the safest place for them.

Each Ring cost 150 gold coins, and it worked only once. Still, it was a cheap price to pay if it could save one's life.

“This place is...”

Gidel looked around and realized that she wasn't at the Michel marquis' house. She was at her parents' home, in the territory of the Balla count.

“Gidel is here! Somebody, answer me!”

The sun had already set, yet it wasn't so late that all the people of the mansion had gone to sleep.

Gidel saw light coming from several windows, but there was no sign

anyone was here otherwise. She shivered, remembering her previous fear, and she ran through the mansion in a desperate attempt to forget her terror.

“Answer me, anyone! Father!”

She had already previously contacted her father, the Balla count. He should have been here today. It was supposed to be the day of Sharon’s disappearance, of the fall of the Michel house by the hands of the Ballas.

Had her father and retainers been impatient for the good news? Had they celebrated in advance and drunken themselves into sleep? In order for them to carry out the takeover at a moment’s notice, they had kept only the servants who knew of their plans at the mansion, so Gidel had expected that there would be fewer people than normal today.

But she didn’t expect this *desolation*.

“...what... what is this?”

Her realization came late due to the darkness. Only now did she noticed that here and there, in corners and on the ceiling of the hallway, there were masses of tangled spiderwebs.

The housekeeper would never have allowed this to happen.

Since when had the mansion deteriorated so? What had happened...?

“Wha...”

She reached the ballroom. It was no longer the glorious chamber used for dinner parties that she remembered, but instead a dilapidated hall wreathed in darkness and enormous spiderwebs. She looked at the cocoons hung on the web, and there was one face she immediately recognized.

“F-Father?!”

After noticing the Balla count, Gidel also realized familiar faces of her retainers in the other cocoons. They were hung upside-down, their faces pallid.

She wanted to scream, but her voice died in her throat, frozen by a coldness that seemed to seep into her bones.

Gidel stood paralyzed. Silently appearing from the darkness in front of her eyes was the black-haired maid. The girl was floating in the air.

“...Y...ou...”

She noticed that the girl wasn’t actually flying, but was keeping herself in the middle of the spiderweb. All the same, the realization brought the woman no comfort.

Why was she here? *How* was she here? Questions after questions flashed through Gidel’s mind, questions she couldn’t ask when her voice wasn’t cooperating. The black-haired maid’s lips tore to her ears in a dollish smile.

“I bid you farewell.”

The black-haired maid said, and the nightmare began.

The girl’s pinkish-white skin blackened and gained a tint of bronze. Her high-quality set of maid clothes turned frayed and ragged in a blink of an eye, as though the garment had been left to the mercy of the rain and wind for thousands of years.

Miasma surged from her to cover the whole ballroom, rotting the walls and the ceiling in seconds. Bursting out from her back were eight spindly black limbs that resembled the legs of spiders, each about ten meters in length.

Gidel screamed silently, blood trickling from her mouth.

In her research for ways to dispose of Sharon, Gidel had looked into curses and poisons. And at their roots, all curses had a connection to *demons*.

But demons were but myths. Fairy-tales for children. This world had no demons, and the Church also denied their existence. And yet according to the knowledge of some of the people who had been summoned through the ritual, many among them demihumans, demons *did* exist.

Demons. Rulers of fear. Enemies of gods. Existences with power

equivalent to elemental spirits.

And among them, there existed a certain class of high-ranking demons with such might as to rival Arch Elementals, spirits so powerful they could shatter the earth and sunder the seas.

Legends had it that when they manifested themselves in the mortal world, they would take the form of a human clad in old and weathered noble clothing.

“...an Archdemon ...”

Gidel whispered and collapsed. The spider legs of the black-haired maid soundlessly carried her closer, and her lips slowly parted.

The sight of the innumerable, skittering *things* inside the maid's mouth drove Gidel to a mad scream. The dark maw moved close to Gidel's ear, and the maid whispered.

“I wonder if *you* can die...”

\*\*\*

Here and there, hung across branches of green, spiderwebs glimmer with droplets of dew. What a wonderful morning.

Greetings, Fleurety here. I wish everyone a Nice Shot on this fine day.

At the castle, Yohanne hangs his head, whimpering in despair.

He has returned before us, and in his hands is a letter that has been delivered first thing in the morning by an express messenger.

Wooow, I *just* wonder what it could have been about.

On the ground next to him are some small agates, so it looks like he hasn't been able to find anything good in the dungeon.

I take a peek at the letter. It says everyone of the Balla house has gone missing, and only Gidel was found at the scene, the woman gibbering mad. She has been apprehended by the guards.

How unfortunate. I wish she would recover someday.

“Yohanne...”

“...sister.”

Milady Sharon calls at him. Yohanne wipes his face with his sleeves. He picks up one of the fallen agates and glare at milady.

“This is all I could find... Mother and Father are gone now. I’ve lost. Now that I no longer have any backing, the country would never accept me as the next marquis with just these tiny pieces of rocks...”

There are quite a few inconveniences involved in inheriting a noble house, aren’t there?

“Yohanne... take these.”

“...eh?”

Milady gives him two large horns.

“These are...”

“The horns of a magic-iron minotaur. Letty got it for me. If you need them to succeed the house, take them.”

Yohanne’s eyes open wide.

“...w-why?! Mother has always told me that you didn’t want to leave the house to me, that you considered me an eyesore...”

“No, Yohanne. The head of the family should be a man. You’ve shown me the courage to go into the dungeon yourself for miss Akiru. Your life has only just begun, Yohanne, stand tall and face it!”

“Y-Yes!”

With milady’s lecture, Yohanne instantly shoots to his feet, back ramrod straight.

“And besides... I never wanted us to fight.”

“...S-sister...”

The dam breaks, and Yohanne starts bawling his eyes out. Milady

gently holds his head to her chest... why do I see his ears turning bright red? Does he want me to tear them off?

“...how wonderful.”

Akiru says, moved by the heartwarming scene, her eyes wet. I gently place a hand on her shoulder from behind and give her a beaming smile.

“Well then, I think it’s time the two of us have a talk in the office.”

“...eh?”

That is that, and this is this. I’ve already prepared the medicine. It won’t take long.

...I must say, why does everyone keep calling me a ‘demon’? Such slander.

\*\*\*

The capital held the church to the Goddess of Time.

It was said that the Goddess held domain over the bonds between people and fateful encounters, and that She had brought prosperity to this country through the Oracles that She had granted to people, such as the queen of the first king and the saint.

In the church, a young man was praying in earnest. The solemn sight had invited many a passionate gaze and breathy sigh of infatuation, all coming from the younger sisters and women who had come to worship.

Anyone who was seeing him for the first time would never have thought that this handsome, blond-haired man was, in fact, none other than the Holy Knight, the one considered to be the most powerful person of the country.

His long eyelashes rippled. His eyes opened wide to reveal verdant-green orbs, and he stared at the statue of the Goddess.

“...there’s an Irregularity in this world...?”

# Chapter 18

## INTERLUDE – A DAY IN THE LIFE OF A MAID

Argrey Kingdom was a country in the middle of the continent, and its capital held an academy for magic. At the beginning of their fifth and final school year, noble students and those with good academic results would be performing a summoning in order to call upon intelligent beings from other worlds to become their lifetime Partners.

The number of the summoned did not necessarily correlate to the number of the summoners, and neither was there any guarantee that all of the summoned would agree to become Partners. It was why the students would have to win over the Partner candidates by themselves. Upon being chosen, the student would then be recognized as an official magus, and their Partner would bring them prestige as a noble.

The students of this year had succeeded in summoning *human* boys and girls just like them, an achievement that hadn't been seen in centuries.

They had a year, only a year, until their graduation to earn the summoned humans' trust. And yet on the very first day, a marquis' daughter infamous for her poor academic skills had already gained her Partner.

The human girl named Fleurety had slid into the role of being a maid to Sharon, the marquis' daughter, with such ease that left everyone flabbergasted. Like a whirlwind, the maid rapidly brought chaos to the status quo around Sharon.

And so, let us have a look into a day of this rather... *eccentric*... maid.

A maid's day began when the sky was still dark.

Her mistress lived in the dorm of the boarding academy, and her room was connected to a servant's room. This room was where the maid of our story resided.

The room was bare and empty, looking as though nobody had been living in it. The maid woke up, not on the cleanly-made bed, but on a

spiderweb woven in a corner of the ceiling.

She did not have anything against beds. She simply felt safer in the nest that she had made herself.

And she did not need to sleep, either, but she was prudent enough to know that inhuman behavior would be frowned upon.

“Geez, Letty. Do you even know what ‘prudence’ mean?”

“I do, milady. It’s tasty and goes well with rice.”

“Wait, you actually don’t?!!”

But let us return to our story. A maid’s day began when the sky was still dark.

After her morning ablutions, the maid headed for the Dark Woods to prepare her mistress’ breakfast. She was picking up fresh eggs from a cockatrice’s nest when a griffon passed her by, and it immediately prostrated itself before her and gave her the prey it had just hunted as an offering.

The endearing sight was one commonly seen ever since the maid began to frequent the forest. Truly, nature itself favored her. She would not need to worry about finding meat ever again.

The sun rose as the maid prepared breakfast. She left to get the newspaper for her mistress, and a horse came to pester her for food.

“Good boy, good boy. No leftovers, alright?”

“Gggrrr...”

The maid kindly watched over the horse as he munched on a whole, still-living goblin.

After their journey together, the horse had become very attached to the maid. He liked her even more than he liked his owner, the dorm mother. The fresh food the maid continued to give him had been very good for him, and he had recently grown another four legs to make a total of eight.

“You’re just like me now, aren’t you? Good boy...”

“Gggrrrrah!”

Now, the dorm mother would faint every time she looked at the horse. The maid wondered if the woman was jealous that the horse didn't show the same friendliness for her.

The dorm mother was still young, still just in her forties, and it was no surprise that she might feel... *insecure* at times.

The maid understood, and she would not tell anyone that the dorm mother sometimes went downtown to pay underage boys to help her 'destress'.

And breakfast was done. The menu for today was mixed salad and bacon quiche.

“Hey, Letty... The dorm mother seems kinda strange these days. Have you noticed?”

“She is happy that her horse had returned healthy, milady.”

“Ah, I see, it *is* a very energetic horse. I'm happy for her.”

Once more, the maid felt the joy of serving under a mistress who loved animals so much that she would call a horse that could kill a charging boar with a single kick 'energetic'.

The maid also accompanied her mistress to class.

Karl, her mistress' childhood friend, began to talk to the young noble lady. But the maid would not allow him to touch her.

“Wait, hold on, I haven't done anything!”

As the maid quietly took out a spiked club, Karl turned pale, his hips pulled so far back he looked like a shrimp in an attempt to protect his irreplaceable treasures.

After school, the maid often spent her time frolicking with her mistress, but sometimes she also went shopping alone. Her mistress loved sweet things, so the pantry must always be stocked with sugar and honey.

“...shit, it's you again.”

The store that the maid favored was located near the salt dungeon. The owner was a strange man. Despite having such a cute customer visiting his store, he always grimaced whenever he saw her.

“What do you have for me today, mister?”

“Dammit girl, I’m not a treasure vault for you. I only had that cursed stone because somebody foisted it on me after it accidentally got out of a noble’s storage, you should know.”

“Oh, but you sold it in the end. All’s well that ends well.”

“...maybe, *if I hadn’t been forced to sell it for peanuts.*”

The cursed stone was, indeed, the heavy ore that had been used to coat the end of Orc Killer.

“So I don’t have anything for you today, alright?”

“I have heard that you have just imported some good rum from the neighboring country.”

“...hey, maid girl.”

“What is it?”

“Are you spying on my shop? Why the fuck do you know that?! The rum’s for selling to a trading firm, leave it alone!”

“Such a scandalous accusation, mister. I’m not telling you to give me everything, just a few bottles. Milady loves the sweets I make from them.”

“...just one bottle, alright? One gold coin.”

“Three bottles for one gold coin, please.”

“You fucking *wot*, maid?! That’s *below cost!!!*”

“My? Didn’t you get them by trading the monster materials that I sold you the other day? How much would a bottle be, then, calculating from that?”

“...here, three bottles for one gold.”

“As well as some of those rock candies, please. In return, here...”

The maid glanced at the shopkeeper's head and covertly handed him a bag of dried seaweed. He took a quick look inside, then took it just as sneakily.

“...I'll deliver them to your place.”

“Thank you, mister.”

There was now a faint covering on the shopkeeper's head. But it wasn't hair. It was actually the seaweed that had infested him.

Gathering information was also one of the important duties of a maid. So went the teachings of the kind Maid Chief. The maid understood that she could not rely on just the Seaweed Spirits, so she went to work herself.

As had become custom, the maid called for a gathering of snot-nosed urchins and gave them rock candies in exchange for information. Indeed, not many watched their words around children.

“...I heard that the viscount's son was buying the same thing again, in the northern forest.”

“My, my.”

“An independent Explorer named Bob found some strange magic tool. He's hiding it.”

“Details?”

“...it's for assassinations.”

“I see.”

The maid gave some more rock candies. “Thank you, miss!” they said, waving their hands as they departed.

Indeed, the smiles of children could warm anyone's heart.

The maid returned to the dorm and prepared her mistress' dinner.

Today's dinner would be beef stew. Beef-ish. The maid *did* get a lot of meat from something cow-like the other day.

And after the dinner came homework.

“Ah, so milady truly is bad at math.”

“N-No! No, that’s not it!”

It was to be expected. After all, the young lady’s bosom had grown even larger thanks to her maid’s efforts.

After homework was done, it was bathtime. With a washcloth that the maid had made herself, she scrubbed her mistress pristine and spotless, turning the noble young lady’s skin into the envy of silk and satin.

“Good night, Letty.”

“Yes. I wish you a good night as well, milady.”

But even after her mistress had fallen asleep, the maid’s day was still not over. She still had the laundering and ironing of clothes to do, budgets to manage, pharmaceutical substance to process, underwear thieves to exterminate, so on and so forth. She only slept when dawn of the next day neared.

The duties of a maid were daunting indeed. However...

“It’s still so much easier than helping the Maid Chief.”

The maid sounded rather traumatized.

# Chapter 19

## HE CHURCH

“Sharon...”

“Father...”

The Michel marquis has gotten so weak that he nearly falls over trying to stand up, but he does so anyway, calling for milady’s name. The two share a tearful embrace.

Gidel had never allowed her to meet him, and the only letters she ever received from the family had been full of heartless words.

Nevertheless, milady still believed in her father.

It seems the Michel marquis had been bedridden for a long, long time due to being continuously fed poison by Gidel. He can move around somewhat now that the poison is gone, but the danger has not fully passed. He still needs rest.

Well, I suppose there’s also a little bit of my poison involved in his condition too, but that’s irrelevant. Just a bit of an accident, really.

“S-Sister!”

“...Yohanne?”

The boy is looking at milady with so much reverence in his gaze, it’s like his personality has been switched. Are those cheeks blushing because he has just been embraced in milady’s bountiful blessings a moment ago? What a lecherous kid.

“U-umm... can I still talk to you at school, sister?”

“You can, Yohanne. We’re siblings, no need to be so reserved.”

“Yes!”

Yohanne. Lady Sharon is your older sister. Do you remember that? Do you?

In the end, everyone in the Balla count's house, from family members to high-ranking servants, were discovered to have gone missing. Gidel was the only exception. She had been arrested as a suspect, but was then found to be of unsound mind. The rest of her life would be spent in the asylum, it seemed.

I found out that she wasn't immortal. Still, I left her alive to take responsibility for the incident.

Now, the only remaining person to carry the Balla blood is Yohanne. After he turns of age, he would either become the next count, or the Balla territory would be absorbed by the Michel house. There are also talks of having the territory become milady's instead, but the matter is still for the far future.

I've managed to deal with most of Gidel's lackeys within the Michel family's servants.

The job of explaining things to the truly ignorant servants — those who had been deceived by Gidel — would be done by the young maids that I'd saved, so I expect there would be no problem on that end. The only troublesome ones are the servants allied with Gidel who weren't aware of her crimes, such as Mia. I only left them under surveillance, however; they might prove to be useful for something.

“Then I shall leave the matter to you, sir Franz.”

“Understood, miss Fleurety. I will accomplish my duties.”

Mister Franz has changed from his gardener attire to a butler uniform. Quite a few of the high-ranking servants are gone now, so he has been reinstated to his old position.

From what I've heard, he and that one knight named Bardo are now making contact with the people who had been forced to resign, calling them back to service.

Well then...

“Eep!”

Just giving her a glance is already enough for lady Akiru to squeak fearfully. She shrinks away from me.

Ah, but there *are* quite a lot of black rings around her eyes, aren't

there? I've recruited her help with a bit of my experiments, though I do hope she wouldn't turn out like lady Hina. *That* young lady now loses control of her bladder whenever I come close.

I have had a little *talk* with lady Akiru, and she said this world is the world of an *otome* game. A likely claim. I decided some verification was in order, and so since the young miss cannot die, I administered a nearly-fatal dose of my medicine.

Unfortunately, it only confirmed that she truly believed what she was saying.

In other words, this world is a world with an incredible resemblance to that of the so-called '*otome* game'.

According to Akiru, there are several 'heroines'. In order to conquer their targets, they would have to bring down the 'villainesses' and raise their affection points with the target.

And one of those villainesses is supposed to be lady Sharon.

...what a *farce*.

“Letty?”

“My apologies. My mind was occupied with a small matter.”

Milady and I have returned from the Michel territory to the capital, where the academy is. There are quite a few concerns, but as I have no concrete evidence yet, I cannot afford to burden milady with more worries.

“My, Letty. That's unusual for you.”

“I was thinking to write a thesis about the inverse relationship between milady's scholarly ability and bust size in order to present it to the academy.”

“Can you please not?! Seriously!”

“It was only half a joke, milady.”

“...fine then, I guess.”

Which is to say that I am also half-serious. The headmaster has shown a surprising amount of interest, and he even told me he would fund all expenses for my research from his own pocket.

“Milady, in order to raise your scores, we will look into studying magic today.”

“Alright...”

Milady sulks somewhat as she looks at me with upturned eyes. How devastatingly cute.

If lady Sharon is supposed to be one of those so-called ‘villainesses’, then I need only defeat the heroines. At the same time, getting her grades up and clearing her stigma of being a terrible student are also very important.

How much effort should I spend on entertaining this silly idea, I wonder...

“Which reminds me, I’ve heard that theurgy would be good for learning magic control.”

“Theurgy, is it?”

Different from the elemental magics that we learn at the academy such as earth, water, fire, wind, and a few other types, theurgy is magic that uses the element of ‘light’. While the academy also teaches the basics of theurgy, this type of magic is mainly the Church’s domain, since many healing spells are theurgical in nature.

“Have you not gone to church before, milady?”

“Umm... I’ve gone for a prayer or two before, but getting theurgical lessons... well...”

“Aah, I understand. Milady used to be impoverished, after all.”

“Shut up!”

Apparently, one needs to give a rather sizable donation if one wishes to learn theurgical magic from the Church. With the funds we’ve earned from the dungeons and the *actual* support that the marquis house is now giving us, we can afford it.

“Alright, we’ll go to the Church!”

“Yes, milady. I shall accompany you.”

And so we get ready for a trip downtown. Getting there on foot wouldn’t take more than an hour, but just as milady and I leave the dormitory, we find the dorm mother’s horse already waiting for us with the carriage.

“Your name is Nir from now on.”

“*Grrr!*”

“Umm, Letty, are you sure it’s fine to name it without asking the dorm mother first...?”

It is, it is. The dorm mother never manages to stay conscious whenever she catches sight of Nir here, anyway. She must be quite the sheltered lady if seeing a horse with four extra legs is already enough to make her faint. Just in case, I drape Nir in a sheet of cloth to hide his changes.

As I expected, Nir is rather speedy. We arrive at the church several times faster than in a normal carriage.

“So this is the church...”

“Yes, it’s the cathedral of the Church that venerates the true Goddess.”

We’re not talking about a building for worship. We’re talking about a religious organization that is *named* ‘The Church’.

How confusing. Which reminds me, I do recall lady Akiru mentioning that this world has an actual Goddess who grants Oracles to the heroines.

The entrance is a staircase with ten steps. Milady jiggles whenever she goes up a step, which is why she’s been the target of quite a few gazes from the men visiting the Church.

“What’s wrong, Letty?” She says mid-way through the stairs, her head turned to look back at me. I haven’t moved from the bottom.

I’m not sure how to describe this. The moment I try to go up the stairs, I immediately feel some sort of pressure, like I’m being *rejected*.

It makes it rather difficult for me to proceed.

But, well, it's not strong enough to stop me completely.

“No, it is nothing. I will be with you in a moment, milady.”

I smile at her and make a forceful step forward. Something crackles, almost like static electricity on a cold day. From deeper within the cathedral, a faint column of smoke begins to rise.

“My... are they making a bonfire?”

“How about some roasted sweet potatoes for today’s snack, milady?”

“Ooh! Yes, I’d like that!”

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“What happened?!”

“I-I don’t know. The protective talisman just suddenly burned...”

The talisman at the cathedral was the core of a holy barrier that repelled malice and all things *evil*. Legend has it that it was first set up centuries ago by the Saint, a holy woman who had received an Oracle from the Goddess, and it had protected the cathedral from wicked humans and dark spirits ever since.

What would it mean, then, that the talisman burned?

The thought that there could be an existence powerful enough to destroy the Saint’s protection did not even come to the minds of the priests and priestesses. They all believed it had been because of a lack of piety, and they could do nothing but helplessly watch in panic as the talisman continued to burn.

“Everyone, calm down.” “Sir Elias! Oh, thank the Goddess!”

The priests and priestesses all exclaimed in relief and cheer.

Arriving at the scene was a dashinglly handsome man. He was the

most powerful Holy Knight, the only man in this country — as well as the surrounding countries, in fact — to have received the Goddess' Protection.

With unshakable composure, he stepped in front of the priests and raised his right hand.

“[Holy Light]”

Light suffused the chamber. The moment it touched the talisman, the flames were instantly snuffed out.

“As expected of sir Elias!”

“How wonderful... he truly is loved by the Goddess.”

Words of praise and rejoice rang out one after another. Even as Elias responded to their cheers with a hint of a wry smile on his face, his eyes were still fixed at the charred talisman.

*...what has happened?* He thought.

At the great hall, Elias had felt a malevolent presence, albeit for only a single instant.

It had vanished so quickly that he almost thought he was imagining it. But then, from the burning talisman, he sensed a wicked magic power lingering. It had been the reason why the fire couldn't be extinguished, as well as why Elias had decided to use the evil-repelling theurgical spell Holy Light to purify the magic power.

As Elias was deep in his thoughts, one of the priests called at him.

“Sir Elias, what should we do? The cathedral cannot be defenseless...”

“Indeed...”

The protective talisman was imbued by the theurgical power of the Saint hundred of years ago.

While Elias could also use powerful theurgical spells thanks to the Goddess' Protection, his repertoire were mainly combat-focused. He *could* manage during the short-term, but he couldn't make a talisman that would last centuries like the Saint had.

Then Elias remembered. His friend Eric Marsaw, an instructor at the magic academy, had told him that among the boys and girls summoned this year, there was a person who was a prodigy in theurgy.

“Perhaps they could do it...”

Deciding to contact Marsaw, Elias returned to the great hall. The moment he did, he noticed a noble-looking silver-haired girl entering the hall...

“How lovely...”

...and his gaze was instantly stolen by the adorable black-haired maid walking behind her.

# Chapter 20

## ENEMY CONTACT

“May the Goddess’ will be done...”

We are at the Church. Milady Sharon has been accepted for lessons in this ‘theurgy’ thing without any problems. As I stay back behind her, a middle-aged priest walks up to me and covertly slips me a piece of paper.

“Ten gold coins, is it?”

“The Antidote spell that the young lady would be learning is quite suitable for nobles who are dabbling in the arts. Let us give thanks to the Goddess for her benevolence in granting us the knowledge.”

One needs to give an offering if one wants to get lessons in theurgy. In other words, the priest is pretty much saying: *“She’s a noble, she needs the spell, right? It’s not even that much, just pay up.”*

So, ten gold coins.

We have enough leeway in our funds now for a pricy purchase or two, but as the manager of milady’s finance, needless expenses are to be avoided.

“It’s not very affordable for the common person, is it?”

“Our learners would be able to receive a part of the Goddess’ miracles. They have all gladly made their offerings.”

“Yet I am quite sure the man who had just left had said that it was three gold coins for him.”

I see a twitch on the priest’s cheeks.

“...it would not reflect well on a noble if they were known to be unable to pay more than a commoner, would it?”

“Yes, indeed.”

The priest nods, showing obvious relief at my agreement. Humans don’t feel very comfortable when someone else keeps on blankly

staring at them in the eyes, do they?

“If I may make an idle observation, revered pastor. For a holy servant of the Goddess, would it not give rise to undesirable rumors if they were seen to, say, stare at a certain... *area*... of young ladies?”

The middle-aged priest’s smile freezes on his face.

“...what... might you be speaking about?”

“Oh, nothing, nothing at all. I understand that milady is quite beautiful. She has attracted quite a bit of attention from many of the male persuasion when she was on her way here as well. It bothered her, it seems.”

She jiggles just by walking, after all.

“...she must feel rather uncomfortable indeed.”

“Of course, these men were but commoners, so I had no intentions of raising a fuss as long as they stay discreet.

But *only* because they were commoners, I must add.”

“...”

“Kind pastor. If possible, might you be willing to further instruct milady on some harmless knowledge on theurgy? I am willing to give the aforementioned donation.”

“...understood.”

“Thank you, good priest. As a token of my gratitude, here...”

I slip him a few pieces of paper with printed pictures on them. The priest gives them a glance and carefully, reverently put them away in his pocket. The two of us share a pleased smile.

“”May the Goddess’ will be done.””

The generous priest has decided to also teach milady some curative spells.

By the way, these printed pictures are a kind of ‘monochrome photographs’ that were taken by a magitool. Newspaper use them, and the academy also has a few of the magitools.

And by sheer *coincidence*, in my pockets are photographs of miss Akiru and miss Hina after they'd been administered medicine and their faces were looking quite... indecent. My, I wonder how these photos existed. Heheheh.

“Letty, they taught me Cure and Strengthen!”

“I expect no less, milady.”

“But I’m not sure if I can handle them...”

The cheer on lady Sharon’s face clouds with worry.

“Milady, you’ve learned theurgical spells in order to help with your magic control in the first place. Let us proceed in our studies.”

“I’ll do my best!”

Milady clenches her wee little hands in determination. How dangerously cute.

That aside... I’ve been feeling a rather strange gaze.

Yes, it’s true that ever since we entered the cathedral, I’ve sensed a slight pressure coming from the statue of the Goddess, but this other gaze feels different.

“Hey, Letty.”

“What is it?”

Milady whispers in my ear, smiling in mischievous amusement.

“That knight over there has been looking at you, you know?”

I follow her gaze to see a knight wearing a suit of eye-wateringly shiny silver armor, looking about halfway through his twenties. He had been there when milady and I first came into the cathedral, I noticed. He left some time afterward, but apparently he’s returned.

“I see, he must be a pedophile.”

“Come on, Letty...” Milady gives me a look full of disappointment.

Oh, yes, of course. For noble girls in this world, being halfway

through their teenage years is enough for them to be considered a mature lady. While I'm not exactly a little kid myself, I would have expected him to look at milady instead with how maternal she looks. Why me?

...hmm?

“Milady, instructor Marsaw is there.”

“My.”

As soon as Eric Marsaw, the magic academy teacher, enters the cathedral, the aforementioned silvery knight displays a beaming smile. He runs up toward the instructor.

“Ah, they’re homo-”

“Letty?!”

My mistake. It was not a word suitable for my angelic lady’s ears.

“Oh, over there...”

“I see that the instructor hasn’t come alone.”

Behind instructor Marsaw is a petite young woman. I say petite, but that is only in comparison to the instructor and the knight, both of whom look to be over 180 centimeters. She is probably around my size.

She has long black hair and wears a pair of thin, silver-rimmed glasses. Among the middle-schoolers from Earth, she used to be the class president. Her name is...

“Hello, miss Sharon, miss Fleurety. I didn’t know you two were here too.”

Instructor Marsaw notices us and greets us with a smile. Like the knight, instructor Marsaw is also rather handsome.

They’re being targeted by quite a few sultry gazes from the female churchgoers.

“Greetings, instructor Marsaw.” Milady says.

I follow suit. “It has been a while, instructor.”

“...although I do hope you would attend class more frequently, miss Fleurety. Ah, yes, miss Chieri is also here.”

“Hello... Kamishiro.”

Oh, yes, her name is Chieri. Of course I remember.

If memory serves, her family manages a shrine. Behind the thin silver-rimmed pair of glasses, tense almond eyes pierce at me.

I remember her, of course. I remember how she, as the class president, *hadn’t* done anything.

Miss Chieri averts her gaze. She then turns a gentle smile toward instructor Marsaw, seeming as though her earlier coldness hadn’t existed.

“Teacher, allow me to introduce myself.”

“Sure, go ahead.”

Chieri smiles sweetly. She steps in front of milady.

“Lady Sharon. I believe this is the first time we’ve talked, yes?”

“Eh? ...ah, yes, indeed it is, lady Chieri.”

Truly, milady is a terminal patient of shyness. Just getting talked to by a girl of the same age is enough for her to get nervous and her face to turn stony.

Miss Chieri’s smile gains a hint of satisfaction. She walks even closer to milady.

“I’ve always wanted to talk to you. I hope we can be friends from now on.”

“Y-yes.”

Chieri stretches out her hand for a shake. Milady reflexively responds and brings out her own...

*\*thwap\**

“...Letty?”

But before they could touch, I grabbed both their arms.

“Excuse me.” I say.

Milady gapes at me, while Chieri looks at me quizzically. I slowly release my hold and begin to rub and pull at the flab on both their arms.

“Good.”

“Good’?! Is that what you have to say?!”

“...really, Kamishiro?”

Please, no need for such exasperation. I only like it if it’s milady making that sort of gaze.

At any rate, after my flabbiness comparison, it seems there is no need to change milady’s diet yet.

“May I introduce myself as well?” The silvery knight says, smiling at milady and me. “Greetings, lady Sharon. I am Elias Loewe. Pleased to make your acquaintance.”

The knight kneels and brushes milady’s hand with his lips. She panics and reverts to her instinctive haughtiness.

“Ah, yes, of course you should be! I am Sharon de Michel!”

Things are as usual. But then he also kneels in front of me, a simple maid, and he takes my hand in both of his. He kisses it so reverently I’m half convinced he thinks of me as his Goddess.

“My lady most lovely. May I have the honor of hearing your name?”

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‘...damn it.’

Chieri was born as the only daughter of a shrine near her middle school.

Yet even since her childhood, she had never been a pious girl. She treated priestesshood as nothing more than a job, and she saw the shrine as nothing more than an establishment that did business in faith.

When she was summoned in this world and gained a Skill called **[Theurgy Aptitude]**, she had thought that life had quite a sense of irony.

Chieri was aware that she was a logical girl, maybe a bit high-strung as well. Half the reason she had become the class president was for her academic records, while the other half was because she knew she wouldn't be able to stand letting the job go to someone less intelligent.

So even when the class had a girl being ostracized, she still ignored it. She didn't even try to hide the fact.

It was *her* class. She wouldn't allow her peace to be disturbed, even if the girl had been completely blameless.

Chieri had often heard the girls in the class chattering over this or that handsome boy, but she had never really understood them. She expected she would inherit the shrine someday, and so ever since she was a grade-schooler, she had always thought that she would be marrying a mature and rich man in the future, one who wouldn't interfere with what she did and had his own work to focus on. She was practical that way.

Unfortunately, this was real life. She wouldn't find such a man when she was still a kid. But then, her cousin, an older girl, misinterpreted it as her wanting to have a romance with an older man, and so she had given Chieri an *otome* game.

It had changed Chieri's world.

The game was called *Light, Darkness, and Love Online 2 – The Millefeuille of Love*. An installment of a series, the game was an online open world simulation game. While the title was undeniably rather

dubious, once Chieri tried it out, she instantly got hooked.

Not because it allowed her to vicariously experience a romance with adults, no.

It was because through the game, she had discovered a perverse sort of pleasure in seducing grown-up men, in bewitching them and driving them mad with love as a little kid.

The available seduction targets in this game who were adult men were, according to the official introduction, the imperial knight leader and the magic academy's instructor. And of course, Chieri had mostly focused on them in her hours and hours of game time.

In these sort of romance game, information was the most powerful weapon. And when the class was summoned into this world, Chieri had been the fastest to realize that it was the game's world. She immediately concealed her knowledge.

She expected that surely there were other 'heroines' who were aware of this game, too. She quietly began making her moves, hiding from the other heroines while changing this world to her advantage.

A fortunate surprise was waiting for her.

In the game, if a player tried to seduce more than a certain number of targets at the same time, there was a chance they might encounter a special, secret character. Now that the game had become reality, Chieri had thought it would be difficult to do the same, but then the **[Theurgy Aptitude]** Skill she had gained afforded her an opportunity. She was called to the Church, and there she met the secret character.

Elias Loewe, the most powerful holy knight. If certain conditions were fulfilled, conditions that were unknown to her, it would result in the appearance of an 'outside enemy'. The heroine and Elias would cooperate to defeat them.

Yet now, that holy knight, that stunningly beautiful man was kneeling in front of the bullied girl, kissing the back of her hand and looking at her with so, so much passion.

Unforgivable. It should have been Chieri instead.

Ever since the summoning, the girl had had a rather drastic change in personality. Chieri wondered if it wouldn't be her actual personality instead if she hadn't been bullied.

When Chieri heard that the girl had Partnered with Sharon, one of the villainesses, she had thought it fitting that the undesirables were sticking together. But then, a possibility came to Chieri's mind: that the girl knew of the game and still decided to become Sharon's Partner regardless. If so, she might just be Chieri's most dangerous enemy.

And her apprehension was proven. Just when Chieri was about to cast a tactile-type surveillance spell on Sharon, her arm was pinched by the girl and her spell was nullified.

Chieri wouldn't allow anyone to stand in her way. The girl and Sharon would be removed from the face of this world, she quietly swore to herself.

# Chapter 21

## TEA PARTY

Since morning today, we've been making preparations to go to a tea party.

*Who would have a tea party with such a loner queen as lady Sharon?* ...is probably what some of you people out there might be foolishly thinking, but milady has indeed received an invitation. Everyone still remember, right? Hmmhm, of course I still do. Right up until I don't.

“L-Letty, is this good enough?”

“Of course. You look wonderful in them, milady.”

The invitation came from her schoolmate, a young lady of a viscount family. This would be milady's *first* time going to a tea party.

Milady's ensemble today is a simple dress, albeit one with *plenty* of room in the chest area in order to bring out all of milady's charm. I had wanted to get her in all sorts of cute clothes, but milady is unfortunately overly *gifted* in a particular department. It's difficult to find ready-made clothes that fit her.

To give you an idea of milady's size, it is large enough that the employee of the clothing store we went to had clicked her tongue when she looked at milady.

“...Letty, you just had another unflattering thought, didn't you?”

“I was just thinking about the innate inequality between people, milady.”

“My, Letty, that sounds like a grand topic.”

The grandest in the world, I would say.

“Welcome, lady Sharon. I am most grateful that you have accepted my invitation.” The viscount's young lady turns to me,

“It is good to have you here as well, miss Fleurety.”

“O-of course, you’re welcome, come back anytime!”

Milady outdoes herself once again with her stranger anxiety. She’s panicking so much her response doesn’t even make sense. But that’s what makes her beautiful.

“Come, come, let’s go.”

“...umm, ah, yes.”

I had to give the viscount’s young lady a nudge to jolt her out of her temporary blue-screen. After her reboot, she gets back to guiding us to our destination.

The young lady was born to the Liniello viscount, and her name is Clarice. She is in the same study group as me in class.

We’ve received her invitation since before milady’s homecoming trip, but I still haven’t been able to discern her intentions.

“Hey there, miss Sharon, miss Fleurety.”

“Hello, lady Sharon... Kamishiro.”

The whole terrace has been reserved. There, we find two people already seated and enjoying their tea.

“Salutations, instructor Marsaw, lady Chieri...” Milady says.

The same two we met before. Instructor Marsaw looks to be in a good mood, but miss Chieri doesn’t seem to be in very good cheer. I can see her frowning a little.

Milady takes her seat. I move to my usual spot behind her.

“...miss Fleurety, please feel free to sit down.” Lady Clarice says, a hint of dismay on her face as she glances at the empty seat.

“My apologies. I am lady Sharon’s maid, and as such, I should not be seated at the same table.” I say, bowing my head.

Strangely enough, milady seems rather sad as she turns her eyes up at me.

“Letty... please. It’s a request from me, too.”

“But...”

“Then I won’t ask you to. I’m ordering you. Take the same seat as me.”

“Milady...”

Of course, I know that despite saying it’s an order, it’s really just her looking out for her humble servant.

“Then, allow me.”

As she has asked me to take the *same* seat, I climb on lady Sharon to sit on her lap, facing her.

“You *know* that’s not what I meant!”

\**thwack!*\*

It’s been quite a while since she took out the slipper again.

“Speaking of which, miss Sharon, I heard you’ve picked up theurgy?”

“...ah, yes, sir, but I’ve only just started.”

Indeed, with age comes wisdom. While everyone else is still gaping at me as I sit down on the seat next to milady as though nothing had happened, only instructor Marsaw makes conversation, looking as calm as ever.

“As I’ve mentioned in class before, theurgy is quite good for training your magic control. Keep at it, miss Sharon.”

“Y-yes, sir.”

“Teacher, I’ve also learned Purify,” Chieri suddenly cut in, leaning forward and sounding like a cute honor student who’s asking her teacher for some personal tutoring, “And I think I’m getting the hang of Barrier now... but I’m nervous, doing this alone. If you wouldn’t mind, teacher, would you—”

“My, has something happened?”

This time, it is lady Clarice who interrupts Chieri with a smile on her

face. Chieri's lips twitch.

"The Church has requested miss Chieri's expertise in theurgy." Instructor Marsaw answers, smiling kindly and seemingly oblivious to the current atmosphere.

"My, is that why she has learned Barrier...? Has something happened at the Church?" Lady Clarice says, her eyes faintly narrowing.

Chieri lightly brushes instructor Marsaw on the arm and chuckles. "That's a secret, right, teacher?"

I can practically feel the sparks flying. Meanwhile, milady cowers in fear, unable to face the carnage with her lacking skills in womanly combat.

Well, it doesn't really have anything to do with me anyway. In place of the viscount house's maid who's frozen in place, I begin to prepare for milady a cup of veeeery sweet caramel milk tea.

"Oh yes, which reminds me, I saw Elias talking to miss Fleurety here at the Church. I was honestly surprised, you know?"

He rarely shows interest in women." Instructor Marsaw changes the subject. I have no idea if this is him reading the mood, or *not* reading the mood.

Chieri's shoulders move in an almost unnoticeable shake.

That day, the silver-armor-wearing knight had continued to be quite insistent in trying to talk to me. A gift of roses then arrived for me a few days later. I immediately made them into rose jam.

"He's not interested in women? Does that mean he's interested in men, then?" I ask instructor Marsaw.

"No, that's not what I meant...."

"And you're friends with him, teacher... or are you '*friends*' with him?"

"Please stop."

Strangely enough, instructor Marsaw's face rapidly pales. On the other hand, lady Clarice blushes, looking as though she's discovered

something that she likes *very* much.

“It’s not that, he’s—”

“My, my, what an *intriguing* conversation.”

I really have to wonder if the people of this world are culturally inclined to interrupt others. Despite the terrace being reserved for the tea party, the doors are now open, and a very good-looking lady who looks to be in her early twenties strides toward us. Her hair is a scarlet red.

“...lady Camilla.” “Instructor Reese!”

Lady Clarice and miss Chieri’s voices overlap.

Oh, yes, of course I remember her. Like instructor Marsaw, she is also a teacher at the magic academy. Camilla de Reese, the young lady of a duke’s family.

“Clarice. Why have you called Marsaw but not me?”

“My apologies!”

Clarice hurriedly bows, intimidated by the lady instructor’s aggression.

“Instructor Reese, don’t be so harsh...”

As instructor Marsaw tries to mediate, lady Camilla coquettishly leans on him, fingertips caressing his leg.

“Come on, Marsaw, aren’t we coworkers? I told you, just call me Camilla.” She purrs.

Indeed, she makes miss Chieri look like a kid in comparison. While lady Camilla is the third daughter of a duke as well as an instructor of the academy, it doesn’t change the fact that instructor Marsaw is still her senior. A rather saucy woman she is, to be acting so familiar with him.

“You over there. Are you acquainted with Elias?”

Lady Camilla throws out her chest and ask me, condescension in her voice. How disappointing. Milady is far more impressively endowed.

“Instructor Camilla, your ringlets are truly luxurious.”

“My, is that your attempt at deflection?”

Despite saying that, she still seems quite pleased. Her lips faintly twitches in a smile, while her fingers brush through her scarlet curls.

Right, right. My hands meet each other in a gesture of realization, and I turn to milady.

“Letty?”

“Milady, today’s snack will be chocolate cornets.”

“What were you looking at to get that idea?!”

\*\*\*

The words had offended Camilla’s sensibilities and signaled the end of the tea party. Chieri waited until no one was looking at her and quietly sighed.

Today’s tea party had been extremely... *stressful*. Not only was the viscount young lady — the main heroine — there, but also two of the villainesses.

There were three villainesses in this game. Sharon was a character that showed up in all routes to annoy and harass you, but never really doing more. On the other hand, Camilla only appeared if you proceeded with the adults’ routes, but she made for a truly terrifying villain.

Chieri had seen her in the game many, many times. Nevertheless, when it came time to face her in the flesh and not through a two-dimensional screen, Chieri found her to be an even more intense woman than she had expected.

Thinking that today was a ‘game event’, Chieri had pestered Marsaw to take her along to the tea party, but then she found out the main heroine had also invited Sharon. She had no idea what the viscount

young lady had been thinking.

At first, she thought she would have to make enemies out of all of them at the same time, a headache-inducing prospect if there ever was one. But then her mind changed tack. Maybe the real problem was Kamishiro, after all.

The presence Camilla displayed had been *crushing*, yet the girl still had the nerve to ignore the woman without even blinking an eye. If it had been Chieri, she was sure she wouldn't have been able to do it.

*I guess I really have to deal with her first...*

“Instructor Reese... may I have a bit of your time? I would like to consult you on a matter...”

\*\*\*

“Hey, Letty, where is this?”

Today, milady and I are on a shopping trip downtown. I take a look at the memo she shows me, and my eyebrows slightly furrow.

“This store is located in a back alley. I shall go and make the purchase, milady.”

“You can’t. Instructor Camilla has asked me to do this, and so I will.”

At school, there may be times when an instructor requests their students to run an errand for them.

Rather than being a personal chore that the teacher needs doing, it’s more meant to serve as a sort of practical lesson for the noble boys and girls who haven’t had much contact with the common people.

All the same, as milady is a marquis’ daughter, there hasn’t been many teachers who have sent her for errands. Lady Camilla was the one to have asked her this time, however, so milady couldn’t refuse.

“My apologies. I have overstepped my bounds.”

“Don’t mind it, Letty. Besides, umm... I still want you to stay with me.”

Milady is already somewhat blushing by the end, her voice shrunken into an embarrassed whisper. How cute.

“Hey there young ladies, brave of you to come here without bodyguard”

A man appears before us right after we enter the back alley and starts running his mouth, so I let him have a taste of my spiked club.

“Nice shot.”

“Letty?!” Milady sounds shocked.

“Quite a ruffian he was, to have scared milady so.”

“That’s not what I’m talking about! What are you doing so suddenly?”

“What do you mean, milady?”

Anyone who would say something so cliché in this sort of place would inevitably meet the same fate.

“Oh yes, do you mean we should have tied him up and interrogate him? My apologies, I have been hasty.”

“No, that’s not what I meant either...”

I *have* held back as much as I could on him, but the man is still twitching on the ground with hands between his legs. He does not seem to be available for questioning.

But there is no need to worry. He hasn’t been alone. The few men behind him are already taking out bladed weapons, see?

Though I can see some fear mixing in with the anger they’re showing on the faces.

“Damn this bitch, she thinks she’s hot shit?!”

“Don’t bother kidnapping them! Just fuck ‘em up!”

So, ‘kidnapping’, is it. Simply to take a ransom? Or perhaps they’re working for someone?

I ready my Orc Killer EX in an actual stance. Seeing me, milady tugs on my sleeves.

“You can take them down, but, umm, don’t do that ‘Nice Shot’ thing again, okay?”

“Hmm.”

How kind of milady. I understand, her face *is* flipping between a pale pallor and a bright blush, after all. Besides, if I do the upswing with my full strength, I don’t think they’d be in any condition to talk.

“Understood.”

I approach the group. One of the men runs at me with his weapon. I trip him with my spiked club and once he lies on the ground, I make a putt with Orc Killer EX.

\*splat\*

“Birdie.”

“Urflp...”

My gentle strike hasn’t been enough to make him faint. It only turns his face ashen pale and sodden with cold sweat while his body shivers.

“Come on, be grateful for milady’s kindness. One more hit...”

“No, that’s not it!”

Don’t worry, milady. There are still plenty of balls left to hit. Let’s see what they know about their backer.

# Chapter 22

## MEAL

“Instructor Camilla, here are your requested purchase.”

“...right. Thanks, Sharon.”

A beautiful silver-haired girl entered the room. She placed on the table the items she had purchased from a dubious pharmacy in a back-alley. The glamorous red-haired woman, Camilla, narrowed her eyes for a moment, before showing a honeyed smile as her hands gathered up the items.

“You took quite some time for such a simple errand, didn’t you?” Camilla coolly said.

The girl frantically bowed, her long eyelashes trembling.

“M-my utmost apologies!”

The two noble ladies, one of a dukedom and one of a marquis house, were more than just passingly familiar with each other. They had been acquaintances from a young age. Camilla possessed great pride and dignity as a noble lady, and the girl had always seen her as an example to follow.

“Well, I’ve always known you were a dimwitted one. Just don’t embarrass me.”

“Y-yes...”

Even when faced with such derision, the all-too-naive girl still believed Camilla was saying it for her sake.

Camilla’s lips curled upward contemptuously.

“Speaking of which... what has happened to that maid?”

“Umm... might instructor Camilla be speaking of Letty-I mean, Fleurety...?”

“Who else? Really, you’re such a dullard, Sharon.” Camilla spoke,

displeasure audible in her castigation even as she opened wide her feather fan to hide a grin of delight. “The place is somewhat out of the way, and there might just be some unsavory characters showing up from time to time. Don’t tell me you went there without any guards to accompany you?”

“No, umm...”

The so-called ‘errand’ had been meant as a practical lesson, so going out with a protective bubble of guards would have rendered it meaningless. The unwritten rules were that the student was allowed only a single servant to accompany them.

“Surely you haven’t gone out with just a single maid? She might have been an otherworlder with a useful skill, but don’t forget who you are. You’re of a marquis house, Sharon, not low nobility.”

Camilla drew closer to the girl, her voice gaining a hint of anticipation.

“Or perhaps... has *she* gotten hurt?”

Sharon’s eyes darted to and fro in apparent discomfort.

“Letty is... umm...”

And the silver-haired girl turns her eyes at *me*.

“I am here.” I whisper into Camilla’s ear.

She practically jumps from her seat with an ear-splitting shriek.

Greetings, everyone. It is me, Fleurety, the lovely maid who is standing *right behind you*.

“Y-y-you,” Camilla says, still catching her breath, “How dare you show up so suddenly?! And from behind too, at that!

Learn some manners!”

“It hadn’t been ‘sudden’, instructor Camilla. I had entered after lady Sharon, and I was the one to have arranged the requested items on the table.”

“Wha...?”

As Camilla searches her memory, she soon realizes that the void in her perception until now had been me. She gapes.

But, well, it's to be expected. After all, not only did I erase my presence, I also made use of transparent threads to change a few things in the visual information that she received.

In that alleyway, milady — and I as well, I suppose — had been attacked. I was forced to defend ourselves, and it had been thanks to milady's kindness that they were captured before they could permanently lose their ability to commit any further criminal activities in the future.

It was legitimate self-defense. Totally.

I then took the few occasions when milady's attention was elsewhere to initiate some *intensive* dialogue with the captives.

It turned out that they had been given the info by a servant of a low noble, and that the servant had already been discharged from their position. The culprit certainly took care of their loose ends, I must say.

Of course, that didn't mean I couldn't guess how things might have happened.

“Why are you unhurt?!”

“I do not understand, instructor Camilla. There hadn't been any obstacle. Or perhaps you mean to say that you were aware there would be danger at our destination, instructor?”

“W-what are you implying?! Of course there would be! That's the sort of place where ruffians and rascals would gather, that's common sense!”

“And an instructor of the academy would still make it a location for an 'errand', despite that?”

“Sharon is a high noble, of course she would have bodyguards to protect her!”

“I see. Our business is concluded then, instructor. As we shall have to report the matter to the academy and His Majesty as well, please

allow us to take our leave..."

"I-Impudent servant, know your place! Their time is much too valuable to be bothered by such trivialities! Don't think being a Partner candidate will protect you when I throw you into prison—"

"Oh, yes, before I forget, there is a delivery from the pharmacist to instructor Camilla."

I take out a bottle containing a noxiously pink liquid. Camilla's eyes grow into the size of saucers.

"After the *talk* that the esteemed pharmacist had deigned to grant me, it came to my knowledge that there was a certain noble lady who frequently visited the shop to obtain a rather powerful kind of... *medication*. As it is made from moss gathered from the lowest levels of a dungeon, it would take several months to have enough to fill a single one of this bottle."

"Y-You..."

"It's a *very* interesting product indeed. Whoever was purchasing this surely has good taste."

"..."

"Yet I am but a lowly maid, and I am aware that such a treasure deserve a more worthy owner. I was thinking to bring it to the academy, but... hmm, I wonder. Lady Camilla, you are an instructor. Should I entrust it into your care?"

"...I'll take it."

"The item has already been paid for. I only request my handling fee."

I give her a bill that lists said fee and a few other expenses. Lady Camilla's face rapidly changes color.

"T-This..."

"Would you prefer me to take this directly to the Reese dukedom instead?"

"...I'll pay."

"I am grateful."

The slip of paper resembles less an invoice and more a notice of debt, really, but surely lady Camilla would overlook the difference if she knows what's good for her. Milady is looking rather jittery as well. Oh, she hasn't needed to worry.

"Instructor Camilla, rest assured, I haven't come here just to burden you with more responsibilities."

Gently, delicately, I present to her a perfume bottle that is quite a bit smaller than the previous bottle of medicine.

"What is this...?"

"I assume instructor Camilla would understand if I say that *it's twice as powerful*, yes?"

"..."

Lady Camilla's eyes flash for a single moment. Her face is crimson-red, a drastic change from what she looked like only minutes ago, and she snatches the perfume bottle into her possession as though afraid it would run away.

Thus concludes milady's errand. All's well that ends well.

And forgive me for not explaining more about the aforementioned medicine, as I am sure there are those under eighteen among the readers.

Several days later. It is the date of the planned meal with his Highness Joel that milady had been invited to weeks ago.

"Hey, Sharon. You're looking even more radiant today."

"T-thank you for the compliment, your Highness..."

Of course she is. Today, Milady has her hair in a quick updo, while her outfit is a scarlet dress that clings to her curves and shows off her shoulders.

As her dress doesn't leave much to the imagination, she's being rather bashful, yet it is exactly that embarrassment that makes her look perfect. She *did* smack me with a slipper when I said as much, but it doesn't mean I was wrong. His Highness' gaze is fixed on her figure,

after all. Especially one place in particular.

Milady had been one of his fiancee candidates ever since they were young, but it is not until today that they actually have their first meal alone together. Really, I just showed off a fraction of her true beauty and prince Joel is already acting like this. What a dreadfully hopeless man.

As the occasion is only an informal get-together between fellow students, other than milady and prince Joel, there is only me in the position of milady's maid, two senior maids serving his Highness, and finally his bodyguard, the imperial knight leader named Andy.

When Andy saw my beautiful lady wearing a dress, his eyes squinted for a moment as though he was looking at something much too dazzling. Then his gaze moved to a certain part of milady's and he looked away in apparent shame, his cheeks blushing.

What a closet pervert he is.

Yet I could not blame him for it. It is the first time milady wears such a mature dress that shows off her body so, after all.

Andy must have been feeling quite guilty for being entranced by lady Sharon's sensuality when he had only ever seen her as a little sister.

*But the fruit is so much more enticing when it's forbidden, isn't it? I totally get it, Andy, you horndog. Heheheh.*

“Oh yes. Miss Fleurety, would you care to join us? I understand you've become Sharon's maid, but you are her Partner as well.” Prince Joel suddenly says.

He turns to Sharon. “I notice you seem somewhat nervous. Would you be more at ease if she was to be beside you, Sharon?”

“Eh? Ah, umm...”

Well, he wasn't wrong. Milady is nervous. Seemingly taken by surprise at the turn of the conversation, milady glances backward at me, looking for help.

The prince must have planned this. Instead of a table set for only two people facing each other, there are additional seats to the side. *Plural.* Not just one, but *two* seats.

The silence continues. I glance at the prince to see that his perpetual smile is still there, but his eyes are darting to the side.

...I see.

“I am grateful for your consideration, your Highness. However, I am but a maid. It would be better if there was another man.”

“Hmm, true. In that case...”

Prince Joel pretend to look around without even trying to make it look natural, and he calls for the only other man in the room.

“Andy, would you join us?”

“Me, your Highness?”

Andy hesitantly speaks, his brows set in a slight frown even as he already had an inkling of where the conversation is going.

“Your Highness, I am a protector. I cannot protect you if I am seated at the same table.”

“This is the academy, and the only people in this room are those I trust. You’re the heir of a marquis as well, Andy. There is no problem.”

“But...”

Of course, even if the prince’s saying that, common sense would still tell you there *is* a problem. Seeing that Andy continues to be so straight-laced, prince Joel gives me another glance.

“I would be the one least trusted here, am I not?”

“Letty!” Milady speaks up, shocked.

“Which is why sir Andy should sit with me and keep watch. Otherwise, it would simply be not proper for me to sit with milady and your Highness.”

It’s sophistry, pure and simple, but prince Joel still nods deeply at my words.

“Don’t keep a lady waiting, Andy.”

“...understood.”

“Right, you two are childhood friends, aren’t you? I’ll let you catch up on old times. Besides, rarely have I a chance to talk with miss Fleurety here.”

“I am honored, your Highness.” I say with a bow.

Prince Joel’s two maids pull out the neighboring seats, and I sit with his Highness. Andy gives a sigh of resignation and sit down in front of milady.

“Sir Andy...”

“It’s been a while, miss Sharon... so, umm, you look beautiful. I was honestly stunned.”

“Ah! Umm... thank you...”

“...”

“...”

Then the two blushing people just stay silent. They don’t even touch the food. Prince Joel and his senior maids watch them with smirks on their faces. Finding myself with nothing to do, I begin to put away four people’s worth of food into my stomach.

It is during my meal that prince Joel leans near me and whispers.

“So how do you find my plan, miss Fleurety?”

Apparently the prince has *some* degree of awareness about what’s going on between the two of them.

“Let’s see... I shall return your score from the negative back to zero, then.” I whisper back, wiping my mouth with a napkin.

His Highness slumps face-down on the table.

“I guess I’ll have to be satisfied with getting your approval for today.”

Really, what did he mean by that?

On a separate and unrelated note, prince Joel has also given me what

amounted to a word of... *warning*, I suppose.

“While I’ve noticed that the noble ladies are acting somewhat strange... I am more concerned about the rumor that a certain dukedom has made contact with some people in the Church. Miss Fleurety, please stay vigilant. Lady Sharon might need you by her side.”

# Chapter 23

## PLOTS

Andy de Mercia was the personal bodyguard-knight for Joel, the second prince of Argrey Kingdom. Andy had a brother and a childhood friend, a girl. Both of them were nine years younger than him.

The girl was the only daughter of a knight, a woman named Kyria, who was the bodyguard-knight assigned to the prince before Andy took up her position, as well as being his teacher.

Andy had doted on the girl. He had treated her as though she was his own sister, partly because Kyria had married into a marquis house, while Andy was also born of a marquis family himself.

He wondered when the rift between them formed.

Was it when her mother, Kyria, passed away in an ‘accident’ that everyone knew wasn’t one? Was it when he took over Kyria’s duty to become prince Joel’s bodyguard, when his responsibilities meant he no longer had the spare time to visit her? Or was it when his brother Karl lashed out against her and drove a wedge into their relationship?

No. Somewhere inside him, he already knew the answer.

It was when she, the girl whose mother had been taken away much too soon, embarked on her endeavor to become the most exemplary noble she could be, and was finally rewarded with a position among prince Joel’s fiancee candidates. He had seen her, had watched her journey.

He thought she was much too dazzling for him. And he blamed himself as well, for not being there for her when kindness was what she had needed the most.

There hadn’t been a single clear-cut reason. If it wasn’t one thing then it was another, and they all combined to drive the two further and further apart. Before he knew it, he found she had already become independent. Lonely.

Loneliness turned into aloofness. As he watched her continuing effort

to be the lofty noble she wanted to be, he found there was no longer anything he could say to her. He gave up. She was a fiancee candidate to royalty now; their relationship could never return to how it had been.

Then one day, the girl began to change.

It was the day of the summoning of Partners from another world that she and prince Joel had participated in... or more specifically, when the summoned black-haired girl became her Partner.

Sharon then began to let go of her tension, no longer trying to hold herself together with a rope so tautly strung it seemed like it might snap at any moment. She regained the warm tenderness that a girl of her age should have.

It didn't matter if the former was the 'proper' way of being a noble. Her armor of ice had melted away to reveal a sunny smile, surprising everyone who knew her. The more familiar they were of her, the more pronounced their shock, and the more her smile enchanted them.

Before he knew it, Andy found his eyes were already naturally chasing after her.

It was then that he had his realization.

Just as he followed her with his gaze, so was she doing the same with her own. And whenever their gazes inevitably meet, she would turn away as though surprised, her cheeks burning red and her eyes growing moist.

Upon the sight, he had no choice but to realize that the girl was no longer the baby sister that he had always seen her as.

She was now a woman that took his breath away.

One day, his friend came to visit him.

"Hey, Andy. It's been a while."

"...Elias? How unexpected."

The two were close in age, with Elias being the more skilled knight. The holy knight had always seemed rather detached from reality, however, and Andy couldn't help but fuss over him. Elias, too, grew to

see Andy as a reliable friend.

The pious holy knight was the Church's most valued treasure, and there was a large gap between him and the kingdom's knights. He rarely left the Church. It made his visit today all the more curious.

Elias' perpetual smile gained a hint of wryness as he spoke.

“To be honest, there's this girl I've been thinking about...”

\*\*\*

As there are no classes today, I and milady have gone to the Salt Dungeon located to the east of the capital. Another name for it is the Third Dungeon.

“...hey, Letty, isn't it supposed to be the other way around?”

“Yet there are still some among the populace who aren't aware that its official name is 'the Third Dungeon', milady.”

“I suppose it's true that the salt has been a boon for us as well, but still...”

And so we come to the reason why we are here at the dungeon today: to earn money.

After milady's reconciliation with her family, we now have the proper financial support. All the same, public money is accompanied by quite a few restrictions, and so we also need to have some slush fund available.

“I'm not sure why, but I feel like we're doing something illicit here...”

“It is because the majority of our budget has been used for your sweets, milady.”

“I don't eat that much!”

“...of course you don't.”

“Can you not say that while pinching my arms, Letty?!”

As I have been giving her *viscously* sweet drinks practically every day,

milady's weight has unfortunately exceeded the average by a slight margin.

Well, she used to be on the other side of the bell curve anyway. Back then, she didn't even have the money for snacks.

Even if she gains weight now, most of it is still going to her chest. It's not that much of a problem.

“Using magic consumes calories, milady. Please do your best.”

“Am I so fat I need to exercise in a dungeon now?!”

Milady begins to pinch her belly, looking horrified.

As she has rolled up her upperwear at the dungeon entrance, many of the male explorers nearby are now staring at her, hoping to catch a glimpse of heaven. I gently stop her.

“A lady must never show her skin so readily, milady,” I whisper.

“Ah!”

Milady turns bright-red and immediately straightens up her clothes, but her cuteness has not gone unobserved. The ears of the young male explorers and even the guild office's staff members have all grown Dumbo-sized in trying to listen in on us.

This won't do. No matter how adorable milady is, I still cannot allow her to be exposed to such salacious eyes. As her maid, it is my duty to save her from the indignity, even if it means bearing it myself.

“Milady. According to the current measurement system, I would consider myself to be between B and C.”

“Letty?!”

All the men's eyes snap toward my direction not a moment later. For someone who'd just been a middle schooler not so long ago, it is a rather respectable size.

Incidentally, I should respond to milady's earlier question as well.

“We are not going to the dungeon to lose weight, milady, but for funds, as it is now necessary to replace your wardrobe.

Milady has outgrown underwear that are two sizes bigger than mine, after all.”

“What are you saying?!” “What are you saying?!”

Two shouts overlap. The former is milady’s, her face beet-red to her ears, her hand once more holding The Slipper after she has used it on my head. I wonder whose voice was the latter?

“Sir Andy?!”

“Uh, hey...”

Andy, who has popped up out of nowhere, smiles at milady. His eyes wander.

“Sir Andy?”

“Ah, no, it’s nothing, miss Sharon. Nothing at all...”

And here I am, going through all that efforts to divert attention from milady only to have it end in vain. Everyone is looking at her again. Similarly, Andy’s gaze would drop the moment he loses his focus. The male physiology is quite inconvenient, it seems.

But, well, there *are* men who don’t let it show on their face at all, too.

“It is good to see you again, miss Fleurety.”

“My, my, sir Elias. I am honored to be treated with such respect.”

There’s that holy knight from the Church too. As we conclude our merry greetings, a question comes to my mind.

“Why are you here, sir Elias...?” I ask, sending a glance to his back.

In a moment of realization, he turns around to introduce the two boys behind him.

“The Church has received a request from His Highness Joel, and I am here to help these two Partner candidates acclimatize to the dungeon.”

“Hey there, Kamishiro.” “H-hello.”

The two boys say, one confidently, one hesitantly.

“Greetings. Indeed, it has been quite some time,” I reply.

They are students of the middle-school class that had been summoned from Earth. Their names are... hmm...

...so anyway, as the economy of this country depends quite a lot on dungeons, it is certainly better for them, being Partner candidates for nobles, to be acquainted with the dungeons sooner rather than later.

I suppose the faint blushes on their cheeks had come about after they listened to our earlier conversation. They *are* healthy young boys, after all. I can’t fault them for dropping their gazes from time to time when speaking with me. And if I am already having such an effect on them, then I can only imagine how much more devastating milady would be to their attention span.

So, they’ve come here with a theurgy-capable member of the Church, probably so that they wouldn’t have to worry about wounds and injuries. But then why was Elias, the Holy Knight himself, the one deployed for the task?

“Miss Sharon, would... umm... would you go to the dungeon with us? Ah, only if you don’t mind, of course.”

“Y-yes, I would like to, sir Andy.”

But before I can voice my question, they have already concluded their talk.

\*

“Kamishiro, that’s an amazing weapon. Can I hold it for a moment?”

“Go ahead.”

I give Sei my Orc Killer EX. It doesn’t stay a second in his hands before slamming into the ground, not budging an inch.

In the end, the six of us all went into the dungeon together. This is

going to hurt our earnings a bit, but I can negotiate with Andy to make up for it later.

The two boys are Sei and Genki. Of course I remember their names.

Sei is one of the leaders of the boys in class. Meanwhile, Genki isn't a student I remember ever speaking with before. He has a sort of cuteness that reminds me of milady's younger brother. Right now, he is desperately trying to make conversation with her.

"This is... heavy..." Sei says, struggle evident in his voice.

"Let me have a look..." Elias says from beside Sei, and he lifts the spiked bat.

He's a holy knight all right, though it seems holding it one-handed is still much too taxing for him. With a slight frown, he stabilizes the weapon with both hands and inspect it.

"It is amazing, certainly, but..."

"Is something wrong?" I ask.

"...no."

"You make it look so easy, Kamishiro." Sei says with a chuckle, "I'm feeling a bit emasculated right now."

These may not be the words to use to talk about a boy the same age as me, but I really think he's a good kid. It is impressive the way he managed to get everyone to relax with just a word or two.

"You're very much a normie, Sei."

"...it doesn't sound like a compliment when you say it right to my face without batting an eye, Kamishiro."

Oh no, it is. Considering the fact that the Maid Chief used to say I'm 'wormy' right to my face without batting an eye, it's very much a compliment.

"Miss Fleurety, thank you."

"Oh, it's nothing, sir."

As he returns my spiked club, he takes the occasion to caress the back of my hand as well.

“If the occasion permits, please allow me to gift you a weapon more suitable.”

Something more suitable for me? A chainsaw? I hope it’s a chainsaw.

I and Elias move forward as the vanguard. Suddenly, Genki shouts.

“Watch out! There are traps!”

He must have some sort of detection Skill. **[Trap Detection]**, maybe. That’s all very fine and good, but I do wish he had said his warning *before* I stepped on the trap.

“Letty!”

Milady screams as the magic circle below me lights up.

From what I can see, the trap’s range is likely to envelop both me and Elias. Seeing no need to let the trap catch me if I can help it, I decide to immediately retreat. It is then that Elias catches my hand.

When my vision clears, there are only the two of us. This must be a room somewhere in the dungeon, somewhere quite far from milady.

“Teleportation, is it?”

“It certainly seems so.” Elias replies.

There *are* teleportation traps in this dungeon, but only on the bottom floor. Certainly not on the middle floors where we used to be. How curious.

“Sir Elias, why did you hold me back?”

I expect that just like me, he could have escaped at any time. Elias replies with his unchanging cheer.

“Sorry about that. The reason... well, I suppose I simply wanted to be alone with you, that’s all.”

“Is that so?”

We look at each other, the same smile on our faces, both of us moving back a step unprompted. Elias slowly unsheathes his sword and points it at me.

“Miss Fleurety... who are you?”

# Chapter 24

## HOLY KNIGHT

On a snow-bound night, a baby was found on the doorsteps of one of the Church's establishment. He was taken in and placed in an orphanage.

The child would one day become Elias Loewe, the Holy Knight of the Church.

As a boy, Elias was already deeply devout. On one fateful day, the Goddess granted him an Oracle, and with the talent for theurgy that he displayed, much was expected of him. An archbishop from the capital's Church had discovered his talents and adopted him, hoping that one day he would join the Church as a clergyman.

Yet it was not the path of priesthood that Elias had chosen, but one of knighthood instead.

This country relied heavily on the resources produced by its dungeons. As such, there was no lack of explorers who had lost their lives in the dungeons, whose children were then placed in the orphanage. Elias had grown up with them as his brothers and sisters. He thought that if he became a knight, then he could prevent the tragedies from repeating. Children would no longer have their parents taken away too soon.

And then, with his innate talent and years of effort, he was finally granted the title of the Holy Knight, a title that the Church had not bestowed to anyone for hundreds of years.

Elias was incredibly popular with the fairer sex.

He was young, being only in his early twenties, and he already held a high position within the Church, as well as being the strongest knight of Argrey Kingdom. He was nothing like the kind of arrogant nobles that had nothing else beside good looks and status, or the priests within the Church who would demand bribes and favors. He always treated everyone with the utmost respect and grace, be they men, women, children, or the elderlies, and his smile never waned.

But Elias was entirely unconcerned with romance.

It was not because of the Church, as the establishment still allowed its members to marry. His lack of interest was because of the Goddess.

Ever since receiving the Oracle when he was a child, he had been called ‘the Goddess’ Beloved”. Not only had he heard her voice, he had even seen her in his dreams time after time.

Legends had it that the only people who have beheld the Goddess were the Kingdom’s founder and his queen, the Saints who would appear only every few centuries, and heroes who have saved the country. It was said that the Goddess was a beautiful girl mid-way through her teens, with hair of silver and eyes of sapphire.

Her form — ideal, perfectly *designed* — was a sight that Elias had seen again and again ever since his childhood, all the way through his puberty and after. It was no wonder, then, that he showed not much interest in normal women.

Not so long ago, he received another Oracle.

*“A foreign existence has sullied this world. It has yet to show itself, but soon the terrible thing would bring chaos and destruction. Of that, I am certain.”*

Among the knowledge that the Goddess had granted to the people was the summoning spell to call upon intelligent beings from another world. And so Elias thought if the Goddess herself had shown such apprehension for this intruder, then he could only imagine how evil, how horrible the monster must be.

Some time after the Oracle, the barrier erected by the Saint of old was broken. Elias had thought it an act of the invader, the Irregularity, in order to prepare for their coming. He was alarmed.

And then, Elias met a girl.

She was a noble’s maid. A girl with an exotic beauty that could not be found anywhere else in this country. Her mane of silky obsidian, serene orbs of wine-red, and fair features without a hint of imperfection weren’t anything he’d seen before, even among the noble caste full of handsome men and women. But despite her looks, she’d

never displayed a hint of vanity, always prioritizing the noble lady that she served above all else. He thought she was lovely.

But a more accurate statement would be that he was *struck*.

Being so used to the sight of the Goddess, Elias had never known the feeling of fear. It was why when he saw the girl for the first time, he thought the *chill* running down his spine was his racing heart.

It was the first time he ever thought he wanted to get to know someone.

And the more he found out about her, the more mysterious she seemed.

From what he heard, she had been summoned from another world. Yet despite being born in a land without the noble caste, she was as professional as a maid of the palace, displaying abilities that could easily make her a Partner to one of the royal family if she so wished. She served her mistress as a perfect maid, at times supporting her as a friend.

Then one day, the second prince made a request to escort the Partner candidates in their dungeon-delving.

He wasn't going to accept at first. But then he found out that his friend Andy, the imperial knight, was joining, and there was a possibility that the maid girl would participate as well. Finally, he was also curious about the matter that lady Chieri, the young lady who had come to help erect the barrier, had told him about.

He decided to go.

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“Miss Fleurety... who are you?” Elias says, pointing his sword at me.

There's really only one answer I can give.

“I am lady Sharon's personal maid.”

Perfect answer, and not even a twitch on his face. His previous

question had been similarly airy as well. There's not a single gap in his composure.

Quite the troublesome character, he is. He may even be one of those 'Heroes'-type that I had once heard from the Maid Chief.

"Then how is it that such a simple maid is capable of wielding such a weapon?"

"What do you mean, sir? Is there something wrong with this Orc Killer?"

While I'd done a bit of an upgrade on it, it's still nothing more than a weapon made to kill orcs. There's nothing unnatural about it.

"That weapon is cursed, is it not? A curse powerful enough to sap the life of its wielder and drive them toward death simply by proximity. If it hadn't been for the holy element that I and mister Sei possessed, we would have been similarly affected. Yet I feel no such holiness from you."

"I am milady's maid. As long as my will stands strong, nothing can defeat me."

"Willpower..."

Curses don't mean a thing if you have guts. I even heard from somewhere that the people of old used to power through incurable diseases with just guts and charcoal tablets.

"Has the Holy Knight pointed his sword on a civilian because of such a trivial reason?"

"'Trivial', you say... my brothers and sisters in the Church would disagree, I'm sure. Besides, I must admit I'm rather curious about your strength."

"Is that so?"

He's even more of a hassle than I thought.

"May I trouble you for a short duel, miss?"

"Then, allow me."

Elias readies his sword and shield. I loosely grasp my spiked club.

“Ready yourself.”

The moment he makes the announcement, his sword speeds toward me in a stab. I block with the handle of my spiked club, and metal hit metal.

“Impressive.”

“I was just lucky, sir,” I say, swinging my weapon upward. Elias takes a step backward and parries with his shield.

Indeed, he’s no common soldier. Almost as if he’s a game character among a crowd full of normal, real people.

“That was scary.”

“What are you saying, sir? You look like you didn’t even break a sweat.”

If I truly want to defeat him, I’d have to go 100% *all out*. At the moment, however, there are still too many mysteries around the immortal people and about his abilities.

Oh well, that’s for later. I’ll have to deal with *this* first.

\*clang!\*

“[Holy Light] !”

I deflect an arrow that had been aimed at my back with my club, while Elias fires a spell of light toward the source of the arrow.

“W-what are you doing, sir Elias?!”

“...that’s my line.” Elias says, a hint of exasperation on his face.

The attackers are four youths wearing full metal armor. Their familiarity with Elias and the holy sigils on their chests identify them as members of the Church.

“What is the meaning of this? Your mission was nothing more than getting miss Fleurety alone with me, was it not?”

Looks like that trap was set by Elias here.

“I am appalled, sir Elias.”

“My apologies, my lady. There were some strange rumors I had to investigate.” Elias says, bowing to me while his sword is pointed at the men who look to be the Church’s warrior-priests.

They shout, sounding outraged.

“Sir Elias, she does not deserve such respect!” “Indeed! That maid and her mistress have been planning to inflict harm upon his Highness Joel and lady Camilla, and they hold malice against the Church, too!”

“...and where did you hear that from, hmm?”

A quiet aura of murderous anger surrounds Elias. The warrior-priests whimper, their faces paling.

“That is *not* what I have heard,” Elias continues.

“We, umm...” “The virtuous miss has been extolled as the next possible Saint, sir, she could not have lied to us! It is unthinkable!” “And lady Camilla has also corroborated the matter, sir...”

“Right, I see now,” Elias says, a hand rubbing his forehead as though to relieve a headache.

That was some rather terrible slander. I would not have minded if it had been only me, but to have insulted milady so...

Elias speaks, seemingly sensing my ire.

“Miss Fleurety...”

“Apologies for losing my composure, sir. Do you believe them?”

He smiles.

“No. Our clash just now told me everything I needed to know. I hadn’t felt any ill thoughts from you. And besides, I really did want to have a chance to spend some time alone with you.”

With his words, my anger lessens as well. Though I must say, he *is* correct in believing I hold no ill thoughts.

I don’t *think*, after all. I do everything by instinct.

As they watch us, one of the warrior-priests shouts.

“We shall bring judgement upon her! The two of you, keep sir Elias occupied! One will accompany me to take her down!”

“””Y-yes!”””

“Miss Fleurety...” Elias turns to me and says, “while they may be somewhat... well, *immature*, they aren’t malicious by nature. So...”

“Do not worry, sir. They won’t die.”

“Move out!”

With the signal from the apparent leader of the group, the four-person group split into two pairs. A pair heads for me.

“You have disturbed our lady Saint’s peace of mind for the last time! We shall—”

“Nice shot.”

“Erglp?!”

My Orc Killer EX sends one of them flying with a single strike. The man smashes into the ceiling of the dungeon, then drops like a squashed frog. On the ground, he continues to twitch, his eyes rolled back in their sockets and his hands pressed tight against his crotch.

Silence descends upon the room. No one moves an inch.

They’re all clenching their legs together, I notice.

“Well then.” I say, moving toward the leader.

“N-no, stay away, stay away!”

No signs of his previous courage remains. As he is protecting his crotch with his shield, I give him a gentle tap on his helmet instead, sending him into a momentary daze. As he gets unsteady on his feet, I sweep his legs, catching them and raising them up high. His lower body is now exposed.

“N-no, stop! Stop!”

“Miss Fleurety?!” Elias exclaims.

“Nice shot.”

The man gurgles.

There is no need to worry. Their armor has protected them from death.

I turn around with a cheerful grin, and the rest of the warrior-priests immediately prostrate themselves flat on the ground.

Sir Elias also sits down on his legs with his back ramrod straight. I wonder why.

\*

It is now after the battle. Sir Elias is looking rather upbeat. “This might be the first time I have been chastised by a lady,”

he said.

He then informs me of the reason for his deception.

“Miss Fleurety. I have been told that you are manipulating lady Sharon in a plot to take over her noble house.”

“Who told you that, sir?”

“...it was lady Chieri. Lady Camilla and a maid of the Michel marquis house named Mia have also given me their testimonies. After her repair of the Church’s barrier, lady Chieri has acquired a significant amount of support among the younger priests. They must have moved out on her words alone, I would expect.”

Hearing our conversation, one of the still-prostrating priests feebly mumbles.

“M-madam, umm... a-a few of our fellow priests have also moved out against the young Michel lady...”

“What?!”

Elias replies with a grimace, his voice tense.

Those ladies have really done it now. It seems I will have to give them some *housetrai*—ahem, I mean, some admonishment.

# Chapter 25

## THE TWO

In the dungeon, Sharon's maid and irreplaceable friend, Fleurety, had been caught in a teleportation trap and had disappeared.

The young lady panicked.

“L-Letty?! Where did she go?! Come on, we have to hurry!”

“Sharon! Sharon, it's fine, look at me,” Andy said, frantically trying to calm her down. “Elias is with miss Fleurety. He is the greatest knight of Argrey Kingdom. Her safety is guaranteed.”

In his hurry, he hadn't noticed how he had gotten close to her, had talked to her the way he used to a long time ago.

“Y-yes, right, right...”

Andy's reminder and her own knowledge of Fleurety's strength helped her regain a measure of composure.

Her friend had promised her they would always be together. Fleurety was a strange girl, she thought, but more than anyone else, she also knew that her maid wasn't one to break promises.

*...when did we make that promise again?*

Sharon was sure of it, that they had sworn to become friends, that they would never be apart, and yet in her memories, there was no recollection of when it had happened, nor how.

There was only their bond carved deep into her mind, into her heart.

“Although... why is there a teleportation trap so close to the entrance? Do you know if this has happened before, Sharon?”

“...no, I do not.”

With her reply, Sharon's thoughts changed tracks. Had she been able to remember what she had forgotten, then perhaps she could have gained a hint to Fleurety's identity, but as it was, she pushed the

matter out of her mind. She simply chalked it up to ‘Letty being Letty again’.

“A teleportation trap’s destination would be somewhere on the same floor. There are no monsters on this floor that could hurt them, and we have the floor’s map as well. I’m sure we can find them.”

“Y-yes... that’s true.”

Sharon was anxious, he noticed, but somehow it felt as though she was worrying about something else.

“...Sharon?” He asked.

“...no, it is nothing.”

“But Sharon—”

Mid-way through his words, he finally noticed his inadvertent return to their old familiarity.

“My apologies, lady Sharon! I was...”

“N-no, I wasn’t worrying about that! Besides, umm, I... I also thought it was nice... it takes me back...”

By the end of her words, her eyes had pointed slightly downward, her ears blushing red. Andy similarly looked away, finding himself unable to look directly at her.

If only there was *someone* here to prevent the awkwardness.

“Ahem... let’s search for them. The dungeon’s map is with... mister Genki?”

Andy spoke, trying to get their conversation back on track, and only then did he remember the existence of their other companions — the two middle-schoolers from Earth.

“...wait, where are they?” Sharon asked in puzzlement.

“Ah, mister Sei!”

They noticed Sei, one of the middle-schoolers, lying on the ground of a hallway some distance away, and they hurried toward him. Fortunately, he was unhurt, only unconscious. Andy took out some

smelling salts and Sei woke up, albeit still groggy.

“Mister Sei, what happened? Where is mister Genki?”

“Ah... sorry, I’m not sure what happened either. I just suddenly felt so sleepy...” Sei replied.

He then explained that he could still remember what happened until the trap activated, but immediately afterward, an intense drowsiness had assaulted him. He only woke up just now thanks to Andy.

“Where is he...?”

Only Genki was nowhere to be seen. As far as Andy recalled, Genki hadn’t been caught by the trap. He should have been with Sharon at the back of their group.

“...maybe he’d gone ahead alone?” Sei muttered.

“What?!”

Both Andy and Sharon’s faces paled.

Genki was the one to possess a detection Skill, and he was in charge of the dungeon map and checking for traps. Andy and Sharon thought he might have felt responsible for discovering the trap too late and letting it catch Elias and Fleurety, and so he had gone alone to search for them.

“He might have put me to sleep since he thought we would stop him...” Sei said.

“We should move immediately. With his strength, I do not think this floor is very safe for him.” Andy said, looking at Sharon.

“Yes, sir Andy!”

The three began to search through the floor’s rooms, impatience bubbling inside them.

Searching even a single floor was a daunting task. An old dungeon not only had more floors, but each floor was growing larger as well. Each of the circularly-shaped floors of this Third Dungeon were as large as a baseball field.

“[Ice Javelin] !”

Sharon’s recent intense training had been rewarded. Her current magic control had gotten much better. While her spells were still sometimes too wasteful and sometimes too weak, it was a vast improvement considering that brute-force area-of-damage spells used to be all that she was capable of.

“Now!”

“[Slash] !”

The giant lizard was slowed down by the ice javelin, held in place by Andy, and sliced apart with Sei’s Sword Skill.

The enemies of this floor hadn’t posed much of a threat to the three of them. Being the defender of the group, Andy had gotten slightly scratched and hit by some light poisons, but Sharon was able to treat him with her newly-learned theurgical spells.

“T-thank you.”

“N-no, don’t mind it...”

It was neither the time nor the place for them to be embarrassed, but then again, perhaps it might be expecting too much out of these two.

“Andy, Sharon! There’s something on the ground over there!” Sei shouted, pointing toward the other end of the hallway behind the giant lizard’s corpse.

“Ah, yeah, got it!”

Things left on the ground in the dungeon, whether it be an object or a corpse, would vanish in time. This was a phenomenon that everyone in this world took for granted. One of the current theories was that they were reabsorbed by the dungeon, while another claimed they were eaten by slimes. As yet, there was still no proof either way.

Seeing that the object was still there for them to find, the implication was clear.

“This is...”

“Yes. Likely, this was Genki’s equipment.”

It was a dagger, still brand-new. It *could* have belonged to some other

explorer, but generally, explorers that could go in this deep would have gone dungeon-delving for long enough to have their reserve weapon show signs of previous usage.

“He should be deeper in. Let’s hurry.”

The thought of Genki being attacked by monsters passed through their minds. The two advanced into the hallway.

From the darkness, an arrow sped toward them.

“Sharon!” Andy shouted, raising his shield to block the arrow.

“Ah!”

“Who’s there?! Show yourself!”

In dungeons, there were tool-using monsters such as goblins and kobolds, but most of their equipment were either taken from explorers or hands-me-down. Weapons as pristine as the arrow shot at the two of them were rarely in the hands of monsters.

There was only one conclusion to be made.

“They’re... people, right?”

“Looks that way...”

Andy moved in front of Sharon and raised his shield protectively, while she gripped her staff with trembling hands, ready to support him. Sei’s face paled, his fingers in a white-knuckled grip around his sword. This would be the first time he went against a human opponent.

“Sharon, can you cast the illumination spell?”

“Yes!”

Summoned by Sharon, a ball of light, somewhat overcharged with magic, floated into the hallway depths. Perhaps unable to dispel the light, several people jumped out from the hallway’s shadows.

“Who are you?! Why are you—”

“Shut up! It’s all your fault, pestilent wretch!”

“...what?”

They were wearing the typical equipment for explorers as well as masks, so Sharon had thought they were murderers or bandits lying in wait. But once the ostensible leader of the group, a woman, shouted invectives back at her, she was puzzled. She was sure she had heard that voice before.

“Have I done anything to you...?”

“YOU RUINED EVERYTHING!” The woman screamed, then abruptly returned her volume back to normal as she turned to her group, her voice affected and without a hint of sincerity. “...umm, right, subdue that girl! For the Saint!”

“”FOR THE SAINT! FOR THE GODDESS!!!”” They responded with fervor.

Several men wielding maces inched forward. Andy stayed in front of Sharon as the two retreated step by step.

Hearing what they had let slip and seeing the holy sigils on their chests, Andy came to the conclusion that they were fanatic believers of the Goddess. Madmen who ignored the Church to commit murders while still proclaiming the Goddess' name. Rarely seen, but not non-existent. Andy knew that even if the two of them surrendered, there was no guarantee they would be spared.

Their opponents numbered five. *If only we have just one more person,* Andy thought...

“Finally, finally! Your luck runs out here, you—”

Boop.

“...huh?”

Feeling a hand on her shoulder from out of nowhere, the woman turned around. Standing behind her was the lovely black-haired maid with a blossoming grin that sent an ice-cold rod down her spine.

\*\*\*

Hello, everyone. It is me, Fleurety, a very satisfied maid after I've kicked the woman in the ████, pumping her full of

■■■■■ and causing her to enact a scene that I would prefer not to describe.

“Letty!”

“I’m back, lady Sharon.”

Milady runs toward me with teary eyes, looking so adorable that I couldn’t help but pick her up, spinning her around and ending it with a hug.

“I’m not a kid anymore!”

“My apologies. I was simply going into withdrawal after being too long without your essence.”

“What even is my essence?!”

Gosh, milady, are you really making your pure and innocent maid answer that?

“Miss Fleurety. Their identities were as I expected.”

While I was busy ■■■■■ing the woman leading the group, Elias had finished dealing with the others and has returned. So they really were from the Church, then.

“Who is she?”

“Just an acquaintance, sir.”

This ■■■■■■ woman was the personal maid of Yohanne of the Michel marquis house. Her name is Mia.

She also used to belong to the house of Balla that no longer existed. Perhaps she has been dreaming that she could take control of the marquis house once again if milady was to disappear.

At the moment, she probably has more of my ‘medicine’ than blood now. Her mouth is agape, her cheeks wet with drool, and her eyes are unfocused. Sweet dreams, Mia.

By the way, Genki is one of the masked people.

“Genki...” Sei whispers, looking pained. Andy grimly followed with a

question.

“Mister Genki, why have you done this?”

“I-I didn’t want to! L-Lady Camilla told me lady Sharon was up to no good, so I was just...”

Genki fearfully mutters. Yet I wonder why it looks as though he’s being scared of me, when Elias was the one to have taken him down. Did he see what I did to Mia...?

Well, I can deal with that memory later.

“And yet you seemed to be quite willing to attack us, weren’t you?”

Upon hearing my words, Genki’s whole body twitches. From what I saw, he didn’t exactly hesitate in his attempt to harm milady.

A possibility passes through my mind. I whisper into his ear.

“Has your heart been taken by lady Camilla, Genki?”

His face immediately burns red. For some reason, the words ‘*A Private Afterschool Lesson*’ pass through my mind.

I wonder what they mean. It sounds like a title. Perhaps best to not tell milady.

“Sir Elias, sir Andy, may I trouble you to process these men? I would like to take Mia and Genki into my custody.”

“I admit that’d be simpler for us, but are you sure?” Elias asks me back.

“Yes, I am,” I say as I give him a slight nod.

There’s no guarantee we won’t get our arms twisted if we try to prosecute these two, after all.

“What will you do now?” Andy asks, his worried gaze on milady.

...oh, my. Has something happened between them?

“We will return to the academy, of course. There is much to do.” I reply.

I'll make sure they won't get out of this scot-free.

That aside, it seems Genki here is still very excited. The dorm mother can help calm his nerves, I think.

# Chapter 26

## TRIAL

“Lady Sharon, today’s tea is made from some high-quality leaves given to me by the dorm mother. Here is a slice of chocolate cake to accompany.”

“...she sure has changed, hasn’t she? She used to be so strict.”

We have made it back to the academy safely.

The souvenir I’d brought back had been very well received by the dorm mother, and I’d also given her a homemade special concoction that would give her so much energy she wouldn’t need sleep or food for a while. She probably wouldn’t leave her room for two, maybe three days.

Sei was there too, and he had on a thousand-yard stare after he witnessed my transaction.

Oh, my apologies, I almost forgot. Hello, everyone. It is me, Fleurety, friend and ally to all *big* girls.

“Perhaps the dorm mother has found true love, milady.”

“My! That is wonderful!”

Though I don’t think the woman is in any state of mind to be finding anything at the moment.

That aside, as her maid, I’m somewhat worried for milady. She has such a sweet tooth, and yet the snacks today are still mostly uneaten.

“Milady, do you prefer more calories in your sweets?”

“Don’t make it sound like I like calories! Really!” She says, pouting as she downs the second plate of chocolate cake.

I still think something’s wrong with her. She’s only just finished her second plate.

I set the third plate of chocolate cake on the table, my worries still unassuaged. As milady sets on it with her cutlery, she releases a faint sigh.

“So milady really wants more calories, then...”

“That’s not what I’m thinking about! ...just, I’m still worried about the matter with lady Camilla. There’s also lady Chieri, too...”

Ah, I see. Since long ago, milady has always tried to be strong in the face of all who wanted to do her harm, but it still doesn’t change the fact that she has the heart of a little rabbit. Overt malice still hurts her.

“Milady needs not worry. Leave it all to me.”

We’re already back at the academy, but the two of them have still not been punished.

I could just go and deal with them myself, but I am only a maid to lady Sharon, while Camilla is the young lady of a dukedom. Doing anything to her would only bring trouble upon milady.

It’d be simple if I could kill her. Leaves no evidence that way, too. Then again, she’s probably one of those mysterious

‘immortals’ anyway, and it’d be a mess if I try to kill her and she doesn’t die.

High nobles really are quite troublesome. I can simply pump her full of drugs if worse comes to worst, but making her disappear as cleanly as I did with the former marquis madam would be a lot trickier.

Even so, this is not a problem I should inconvenience milady for.

I give her a smile. She keeps her gaze fixed on me, and she takes my hand.

“Letty... I’m worried for you. I’m happy you care so much for me, but I would hate it if you were to be hurt because of me.”

“Milady...”

I could barely believe it. Milady worries for me. She would care for such a monster as me.

Oh, how should I convey this feeling? How should I describe this wonderful moment?

“Milady, I’m thinking of selling a song to extol your virtues. Should I register for a copyright first?”

“How is *that* the result of our conversation?!”

As it is, I have no other way to express my gratitude other than adding some whipped cream on the plate of chocolate cake.

“Is there anything I can help with?” She asks in earnest.

As I wipe off the cream stuck on her lips, I consider the idea.

“Then, may I have your assistance with a small matter, milady?”

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“Ahah... it’s working out well.”

In a room that the Church has set aside for Saints only, Chieri chuckled.

After re-establishing the barrier of the Church’s cathedral, she had been welcomed with open arms. For the first time in centuries, the Church had a new Saint.

Due to her upbringing as the daughter of a family operating a shrine, she was used to religious work, and there were occasions when she had to meet with the mayor as the shrine priestess as well. She knew how to present herself.

And so it wasn’t long before the brothers and sisters of the Church all believed Chieri to be the next coming of the Saint.

This world only ever had one single, monotheistic religion. It had never known any sort of religious wars such as those in the modern world of Earth, where blood was only washed away with more blood. Chieri didn’t have much trouble bringing the naive believers under her thumb.

Her plans made use of a generic event that would only happen for a Saint player character.

In the original game, this was an incident that would be orchestrated by the villainess Camilla *alone*, after the player had raised their likability with an adult capture target that was in their twenties or older. With her charms, Camilla would get the academy's students and staff wrapped in her little finger. She would order the attack, and it would fail after the heroine received an oracle from the Goddess. Camilla would then be cast out from the academy.

So Chieri had given nudges to Camilla, turning her against Sharon and her Partner, Kamishiro. But if nothing else was done, then there was a chance it would end in failure just like in the game. To that end, Chieri had also surreptitiously riled up the believers for a second assault.

Sharon was only a villainess, one who would receive no oracles. There was no escape for her. Chieri was sure her plan would succeed.

Chieri wasn't going to kill the two of them. She didn't have the nerve to do it in the first place. She was only going to get them confined by the men for a few days in order to cast doubt on their purity, and subsequently, their images in the eyes of the capture targets would be heavily damaged. That was all she wanted.

The in-game Church also received the same official request to have a member accompany the group into the dungeon. But the way it went in the game, nobody accepted the request, and the group should only have the imperial knight Andy with them. Chieri thought it wasteful that Andy would be a collateral victim, but as her targets were only Eric Marsaw the instructor and Elias the Holy Knight, she didn't think it much of a problem.

To finish, she would only need to push all the blame on Camilla, and then she should be able to reach the next event —

the Stampede — without any problems.

At the moment, although Chieri was still staying at the Church to create her alibi, she thought it was about time she should return to the academy.

In the game, Eric Marsaw would suspect his near-stalker, Camilla. The

heroine who was the victim, Andy the knight, and Eric would come together to prosecute Camilla.

But since the victim this time was kidnapped, Chieri, with the oracle she had received, would replace her to prosecute Camilla instead. She would be accompanied by Eric and Elias, who replaced Andy. She was sure these members would be enough to get even a duke's young lady to be pronounced guilty.

And even if she hadn't actually gotten an oracle, Chieri was still the person the Church regarded as the next Saint. She believed her words held more than enough weight to convince everyone that the Goddess had spoken to her.

“Alright, gotta go talk to Elias quick.”

\*

“Why is nobody here?!”

Elias almost never left the Church, yet now Chieri couldn't find him anywhere.

When she returned to the academy, the students were making noises about how somebody had been attacked in the dungeon. It seemed the event was proceeding as she expected, but she found it strange that she couldn't see Eric anywhere when he was supposed to be the one to reveal the culprit and prosecute them together with her.

Why was it that all of a sudden, she couldn't find both the people necessary for the trial?

When she asked the other professors, strangely enough, they wouldn't tell her. At the same time, she couldn't be seen close to the culprit Camilla either. Chieri could do nothing but bite her lips in frustration.

“I don't know anything! Wai-what are you doing, insolents?! My family is a dukedom, you hear me?!”

Hearing a shout, Chieri turned her head. She saw the villainess Camilla currently being taken towards the direction of the auditorium by several imperial knights.

*The event's already happening?!* Chieri screamed in her head.

It was supposed to begin only with the presence of the heroine who had received an oracle. With the high degree of freedom the game offered, the event could also happen once enough evidence had been gathered, but in that case, who could have provided that evidence?

“L-let me in!” Chieri said. The imperial knights standing guard at the auditorium’s hall allowed her entrance.

But there was one thing she had missed in her haste. This incident was a scandal involving a member of a dukedom. The government would either do the trial behind closed doors, or if the scandal wasn’t overly serious, they would ignore it entirely.

In the game, the trial was done at the academy as an occasion of education for prince Joel, and so naturally, noble children wouldn’t be allowed in. Even a heroine who had the fortune of being the protagonist wouldn’t be let in, *unless they were directly involved in the incident.*

“Are you aware of your crime, Camilla?”

“Your highness Joel, this must be a mistake! What evidence is there?!”

Chieri recognized this scene in the game, albeit with some slight differences. In his capacity as the judge, prince Joel would then call for the witnesses, which would be the player’s capture target and the player character themselves.

*What’s going on?! I’m right here!*

“May the witnesses enter.”

Seeing the witnesses, Chieri opened her eyes wide.

It was Sharon, the marquis’ young lady who was supposed to have been attacked and kidnapped the other day, and her Partner candidate, the girl who had called herself Fleurety in this world.

And not only that, Sharon was even clad in a gorgeous dress instead of her academy uniform, as well as being escorted by the imperial knight Andy.

Fleurety was still wearing her maid uniform, but beside her was the Holy Knight Elias. Even instructor Eric was with her, if with a stiffened grimace.

All in the court was silent, struck by the sight of such beautiful men and women. Even Chieri was lost for words.

In the auditorium, the academy's staff and the knights were all captivated by the sight of Sharon in her lovely dress. Only a few could realize that it was not the young lady's beauty but the *oppressive* smile of the maid standing unassumingly behind her, of the girl called Fleurety, that truly ruled this hall.

In the bizarre atmosphere of the chamber, Sharon was the picture of elegance and dignity, although a tinge of nervousness colored her face. She stepped forward and spoke, her hand pointing at the suspects .

“I, Sharon de Michel, accuse lady Camilla and lady Chieri of perpetrating the attack in the dungeon!”

# Chapter 27

## INTERFERENCE

“I, Sharon de Michel, accuse lady Camilla and lady Chieri of perpetrating the attack in the dungeon!”

Struck by the villainess Sharon’s accusation, Chieri staggered back, her eyes wide open. The nearby knights silently surrounded her.

“I-I...”

Chieri tried to talk, but before she could get her words out, the other villainess, Camilla, shouted. It startled Sharon.

“Sharon, have you lost your mind?! You would dare accuse me, a duke’s daughter, of such—”

“We have already notified the Reese dukedom,” prince Joel cut off Camilla, while Andy moved in front of Sharon protectively. “The duke himself had expressed his wish for you to admit to your crime, Camilla.”

“No... Father... he couldn’t have! This must be a plot to frame me!”

To Chieri, Camilla’s shout sounded a thousand miles away.

*Why did this happen, she thought. Why am I here? It should have been me. I should be standing where they are!*

Before she knew it, Chieri was already glaring at Sharon and Fleurety. It hadn’t escaped Joel’s eyes. He scowled.

“Lady Chieri... you are one of the Partner candidates summoned from another world. I never would have expected such foolishness from you. I understand you have yet to familiarize yourself with this world, but it does not excuse your actions.”

“No...”

All strength left Chieri. The knights to her sides caught her as she slumped to the floor, and they carried her forward.

While their grasps were gentle still, the moment Chieri tried anything, they would not hesitate to pin her to the floor.

Having known no hardships in her life before, the middle-school girl was utterly unprepared for the oppressive air of the court. She trembled in fear.

Camilla looked at her and smirked.

“Speaking of which, I’ve heard that little girl complaining about how Sharon and her maid kept sticking to sir Eric and sir Elias. Is there not the possibility that it was her? That her hideous jealousy had driven her to order the attack?”

Chieri gasped. Camilla was trying to push all the blame to her.

The woman hadn’t been lying — Chieri *had* told her that, and she *was* jealous, more or less, but it was all to rile up Camilla.

Until now, Chieri had continued to deflect the malice that came her way toward other people — at the moment, it was Kamishiro, the girl who now called herself Fleurety. And now that Chieri was the one being put on the spot, the one being judged, her frustration was crushing. She ground her teeth, her eyes misty.

“She’s not saying anything, see? It surely confirms my words—”

Camilla continued, sure in her triumph, when she was once again interrupted, this time by Elias.

“May I have a word, your honor?”

“You may.” Joel readily agreed.

“Sir Elias...”

Chieri whispered, convinced that Elias was going to save her, the heroine. Of course he would be. This was the world of a game. When the heroine was in trouble, surely there would be someone to save her.

She thought wrong.

“To my utmost regret, this incident also involved people from the

Church. My personal interrogation has revealed that lady Chieri, the next possible Saint, had mentioned in passing her displeasure against lady Sharon and lady Fleurety for their perceived deeds. Acting on their impatience, the priests then proceeded to commit the assault.”

Elias' words only drove Chieri deeper into a corner. She couldn't even refute. She might have not given an explicit order, but nevertheless, it was a fact that she had spoken while forgetting her own position. Her responsibility in the matter was undeniable.

“See?! The little girl did it. And besides, does Sharon also not share part of the blame for her actions?” Camilla pushed.

“No. Sharon and her maid have done nothing to be criticized for.”

This time, the woman was refuted by instructor Eric. Prince Joel nodded and waved for him to continue.

“I would even go so far as to say that I have not seen any student as earnest and faultless as Sharon. Meanwhile, several male students had told me they were manipulated by lady Camilla to turn against Sharon and her maid.”

“Impossible!” Camilla shouted, outraged.

“I can corroborate as well. The Church’s priests had apparently been convinced that their actions were justified, and that it was lady Camilla who had suggested them so,” Elias followed up on Eric’s testimony.

Camilla was panicking. She cried out in desperation.

“All meaningless testimonies! Are you saying my words hold less weight than those vulgar priests and students?! Where is your evidence?! ”

“So you want evidence, is it...”

From the hands of his attendant, Joel took hold of a piece of paper, his disgust toward it apparent.

“This is a receipt from a back-alley pharmacy documenting a purchase made by the Reese dukedom. The product is...

well, it would suffice to say that it is of an extremely *sexual* nature,

and several of the male students have shown the distinctive symptoms. The investigation had also concluded that it was one of lady Camilla's attendants who had placed the order.”

The substance detected was a mix of Camilla's usual order and the drug that Fleurety had given her.

Unlike modern Earth, the method to detect residual chemicals that the people of this world utilized was not very precise.

But unfortunately for Camilla, the woman had also used in parallel the drug that Fleurety had made, which was so powerful as to leave after-effects for the substance user. More than enough residuals have been detected.

Camilla also found it unbelievable that the pharmacist had betrayed her. Had she not spent more than enough to silence the shopkeeper?

No one in the court noticed Fleurety's demonic smirk.

*What do I do... what do I do?!*

Chieri was seized by panic. The way things were going, Camilla would soon be indicted, which would also mean that Chieri would be forced to confess.

Her crime wasn't as heavy as Camilla's, but her prospects of becoming the next Saint would be irrevocably beyond her grasp. Even if the Church would forgive her, she didn't believe the kingdom would.

Everyone would turn away from her. She would no longer be able to clear the game.

*What do I do... somebody... Goddess, save me!*

For the very first time, Chieri prayed. Chieri, a girl born of a religious family, a girl who had never believed in gods and deities, who was convinced that the game's Goddess was nothing more than a part of the programming, now prayed whole-heartedly upon facing her crisis.

She gasped.

For the first time, she heard the Goddess' voice.

“Your Highness...”

A young knight carrying what looked to be a magical communicator ran toward prince Joel and whispered in his ear. The prince paled.

Elias looked to the ceiling and muttered, as though answering a voice only he could hear.

“Monsters spilling out of the dungeon...”

It was the most important event for a player going through the Saint route. An event where the Saint would make use of her holy power to fight against the tide of monsters together with the capture targets. An event marking the heroine’s transformation into a true Saint.

Like a bolt out of the blue, the Stampede struck.

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“...well now, if this isn’t deliberate then I’m not sure what is.” I mutter.

The kangaroo court has been interrupted by a sudden outbreak of monsters.

And right before the judgement was made too, so of course the lady Camilla immediately took the chance to run with her subordinates in tow, saying she would “keep the monsters at bay” and citing her “duty as an instructor”. She did it all before prince Joel could recover from his momentary bewilderment and order her capture. Very speedy, she is.

I don’t know whether she would actually fight or if she was only thinking of running. Well, I have more important things to worry about, at any rate.

As for lady Chieri, she would be going to the frontline as a Saint by the Church’s entreaty. She sure is a hard worker.

This whole situation is just *so convenient* for them.

And besides, I think Elias also had an oracle from the Goddess...

“Letty... shouldn’t we be doing something?”

So, since it turned out that the trial would be suspended until further notice, I have taken lady Sharon back to our room for a rest.

Today’s snack is a baked cheesecake. I personally prefer a more traditional cheesecake, but milady has been tired, what with everything that has happened today. I believe she would appreciate a cheesecake with a bit more... *heft* in its texture.

“You are still a student, milady. There is no need for you to be facing danger. It is the sort of matter best left to the adults.” I say, pouring her a cup of fragrant black tea.

“I... well, I guess you’re right, but...”

Milady still looks unconvinced as she takes a sip of tea. She must be worried about Andy, who has gone to fight.

In this world, fifteen is the age of majority, but while milady’s fifteenth birthday has already passed, she still also needs to graduate the academy before she is legally considered an adult.

I give her a reassuring smile.

“So please, just leave the danger for the gentlemen to deal with. You should be relaxing and enjoying the calories that you love so much.”

“I told you, I don’t like calories!!!”

All the same, I’m sure she is thinking that she should be out there protecting the common people, as is her *noblesse oblige*. Truly, she is a model for nobles. But as her maid, my own responsibility is to keep her safe.

I could only offer my sympathy to lady Chieri, who has been recruited for the front line. Though I wonder if she would be fine... she doesn’t seem to have the necessary training to survive on the battlefield yet.

Oh well, there are tons of knights there anyway. No need to worry about her.

“The knights and soldiers need to work for their pay too, milady.”

“...they sure have it rough. Ah, but his Highness Joel is going too... I can’t just be sitting here drinking tea...”

As royalty, the prince has gone ahead to the third dungeon where the Stampede has happened. It is why Andy is with him, and also the reason for milady’s worries.

...it can’t be helped, then. For milady’s peace of mind, I would have to ensure Andy’s safety.

“Oh my, what a gaffe. I have forgotten to resupply our store of snack ingredients.”

“...Letty.”

Well, it seems I am not quite a master actress.

“Then I’ll go too—”

“Do not worry, milady. I am simply visiting a store near the third dungeon. I will be back before you know it.”

“...alright.”

I don’t want to say milady would be useless weight if she accompanies me, but... well, it certainly would be difficult for me to go all out. And besides... some people still need to be *punished*.

“Promise me you’ll be fine, Letty. Sir Andy and his Highness, too...” she says, taking my hand in hers.

“Leave it to me, milady.”

I tightly clasp back and give her a smile.

“I’m sure all the stores being attacked are having a 100% off sale right now.”

“No, that’s not what I’m worried about!”

I jest, of course. I’m only going to beat the price down to the absolute minimum for the products that are about to be crushed in the chaos.

# Chapter 29

## GODDESS

Hey, so, I'm not really sure how it happened? Buuuut I've been the Goddess of this world since, like, forever.

At first I was, like, just poking around, you know? Messing with stuff. And then these dopey natives just started calling me their Goddess. Man, so dumb.

But well, I can kinda get where they were coming from. I mean, look, I'm super kind, right? Like, so dependable. I just can't help but listen whenever someone prays to me. Totes a Goddess, right?

I mean, don't you feel like trying your best too when you see a cool guy in front of you?

So anyway, being a goddess is actually a huuuge pain in the ass.

Like, there's this fat whale who normally doesn't even do more than a few sloppy prayers, but then when typhoons or stuff like that happen he'd pester me to save them. Gawd, sooo annoying.

So I don't even bother. And then you know what? After the typhoon passed by itself, he'd go 'yaaay' and announce that I'd saved them. Like, is he an bozo or what?

But like, I can't really do anything with offerings or food though. Why don't they get more cute guys to be priests instead? Like, come on.

So yeah, I'm a goddess, right? I can actually get to other worlds too. It's super annoying though, having to set up all the audio and the timescale and the channel and stuff.

But then one day, I found this weird thing in a weird world. People over there call it '*oh-toh-may*' games or something.

Oh yeah, I picked up my appearance and lingo from that world too. Totes adorbs, right?

So like, that *otome* thingamajig? I got super duper hooked.

Like, that heroine's so cute, so brave, and so diligent too. Isn't that totally me? I just *get* her, ya'know?

Anyway, so just watching got boring. I wanna play too, but this world doesn't have game consoles, so I couldn't. But I really *really* wanted to play, so I got people here to develop summoning magic. Genius idea, yeah? Am I right or am I right?

But then I realized something amazing.

I *can* play. I can, like, just summon a human girl and control her just like in those games. See? Same thing. Man, I'm so smart.

But there's one problem, see? In my world, there were no princes.

Everyone was just banging rocks and sticks together. No shiny and big buildings like in that weird other world. I'm so cute, see? So this world totally didn't fit me.

And then, get this, I got *another* amazing idea. If there wasn't a prince, then I just needed to make a kingdom!

I can stick a good-looking priest and priestess together and make their kid a prince, then get a summoned heroine and that prince together to make a new kingdom. This country's gonna be so *fire*.

So yeah, that was my plan, but I gotta be careful too. Not like there'd be a guarantee the heroine would act the way I want.

I'm super humble, see? I know my limits. So I first wrote the script and got people from that weird world to make it into a game for me.

It was a bit of a pain since I couldn't, like, really interfere much with a world that's not mine, but I tried so hard. It took me more than a decade to brainwash some rich-looking peep and got them to fund the game for me.

It's called *The Lines of Light, Darkness, and Love*. Awesome name, right? So I got people to play the game and then summon the girl who wanted to come here the most, and I finally managed to make her the queen. Controlling her with just blessings and oracles was, like, crazy tough, but real fun, too.

It was so fun I got a few more games made, then turned the summoned heroines into Saints and queens and stuff. They were all

super duper happy.

So going by this world's timescale, after about a thousand years since the first game, civilization finally got to what people in that other weird world would call the Middle Ages. The heroines' children started inventing stuff to make things more convenient, but you know, *otome* games set in another world have got to be in the Middle Ages, right? More atmospheric that way. So I decided those peeps who wanted to advance civilization should all get some divine punishment. Like, hello, gotta keep the ambience here.

So anyway, after the latest game got released, I summoned some people again. Sixteen this time.

...hmm, that's weird. Did an animal get dragged along too or something? Ah well, whatevs. I can't watch all of them anyway, this summoning's got more people than usual.

So I decided that the main heroine this time would be a girl from my world, but it's not really working out. I'm not sure if she's just overly cautious or what, but she's such a *sloth*, even after I gave her oracles. Gosh, sooo annoying.

On the other hand, the summoned heroines were so much better. I just gave them a bit of my protection and they went, like, chop-chop-chop.

Afterward, I'd just need to give a nudge or two and the capturing would go fine. So fun.

One of the heroines failed.

...why? She had, like, Charm and stuff. It should have been impossible. Hmm, where did things go wrong... There are three villainesses this time, so maybe it's them who are going off-script. Unbelievable. Like, oh-em-gee.

I've been trying to see how close to the games I can get with just indirect pokes and nudges, but maybe I've been playing around too much? Maybe I should give oracles to the remaining heroines too? It's looking kinnnnda bad here.

Whoops, the Saint girl's getting to work. Elias's supposed to be the secret character, but I guess I gotta bring him out now.

The guy's, like, totally my type, you know? Super handsome. I've been showing him how awesome and cute I am since he was a little kid, so he's a really tough target, heheh.

...something's really wrong here. Somebody is totally going off-script in my country.

To make this world like the games, I've enclosed this country and the neighboring ones in a barrier to allow people in the zone to have Skills.

I actually wanted to turn the whole world into my zone though, but it turned out to be way too big for me. Like, ohmygosh I hate it.

But inside my zone, it's just like the games! I've got maximum influence here, too! My own sandbox to play in! This kingdom's gonna be the center of this world, heheheh!

Every creature affected by Skills are more or less under my influence already. Like, heroines are just naturally more likable, and the villainesses tend to more easily be hated or have terrible personalities.

Then why is the Saint heroine being put on trial?!

Why is Elias on the prosecuting side?!

I didn't give Sharon any magical Skills and made sure she was bullied so much too. Why is she still sane?!

Oh, oh, the Saint girl just asked for help!

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I have arrived at the location of the monster Stampede, the Third Dungeon — otherwise known as "The Salt Dungeon".

My first destination is the store I frequent. The shopkeeper finally has a customer and yet he's packing up for travel, looking rather agitated.

"...little maid."

"What is it, sir shopkeeper?"

"Haven't you heard the news?! There're monsters out there!"

“I have, of course.”

“THEN WHY ARE YOU GOING SHOPPING??!”

“How strange. Is this not a store?”

“It is, but who the hell in their right mind would come here with what’s going on?!”

“What are you saying, sir? At any rate, may I have some of the sugar and spices over there?”

“Did you not listen to a single thing I said?! Why are you still shopping?! Monsters could be getting here at any moment!!”

He’s quite emotional, isn’t he? Maybe he needs some more calcium and minerals. His thatching has degraded even further as well.

“WAAAGH!!!”

Oh my. There are some other customers as well.

“O-orc!”

“Nice shot.”

I first thought it was a pig-faced customer. Turned out it was just a customer-faced pig. I wipe off the blood on my beloved Orc Killer EX and turn back to the shopkeeper to see him holding his crotch with both hands, his face green and his back bent.

Poor him. This must be the first time he has seen such a violently piggish customer.

“Sir shopkeeper, how much would you pay for a freshly hunted orc? It’s still warm.”

“Are you really saying that, maid girl?! Aren’t there more important things right now?!”

Hmm. I suppose he’s right.

“Well, it’s true that its Os have unfortunately been crushed. A pity. Those could have been used in energy tonics. Then just the price for

its skin and meat would be fine, sir. Please feel free to subtract the butchering fee from the sum total.”

“I told you, this is not the time to be talking business!!”

“Also, the sack of wheat at the storefront seems to have been a little bit trampled by the orc, hasn’t it? Please give me a discount for that.”

“GIRL I AM TRYING TO EVACUATE HERE!!”

Ah, I see. I did not realize I was interrupting him when he was hurrying. Regrettably, I am not a very bright maid in that respect.

As an apology, I begin to brew some tea for him and serve some dried seaweed as accompaniment.

I then return to the negotiation. We are interrupted a few times by monsters, which are then swiftly dispatched by my spiked club. The shopkeeper just takes in the sight, his eyes unfocused as though his mind has regressed to infancy, and he sits back down on the chair, his packed luggage left to the side.

He has changed his mind, it seems.

“Also, can you throw in some of that maple syrup and rock candies over there as well?”

“Just take whatever you want already, dammit...”

“In return, here...”

I take out another pouch of dried seaweed and place it on the table. The shopkeeper takes a look inside, then surreptitiously tuck it away.

Even as close to the dungeon as I am, I find it rather telling that monsters have already spilled to the streets. The situation seems to be quite dire.

Normally, the soldiers would be around to protect the citizens at the moment, but I do not see any of them. They’re probably at the Third Dungeon at the moment to hold the monsters at bay. Quite a dilemma for them, this must be. All the soldiers have to be at the Dungeon to stop the city from being drowned in monsters, which also means that what few monsters that managed to get through would be able to

wreck the streets with impunity.

I elect to head for the Third Dungeon for the time being, crushing any monsters that I encounter along the way. After some time, I notice a few small shadows approaching me.

“”Hello, miss!“”

“Hello, little ones. I see that you’ve gotten yourself something quite nice.”

“Eheheh!”

They’re the snot-nosed urchins that I see running around town all the time. In their hands are bloodied kitchen knives and cleavers, while their arms are wrapped protectively around the body parts of monsters that the guild would purchase as proof of subjugation.

“How is the battle going?”

“The local knight leader is heavily wounded and has retreated. Currently, the vice leader is taking command.” “The third knight squadron can barely keep itself together. The second prince’s imperial knights are keeping the monsters at bay, but they probably wouldn’t last another few hours.” “The capital’s knights would take a while to get here.”

“Anything else suspicious?”

“Nothing, really. The foreign spies aren’t doing anything.”

I see.

“Thank you. Here are your rewards.”

I give them the rock candies as I always do, and the children burst into cheers.

“”Thank you, miss!“”

Goodness, the smiles of innocent children truly is a balm for the soul.

So, there’s nobody doing anything suspicious. Which means that the *intent* that I felt is behind this incident is probably the world’s Administrator.

How troublesome. I suppose I'm going to need to be a little more careful now.

# Chapter 29

## FRONTLINE

The Monster Stampede, a milestone event in the game, would occur once the capture target's likability to the Saint heroine reached maximum.

The event's difficulty would vary with the Saint heroine's Theurgy Skill. The higher the skill, the more difficult it was, and the closer the Stampede would happen to Argrey's capital.

In lower difficulties, all of the country's knightly order would also be there as reinforcement as well. However, if the Stampede happened at dungeons close to the capital — the First dungeon to the Fourth — there would be barely any support from the country. The Saint heroine would be forced to fight at the frontlines together with her capture target.

The event this time occurred at the Third Dungeon. The second highest difficulty.

This Dungeon was at the center of the capital as well as being closest to the academy. Subsequently, the Saint heroine would receive the help of the academy instructors and the second prince's imperial knights, though she would be required to take command of the priests of the capital's Church to fight at the frontlines.

“Come, my lady Saint! With your power, we shall show this world the Goddess' light!”

The supposed ‘commander’ had been *dragged* to the battlefield by the Church's priests.

This Stampede wasn't supposed to have happened. Chieri hadn't even raised her likability much with the grown-ups that were the targets of the Saint heroine — Elias the Holy Knight, Andy the imperial knight, Eric the academy instructor —

and her own Theurgy Skill was still just level two when the maximum was ten.

Not only that, there was the scandal that was the priests' assault on a marquis' young lady, who was also a student of the academy. The Church *needed* to show that their members and the next Saint were capable of putting an end to this Stampede, no matter what it takes.

Even as the dispatched priests venerated Chieri as the next Saint, anyone could see that they had no intentions of letting her out of their sight until the incident was over. Chieri even overheard their mutters. "We almost had a fiasco on our hand. Thank the Goddess for giving us this chance to recover our dignity," they said, without a hint of consideration. It sent a lance of pain through Chieri's heart.

*Why?! Why did this happen?! I did pray for the Goddess to do something, but I can't deal with this!* She screamed in her mind.

A few moments later, her thoughts switched tracks.

She did think it would have been impossible to escape from that trial without something suitably drastic. She would even go so far as to say that nothing less than a natural disaster would do, even. At the same time, she also knew that she did not have the power to end this event by herself.

*...then there must be another way. A safer way, a way to make this crisis even worse...*

Chieri's mind whirred, and a plan began to form.

She had failed once because she had mistakenly thought that the people of this world would act like characters in her game. Now that the plot had left the rails, she was finally making use of her true talent, one that she had refined through years of maneuvering people to her purpose.

"You, over there."

"Yes, my lady Saint. What do you require of me?"

She searched the Church's force for an easy mark. She found a young and naive-looking priest and called at him, smiling and presenting herself as best as possible.

She knew how effective her own looks were, after all.

"I have just received another Oracle from the Goddess."

Knock knock knock.

“*Oerghl!*”

A hulking mass collapsed to the ground. The earth shuddered.

That was an ogre I have encountered in the streets and have finished off with a triple bogey. Strangely enough, I thought I saw a flash of euphoria on its face during its final moments.

Greetings, everyone. This is Fleurety, the maid who would be very happy if she could share her joy with others.

“Right, where should I go...”

I’ve been heading toward the salt dungeon, but I’ve been wondering if I should go save Andy and Joel like I promised milady, or if I should deal with the dungeon itself. This is quite the dilemma.

“I suppose I should prioritize my promise, then.”

If I solve the problem here and yet let Andy be injured, I would be most ashamed to face milady. Nothing is more important than her words. Not even the city’s survival, in fact.

“*Grargh!!*”

Ah, another stray monster. This one is called... hob-something. While it’s true that I’ve also been getting closer to the dungeon, the fact that I’ve been meeting monsters so frequently really does show how bad things have gotten.

A sudden, metallic *clang* sounds out. The hob-something gurgles and drops to the ground in two pieces. As I see the figure of a knight through the spray of blood, I clasp my hand in front of my waist and give a gentle bow.

“Thank you for your assistance, sir Elias.”

“Oh no, I’m sure you didn’t need it.”

The man who has just gallantly, heroically arrived is Elias, the Holy Knight of the Church. At the moment, he is thoroughly wiping off the blood on his sword with a piece of cloth and with a smooth motion, returning it to its sheath. It makes him look like such a playboy from a well-to-do family.

“...were you thinking something unflattering?”

“Not at all. I was simply admiring the sight of a knight protecting a helpless maid.”

“...I find it difficult to think of you as helpless, miss Fleurety.”

He has surprisingly sharp intuition.

“Speaking of which, how goes the battle? I have heard that our forces are being pushed back by quite a bit, despite his Highness Joel’s participation,” I say.

“My subordinate knight-priests have arrived to reinforce. I believe the lines will be re-established. That aside, I’m surprised you found out so quickly...”

“The walls have ears, after all. I have also encountered quite a few monsters on my way here. If I may speak my mind, sir, I believe there is a rather large leak somewhere.”

“...what?”

“Yes?”

Sir Elias looks at me as though he can’t believe what he’s hearing. Unfortunately, he should know that that gaze only excites me when it’s milady doing the looking.

“Miss Fleurety... I would much prefer you to be using another weapon. The club you hold in your hand is cursed, is it not? If I’m right, the curse creates an attraction to certain types of monsters, that is to say, the types that have more... *powerful* breeding instincts...”

“Ah, I see.”

I have completely forgotten about that little detail.

I have used my Orc Killer EX for far too many Nice Shots to orcs, creatures that think with their lower heads, and this has strengthened

the curse on the weapon. Before, it used to cause uncontrollable rage on orcs only, but now the target has been expanded to all humanoid monsters of a similar nature.

“My apologies. I have not thought it to be a problem.”

“I understand my gift might have been an inferior weapon. Still...”

As he had promised, the other day Elias had sent me a one-handed club made of mythril. I still continue to favor the spiked club, however.

Elias has said that it is ‘inferior’, but that one-handed club *was* a very wonderful thing indeed. It sold for a whole thirty gold coins in the black market, after all. Considering that I bought this spiked club for the cut-price of one silver coin, that mythril club was on an entirely another level of v... quality.

Yes. Quality. I certainly did not mean to say ‘value’.

At any rate, this means I would have to change my plans.

“I see that I should not be getting close to his Highness Joel with this Orc Killer in hand. Well then, please excuse me...”

As I begin to step away, Elias calls at me.

“Wait up, please.”

I might be able to pull away the monsters that are attacking Andy if I join up with him, but I would also be attracting more monsters from far away. It would just defeat the purpose. It is why I have decided to switch to my plan B, dealing with the dungeon as fast as possible to remove the source of monsters itself, and I would have been on my way if not for Elias. I wonder what he has in mind.

Elias kneels in front of me as he once did when we first met.

“Virtuous maiden, thou who would face death itself to save the common people. May I be allowed the honor of being your protector?” he says, swearing an oath with absolute sincerity.

Well, he’s free to follow along. If he can, that is.

The two of us head for the dungeon depths. Not to the very end,

though. According to Elias, there are cases where the tunnels that the dungeon created to bring in monsters from the outside would connect to its upper floors, or in other words, floors closer to the dungeon entrance.

The Monster Stampede happens whenever one end of a dungeon-created tunnel coincidentally opens up to a region full of monsters, and the other end coincidentally opens up on one of the upper floors. It's all coincidences.

I'm a bit disappointed, to be honest. I'm in another world here. Are there no Demon Kings or Dark Lords?

I sprint for the dungeon, fully intending to leave Elias behind. Surprisingly, he doesn't seem to have much trouble following my speed.

This cannot do. An expert maid should always be able to stay in front of the gentleman. At this rate, I'm going to be punished by the Maid Chief.

“AAAAAAAHHH!”

“That scream...”

“It sounds like the glass-shattering shriek of an overgrown maiden, sir.”

“Overgrown’... wait, no, is this the time for such nonchalance?”

My very-much-reasonable assessment leads us to the source of the voice. We arrive at the scene soon after.

“This must be a human-eating parasitic plant. Would it count as ‘lewd tentacles’, I wonder?” I say.

Elias doesn't reply.

“Stop fooling around and save me already!” The victim shouts.

The woman currently being assaulted by a number of strange, slimy tentacles is the one who had been the quickest to run from that trial: lady Camilla.

I was sure she had run to her home, the dukedom house, but it seems she really was trying to deal with the incident. Well, her life as a noble would be over if she ran anyway, so as proud as she is, there wasn't much of a chance she would do so.

I never thought she was actually frolicking with tentacles here, though...

"You really do have that sort of hobby, don't you?"

"I'm not doing this because I like it! Save me already!"

"I suppose we should. Just as well that the source of the monsters also seems to be here."

Lady Camilla must have made the discovery. I wonder if those suspicious Oracles had anything to do with it. On the ground nearby are Camilla's own private soldiers, who seemed to have fallen in their attempt to deal with the source.

It doesn't take much time for me to clear out the monsters and destroy the source.

Now there is only Camilla, half-naked and being toyed with by lewd tentacles. Other than it being a somewhat indecent sight, there doesn't seem to be any other problem. She is freed in short order, though, as Elias is too much of a proper gentleman to leave her trapped for any longer. Of course, I made sure to procure a few photographs of lady Camilla's lewdness for future uses.

Now that things are over and done with, I can't help but feel that it was too easy. Assuming that the tunnel's entrance was already close to disappearing by the time I dealt with it, then if only Camilla had been able to hold on for a bit longer, then she really would have been considered the person to have resolved the incident.

"Miss Fleurety, what is on your mind?"

"It is nothing, sir Elias. Now there is only the matter of dealing with the monsters that have escaped the dungeon. We should leave."

"Let us... wait, hold on a second."

Elias takes out something that looks like the shell of a bivalve mollusk

and places it to his ear. If I'm not mistaken, the bivalve-shell-thing acts as one part of a pair of magical tools which allow one to communicate at long distance, and they are called 'portable magitech communicators'. Milady and I wanted them too, but just a pair already cost two hundred gold pieces. Too much for us.

"What?! Monsters have spilled into the town? Lady Chieri is taking command? What's going on outside?!"

Apparently the Monster Stampede is not over yet. I wonder if Chieri had done something again.

But more importantly, I worry for milady's safety.

*Please wait for me, milady. Your maid will be with you before long.*

# Chapter 30

## CITY AT WAR

“Monsters are in the streets?!”

Joel shouted at the knight delivering the report. The prince received a tense nod in return.

During the early hours of the Third Dungeon’s Stampede, the defense was manned by the second prince’s imperial knights. The crisis had been almost out of their control, but with the arrival of the Holy Knight’s subordinate knight-priests, the horde was slowly being pushed back.

More importantly, if the Holy Knight himself hadn’t infiltrated the dungeon with a small squad of elites and destroyed the source of monsters as fast as he had, then perhaps the line of defense would have fallen apart before the neverending tide of monsters by now.

The crisis wouldn’t have been as bad as it was if the Church’s forces and the prospective Saint had been there, as according to the original plan. Had the knight-priests not come to reinforce the lines in their place, everything might have been lost.

Yet the situation had veered in an unexpected direction. Some amount of monsters were suspected to have leaked into the city due to the imperial knights, the knight-priests, the local knights, and the soldiers being unable to hold them back completely, but as it turned out, a group of monsters had been able to escape to the city through a part of the defensive walls which had, *for some reason*, been destroyed.

“How is the city?! What about the citizens?!”

“Sir! The monsters have reached the center of the capital’s eastern district, but fortunately, the Church’s forces led by the next Saint were there to stop them, as they had departed late. The next Saint is currently taking command and is clearing out the monsters.”

“I see...”

Joel sighed a sigh of relief. *Thank the Goddess for small mercies.*

According to the report, the group of monsters numbered around fifty. Enough to overwhelm the patrolling soldiers and bring harm to the civilians.

Though the people's safety was certainly one of his concerns, he was far more worried about the nearby magic academy.

Joel might be royalty, but he was still only a fifteen-year old boy. He was naturally more inclined to think of his friends and adoring juniors than strangers.

The imperial knight Andy standing behind him sighed in relief as well. Unfortunately, their respite didn't last long.

“Your Highness, emergency! The Church's soldiers have been routed and have retreated into the academy!”

“What?!”

Andy found himself shouting. The prince was dumbstruck.

The academy was where Andy's younger brother, as well as the girl who he had thought of as a little sister since his childhood, were. Yet he couldn't come to save them — the knights already had their hands full pushing back the monsters, and the second prince, his charge, was also taking command here. Andy was the prince's bodyguard. His duty came first and foremost.

“Andy, take several of the knights and get to the academy, immediately!”

“Yes, sir! ...wait, your Highness. I cannot leave your side.”

“There are magicians and professors at the academy, scions of nobility. They should be keeping the monsters at bay at the moment. Go help them, Andy. Protect the people.”

“But...”

“...Emmy is there too. My little sister. Make sure she is safe. Her, and my fiancee candidates too.”

The prince spoke, not as royalty but simply as a young man worried for his family. Andy understood what the prince had left unsaid. He gave a quiet bow.

“Understood, your Highness.”

\*

There was surprisingly little damage to the city. The reason however, wasn't because the Church's soldiers had been putting up a good fight, but rather that Chieri, the next Saint, had escaped into the academy after finding out there were more monsters than she *expected*, and most of them had followed her.

A scream echoed in the hallways. It came from a student, a girl from one of the junior grades who had made her escape far too late, tripping in her panicked hurry. Several hobgoblins gather around her.

The magic academy wasn't just an educational facility. Similar to Earth's universities, it also served as a research facility, which was why its campus took up a rather large area of land.

Being both a research facility and a school for children of nobility, it was well protected. There were magical barriers over the entrances and the walls, as well as a sizable number of guards. Unfortunately, the barrier had been deactivated when Chieri ran inside, allowing the pack of monsters to enter the academy.

Believing in the safety of the barrier, the soldiers were scattered throughout the sprawling campus. The professors were busy evacuating the students. No one was available to deal with the monsters.

“[Ice Spike] !”

Just as the hobgoblins were about to set upon the girl, spears of ice turned them into pincushions. With the monsters screaming in their death throes, the spellcaster, a silver-haired girl, ran toward her underclassman on the ground.

“Are you hurt?” she said, shaking the other girl out of her stupor.

“N-no, I'm fine.”

As the silver-haired girl helped her junior up, the younger girl's cheeks blushed red, her eyes bouncing vertically as they followed the motions of the bountiful bosom in front of her.

“T-thank you. You saved me,” the younger girl stammered out.

“As a noble and a senior of the academy, I could do nothing else,” the silver-haired girl turned around, “help her to safety, everyone.”

“”Yes, ma’am!””

Replying to her was a group of several girls. One of them began to lead the underclassman away.

“We should get going. Some people might still have not evacuated yet.”

“”Yes, lady Sharon!””

While the majority of the noble students were out to save themselves first, some of the senior students had decided to fight the monsters to protect their juniors. As a noble, Sharon had chosen to fight as well, and seeing her initiative, many of the commoner students had also volunteered to assist her.

“Sharon!”

“Karl!”

Karl, her childhood friend who had been helping out somewhere else, ran up to her. Accompanying him were two of the Partner candidates in their class, Sei and Hao.

“You’re bleeding!” Sharon gasped.

“Ah, right, there were monsters over there too.”

“Don’t worry, miss Sharon. It’s just the monsters’ blood.”

“Yeah.”

As the boys said, they were mostly unharmed. Nevertheless, while Karl, son to the Mercia marquis family that had had a long tradition of producing knights, was still keeping his composure, the same could not be said for the two boys summoned from Earth, whose faces were pallid and clammy with sweat.

That wasn’t to say they lacked bravery. After all, when most of the male students were making their escape, the two boys had decided to search for the students who had been left behind, even when they

knew there were monsters wandering the campus.

It did not mean their nerves were calm, however. Hao was gripping his bloodied sword so tight his fingers turned white.

Noticing the trickle of blood coming from his hand, Sharon hurriedly ran up to him.

“You’re holding it too tight!” she said, holding his hands in hers and readying her magic, “[Heal].”

“T-thank you...” Hao stammered with a blush that extended to his ears. Karl watched the scene with a faint frown.

After finishing her treatment, Sharon, oblivious to his thoughts, turned toward Karl and spoke.

“Karl, are there any other students?”

“No, not on my side... speaking of which, you’ve gotten much better at your magic, haven’t you?”

“Yes, all thanks to Letty.”

Sharon smiled the smile of a flower in bloom — easy and light, showing none of the tension she used to wrap herself in.

Karl found himself unable to look at her in the eyes, his cheeks burning.

“R-right, I see. That reminds me, where has your maid gone? Is this not exactly the time when she should be protecting you?”

“I’ve... asked Letty to go help his Highness.”

“...I see.”

Karl snorted. If prince Joel was there, then that meant his brother was there, too.

“Goodness, you’re still here?!”

“Instructor!”

The group turned to the new voice. It was instructor Eric Marsaw, their homeroom teacher. His clothes were somewhat ruffled with signs

of combat. He seemed to have been acting alone, being able enough to not require a helper.

“Were you helping to evacuate the other students? I’m here now. You’d better get to safety immediately.”

“No, instructor. I am a noble, and my duty is to protect the common people.” Sharon said.

“That’s right. I’m staying too. You know we can handle ourselves.” Karl followed.

Eric took a look at the group and faintly sighed.

“...understood, but the young misses over there should be evacuating now. Mister Sei, mister Hao, keep them safe.”

Sei and Hao awkwardly nodded. Now that they knew they would be escorted by two handsome boys from another world, the helping girls readily agreed to leave, their eyes gleaming.

“Instructor, where should we search next?” Sharon asked.

“We’ve already checked out the dorm and the locker rooms,” added Karl.

“Let’s see...” Eric thought for a moment and spoke, “right, then that should leave only the dining hall.”

Both Sharon and Karl were nobles who had no use for the dining hall, and they had entirely forgotten about it. For a moment, their eyes met each other in realization.

It made sense. Some of the commoner students that had been left behind were likely to be there, and since the place had food, there was a possibility that monsters were there as well.

“...let’s go.”

“...what has happened?”

“What’s with these guys...”

When they arrived at the dining hall, Sharon didn’t see any students. Instead, there were armed men garbed in priestly attire lying on the

ground.

“T-they...” Sharon stammered, “I-I gotta treat them...”

“Hold up, miss Sharon. There should still be people up ahead. We must go,” urged Eric.

“B-But...”

“Hurry, Sharon!” Karl said forcefully, pulling the bewildered girl along with hurried steps.

The two men had already realized that these people didn’t need healing. Not anymore.

“AAAAAH!”

“A scream!”

“Somebody’s still there! We have to hurry!”

“Right!”

The three ran toward the voice that came from deeper in. There, they found that it had been Chieri’s. The girl was being protected by soldiers from the Church, all of them injured and exhausted. They were being surrounded and attacked by dozens of monsters.

“Lady Chieri?!” Sharon gasped.

Karl clicked his tongue. “Shit, that’s nearly all the monsters!”

“The two of you, focus on support! No area spells!” Eric shouted.

“Yes!” “Got it!”

“[Lightning] !”

Eric’s spell shocked and stunned several of the monsters. Not a moment later, Karl was already there swinging his sword, his strength boosted by magic, while Sharon’s spears of ice pierced through the monsters. They cleared a path.

The three didn’t think they could deal with the whole pack either. It was a gamble, an attempt to save Chieri’s group through a surprise

ambush. Eric had resolved to save, if not all of them, then at least the students.

“S-save me!”

“Lady Chieri!”

With the way open, everyone thought Chieri would be making her escape immediately, but she didn’t. Instead, the girl scrambled toward Sharon and clung to her legs.

“I-It’s not my fault! I never thought there’d be so many monsters!”

“What? Lady Chieri, don’t tell me...”

Karl and Eric frowned. Unfortunately, this was no time for any questioning.

“*GRAAAAGH!*”

After recovering from its momentary daze, an ogre slammed its club down toward Sharon. But she could not move. Chieri was still hanging to her legs.

Believing that it was too late for her, Sharon shut her eyes tight. It was then that she heard a familiar voice.

“SHARON!!!”

The very next moment, the ogre’s lower half disintegrated. Before its torso could even drop to the ground, its face still frozen in an expression of incomprehension, a sword sliced it apart. A figure dashed toward the young lady.

“Sharon!”

“Sir Andy?!?”

She was then immediately held in a tight embrace by the newly-arrived knight. Her cheeks flushed, her eyes darting about wildly. Karl looked on with a grimace, while Chieri was stunned.

Andy had arrived. However, they weren’t out of the woods yet.

“*Gwargh...*”

And then, of the monsters that had been trying to approach Sharon and Andy, the foremost few abruptly lost their lower body parts in much the same way as the previous ogre.

Andy was holding Sharon. Neither Eric nor Karl had swung their weapons.

“Milady Sharon. My apologies for the wait.”

\*

“Letty?!”

Milady shouts from within Andy’s arms. I smile and give her an impeccable curtsey.

I have arrived in time, fortunately, even after picking up Andy on the way.

If circumstances allowed, then I would have liked to give milady a hug and give her pats all over the places after mister imperial knight is done with his turn. Unfortunately, there are quite a few boorish characters here. I shall have to be prudent.

That’s right. As you may have realized, I have finally added the word ‘prudence’ to my dictionary. Milady has been most thorough when explaining it to me.

As long as I possessed ‘prudence’, I could even drink dry a whole ocean. Maybe three.

“Letty, I just *know* you’re having another misunderstanding!”

“Not at all. I was simply reflecting on how wonderful you are, milady.”

In hindsight, perhaps I might have been somewhat overly agitated by the thought of milady being in danger, as I have inadvertently unleashed my Nice Shots at full power and vaporized the monsters. Just look at Karl. He is bending over like a shrimp again.

Not only that, my spiked club has also come so close to Chieri’s head

that her forebangs have been shaved off. Her eyes have rolled back in their sockets, her mouth is frothing, and she has lost consciousness.

All rather unimportant matters, really. I give my spiked club a light flick to clean off the blood and send a wave of carefully directed **[Intimidation]** to the monsters. Their faces spasm, and they take a step back.

...right, let's see. What should I do...

Speaking as a very ordinary maid, crushing orc ○○○○○ would be the most elegant response that a lady could do. But then again, if I do that to all the monsters here, milady might get dirtied from the blood splatters. Doing it gently would be preferable, it seems.

As I step forward, ready to make my round, I am interrupted by another newcomer.

“**[Sanctified Domain]**”

“*GRAAAGH?!!*”

With a voice that comes out of nowhere, a powerful field of Holy-aligned magic appears, dealing damage to both the monsters and me.

“Finish them off!”

A man’s voice rings out. A chorus of acknowledgements come from a group of imperial knights wearing armor like Andy’s, and they begin to cut down the now-helpless monsters.

I wonder who these people are. I also wonder just who it was that had created the magical field. That hurt. About as painful as someone shooting a rubber band at me, in fact.

It doesn’t take long for the monsters to be cleaned up. The knights then split into two rows, making way for a girl being escorted by a young man.

“Your Highness Yuri!” Andy shouts.

If I remember correctly, that’s... Yuri de von Argrey. The crown prince of this kingdom. And next to him is...

“Lady Clarice...”

“Lady Sharon, miss Fleurety. Are you hurt?”

Clarice de Liniello, the young lady of a viscount family who had once invited milady to a tea party, has on her face an immaculate smile.

# Chapter 31

## CONCLUSION

“That’s the worst of it over now.”

Prince Yuri says as his glare sweeps the room now full of monster corpses, all of them having been exterminated by the knights.

Yuri de von Argrey, the eldest prince of Argrey Kingdom and the first in line to inherit the crown, according to what the kids have told me.

Prince Yuri is still young, only nineteen, but unlike his younger brother Joel who has inherited the queen’s svelte figure, Yuri is a broad-shouldered, well-built man, nearly 190 cm tall and naturally imposing. His countenance is handsomely masculine, but he is also known for his roughness, unflinching audacity, and at times even cruelty. His gaze alone could intimidate many.

From a certain point of view, he is very much a model king-to-be.

This country was first established through the conquering of dungeons, and its noble caste was made of powerful people.

Yuri would be the right choice to have as the king of such a nation.

Other than Chieri who has fainted, everyone here has all knelt to his presence.

“Enough. This is not the palace, and there is no need to kneel. Raise your head.”

He’s not exactly smiling, but from the tone of his voice, he doesn’t seem to be in a bad mood.

“Y-your Highness!” Karl says, sounding quite emotional. He’s blushing, too... is this love?

Oh, right, I see. Karl’s usual bravado is a result of his infatuation with prince Yuri, as he’s decided to mimic the prince.

Doesn’t he realize how inferior he looks to the real thing? Pfft.

“Mmm, the Mercia scion and the younger brother. You’ve done good work.”

Prince Yuri coolly nods to Andy and Karl. He walks forward, sparing not even a glance for instructor Eric Marsaw and miss Chieri (currently unconscious with eyes rolled back in their sockets, as well as leaking a little bit below), and he stops in front of milady Sharon, who is still kneeling with her head low, and me, her maid.

“Raise your heads, you two.”

“...y-yes, your Highness,” milady replies, her voice quavering as though in deference.

But I know. It’s not deference. It’s just her being so much of a shy loner that she automatically panics in front of a large-sized man.

“Hmm...”

Prince Yuri hums, his piercing gaze fixed on milady’s face. Then he snorts.

“Sure enough, one can’t really take the rumors of noble ladies seriously. People say the Michel young lady is a fool that cowers behind her status and a dullard that was abandoned by her own family, but I have heard the reports. The evacuees have spoken of your courage.”

“I am unworthy of your praises, your Highness...”

Of course she’s amazing. My lady can do anything once she puts her mind to it.

“Your name is... Sharon, is it not? Stand up.”

“...yes, your Highness.”

Milady releases her death grip on my skirt and stands up, looking like a terribly adorable little fawn.

“I see. You don’t look half bad.”

Prince Yuri places his fingers below milady’s jaws and raises her head. Milady gasps. I can feel Andy and Karl doing the same as well.

...not bad, he says. Not bad?

He would tarnish the visage of the cutest girl in the world with his touch and say she's *not bad*?

“...are you Sharon's maid?”

“I am, your Highness.”

Oh, what a gaffe. It seems I have inadvertently lost control of my anger for a moment, and the prince has picked up on it.

This cannot do. That horro-I mean, the Maid Chief could have turned a whole country into a wasteland without blinking an eye. As a maid, I am still lacking in discipline.

“Name yourself.”

“I am Fleurety, your Highness.”

“I see. You've got spirit. It was only for a moment, but I have seen you killing monsters with a single blow before our forces got here.”

“Nothing that would deserve your attention, your Highness.”

“Enough with that. You're good. I like capable people, and you're good-looking as well. If you wish, then I shall allow you to be my servant.”

“Huh?!”

The surprised exclamation hasn't come from me, but milady.

She nervously looks at me. I respond to her with a smile and turn back to the prince. I stand up, my fingers pinching my skirt, and I give him a graceful curtsey the way noblewomen do.

“I am a maid, and I serve milady Sharon. Her and her only,” I say.

Which is really just a more polite way of saying to the prince, “so I would really appreciate it if you could cut the bullshit, please.”

I hear some gasps. This time, they came from prince Yuri's knights. The prince probably hasn't ever had anyone refuse him before. Before his presence, nobody had dared to, afraid that they would incur his wrath.

And then for a single moment, a wave of what feels like sheer *presence* blasts from prince Yuri. It made everyone in the room flinch. Except me, of course, as I continue to smile at him. It was just a breeze, really.

Prince Yuri curls his lips upward.

“I see, I see. Can’t force you to, can I. In that case...”

“Eep?!”

The prince suddenly pulls at milady’s slender hips.

“I just need to get you, Sharon, and both of you would be mine.”

“Your Highness!” Andy shouts, apparently without meaning to.

“Imperial knight Andy. I have not given you permission to speak.”

Andy swallows his words. Milady is frozen stiff. The pair of brothers are hesitating, unable to act.

It is then that a helping hand comes from someone unexpected.

“Your Highness, please refrain. I believe your retainers would be inconvenienced by such a sudden decision.”

“...ah, Clarice,” the prince mutters.

Clarice might have contributed to the monster subjugation effort, but she is still only the daughter of a viscount. Yet now, that viscount young lady has spoken out against the crown prince himself.

While everyone else is waiting with bated breath to see what would happen, like me, on Clarice’s face is still the relaxed smile that she has held since the beginning. The prince looks at her, and his expression softens.

“If lady Clarice says so, then I will not insist... so put that menacing thing away, maid.”

“As you wish, your Highness.”

Following prince Yuri's order, I return the spiked club to its place inside my skirt while taking back milady from his hands at the same time. The knights all release a sigh of relief.

"Are you hurt, milady?"

"I-I'm fine... thanks, Letty."

She smiles, looking somewhat embarrassed, and she gives Clarice a nod with her eyes as well. She couldn't be any more direct here, otherwise it would be equivalent to a public declaration that she disagreed with prince Yuri. We'll send Clarice a letter of gratitude later, after this is over.

"Let's return. A few of the knights need to stay to clean up the mess. Clarice, you're with me," prince Yuri says and starts walking.

"Understood. Lady Sharon, miss Fleurety. I hope we can meet for tea again some time," Clarice responds, following the prince back to the palace.

...I do have to wonder who the viscount young lady is. She can create a field of holy magic powerful enough to hurt me, and she looks to be more than a simple acquaintance with prince Yuri as well...

There's *something* about her.

"Sharon, are you fine?"

"Yes..."

Karl makes conversation with milady, though I can feel him being strangely distant to Andy. Prince Yuri's earlier words must still be in his mind.

Well, at any rate.

"Milady, let us return to your room to clean up in the bath. I worry that your bosom might have diminished after being subjected to such a brutish touch."

"How would that happen?!"

The pair of brothers turn away with their faces red, while I celebrate being hit with milady's slipper after so long.

Thus, the Monster Stampede concluded.

Camilla, daughter of a duke and an academy instructor, was originally supposed to be stripped of her family name and be sent to a convent as her punishment. Her initiative in being the first to attempt to enter the dungeon and remove the source of the Stampede, reckless and without authorization as it might have been, was still taken into consideration, and her sentence was reduced. She would not be sent to a convent.

Instead, she would be removed from her post at the academy and be sent for marriage to some lecherous old man with ties to her dukedom. I personally thought the sentence was rather lacking, so I had also supplied the aforementioned lecher with lewd photographs of her being attacked by tentacles in the dungeon. He had been most jubilant. He had also purchased much of my specialty product, my super-powerful energy supplements that would allow him to go a whole three days without drinking, eating, or sleeping.

We're loaded with money now.

Similarly, Mia, the marquis-employed maid and a co-conspirator of the assault in the dungeon, also barely managed to escape being sent to a convent. The marquis house had paid her bail money, and she would be demoted to being one of the scullery maids. It would be decades before her debt could be cleared, I should think.

As for miss Chieri, she had avoided being sent to jail by virtue of being one of the Partner candidates that the country had summoned. However, with her role in the assault and being the culprit who had lured monsters into the city, she was no

longer considered for the position of the next Saint, and she would have to do community service until her graduation.

The nobles were informed of this, so her chances of ever becoming a noble's Partner is practically non-existent now.

Also, apparently Chieri would be put under the supervision of an etiquette coach for a while... but then she locked herself up in her

room and hadn't come out since.

It must have been because I had blown off her front bangs. Heheh.

"Letty... what should we do now?"

"A month of free time, is it... perhaps we should travel somewhere?"

I answer milady as I pour her a cup of sweet *chai* tea. She starts nibbling on pieces of *soan papdi*, a dessert I've prepared as accompaniment since it goes well with the tea.

Due to the monster attack, the academy had suffered infrastructural damage, and there are junior students who have been traumatized as well, even if their physical wounds have already been healed with theurgy. The academy would close for about a month.

Most of the students have gone home, but milady's family situation is still far from being a pleasant stay. As we now have quite a bit of free time, we could invite lady Clarice over for tea and to show our gratitude as well, but the young lady was recently announced to be the next Saint to replace Chieri. She is apparently quite busy with trips to the Church and to the palace. It's hard to get a chance to meet with her.

"Oh, yes, I just have a good idea!" Milady says, clapping her hands adorably and smiling at me.

I wonder what disaster this idea of hers would lead to this time.

"What is it, milady?"

"Ever since you came to this world you've been with me all the time, right? So let's go on a tour around the kingdom."

Indeed, I've only ever gone to the Dark Woods and her family home.

"And besides..."

"Yes."

"Umm... I've... always wanted to go on a trip with... friends..."

Her voice shrinks into an embarrassed mumble as she fiddles her fingers and looks at me with puppy eyes.

“Milady...”

Too cute.

“Understood. I shall cross the whole world in one month with milady in my arms.”

“That’s not a trip!”

# Chapter 32

## Journey

“Hey, hey, girls, this road is closed to traffic. If you want to get through, take out your wallets.”

“If not, I’m going to rip off all your clothes and sell you both”

“Oh, my gosh, I like these woman...”

The sun is shining today, a nice day for a leisurely trip along the mountain road in a carriage. This is Fleurety, a maid who can also drive a carriage.

Milady and I are traveling through the recreational area of the Kingdom of Algray.

We’ve been to some of the famous tourist spots so far, but those places aren’t much different from places on Earth.

I stayed at a pension, ate the local specialties while enjoying the natural scenery, listened to the story of the owner of the pension and learned a new pattern of the embroidery from his wife.

If I dare to make a difference from Earth, the owner was a sage of time who hid in a dungeon, the food was a fishy unicorn stallion that flowed from the stomach after two bites, and the stench of death wafted through the air because the embroidery patterns were made of strange demonic threads.

So milady and I decided to go to a town in the mountains, which was said to have some unusual specialties and old lore.

Although it’s called a town, it looks like a large village, but there aren’t many tourists and it’s a quiet place.

Since it was a nice day, milady sat next to me as I was playing the role of a coachman, and we started our journey in Cachauf. A horse (?) pulling a carriage. Nir is in a very good mood, too.

“You’re looking forward to it, milady. Mm-hmm.”

“You’re ignoring us!”

Oops, My apologies. When you are thinking of traveling with milady, all other things are not important.

“...Letty.”

Milady fingers grab my sleeve like a frightened little girl. It can't be helped, since the only adult men who are not frightened to milady are her father and Sir Andy. Well, the three men who appeared as if they were blocking the carriage, with their words and the fact that they appeared on the mountain path in their strange attire, must be bandits, don't you think?

It's not good for milady's education to have a good old man wandering around in the middle of the day like this. It's a beautiful day, so why don't you go out and work in the field and.....

“Milady. I think we need to reapply some sunscreen.”

“That's what's bothering you in this situation?!”

It can't be helped.....

“So what can I do for you?”

“I just told you!”

The first man shouted as if he could feel the exasperation in my voice at his question. Are you not getting enough calcium and minerals?

These three bandits were all young men in their early to late '20s.

The first one is what you might call an “older brother”. He was in his late twenties, well-muscled, wearing a fur vest over his bare skin. Probably, he has a personality that starts with his form.

The second one is in his mid-twenties and seems to have a thin, graceful appearance, his look is better, but I am used to seeing “big belly tuna” like Joel and Elias, so I feel like I am being served “frozen tuna zuke” after special sushi.

The third person who looks a little overweight and lacking in nappy, you're probably in charge of the punchline.

“Oh, my God, I want these women...”

“You're going to break a girl's heart, aren't you? But they look nice. Some young lady going on a trip without a bodyguard? We're gonna

get a lot of ransom”

“Well, well, brother. Let’s be nice to the ladies. I’ll be gentle and loving.”

Nice shot.

For now, I made a three-shot par and roped them to the back of the carriage.

“Letty … that’s too much”

“That’s very kind of you, milady. The impact (lower body) is so strong that it’s unlikely they’ll be able to walk on their own, but I don’t think the worthy Nir would feel terrible about dragging them around like this.”

“That’s not what I meant.”

“Neighhhh”

“See, Nir says it’s light too.”

We’ll have to reward him with live food later. Oops, Nir, you mustn’t bite the human since milady is watching you.

Nir used to be an ordinary horse. After eating demon meat and increasing his legs to eight, he started to look like a demon.

“Bandits? You, two young girls, are well and safe...”

“There were only three of them, and they may have been careless because we are women. Besides, if they are that bad, even milady from the Academy of Magic could repel them all by herself.”

“Hoho, you’re a student of the Academy of Magic? That’s great.”

When milady and I arrived at the mountain town of San Mar. Milady and I immediately took the bandit to the guards of the gate.

False arrest is a problem in this kind of thing, but since they look like bandits, they were accepted normally by the captain of the soldier station. They will be interrogated at a later date and if the charges are confirmed, we will receive a small reward.

“But.....magic? It looks like you’ve done a lot of damage, so it’s

going to take a while.”

“I’m sorry about that.”

I bow my head honestly to the captain for the unnecessary trouble I have caused him.

But there’s no problem. They still can live a second life not as men.

“I’m glad you ladies aren’t hurt.”

“Oh, thank you.”

“You are a traveler, aren’t you? So, have you decided where you’re going to stay here?”

“Letty, do you know where we’re going?”

“I’m sorry. I was wondering if I could talk to a “trustworthy and kind” person there about a nice place. Captain, do you have any recommendations? “

“Well.....”

The captain, who I reckoned to be reliable, introduced me to an inn he knew. He said he could give me a discount if I mentioned his name.

“I heard about it, it was hard work. It is free, so please eat a lot.”

“Okay, thank you.”

“Landlady. Thank you for your help.”

This inn was introduced to us by the captain, and although it was not a nobleman’s classy inn, it was a neat little inn just right for a young woman to stay at.

This friendly landlady is the cousin of the captain, and it seems that she not only reduces the charge of the inn but also serves a special dish. A specialty. Yes, it is one of the purposes of coming to this place.

“Letty, it’s still early, so let’s look at the town.”

“Yes, milady. I’m looking forward to it.”

Maybe it was because of the scary sight on the road. After we come to a place where we can feel safe milady skipped a little as she walks.

Lately, it has become chilly in the evening, but today it is still warm, so milady is wearing only a light blouse. So when she bounces, she “shakes”, and for a moment a man passing by stops moving. It was worth it to me to put all the effort into making my threaded, wireless bra for the young lady. I had only heard of this region’s specialties as

‘unusual things’ but when I asked, I found these things. First of all, ‘beef from the field’. And ‘mountain oysters’.

“I wonder what they are like, Letty”

“Yes, milady.”

It’s a story I’ve heard somewhere. Nutritious vegetables like beef from the fields – beans, they say. Oysters that have a good taste because of the nutrients from the mountainous earth flowing into the sea. I think I’ve heard that story somewhere.

“Mo~~”

“Look, Letty, look. There’s a cow growing in the field!”

“Yes, milady.”

Is it a kind of demon..... A cow was growing on the tip of a sagging ear of grass about two meters from the field.

If I had to put it into words, it would make you question your sanity. Is it cannibalism in a sense that the cow is stretching out her neck to chew on the green grass?

More importantly, I’m wondering if the taste is like a slice of meat or a vegetable. If so, does ‘mountain oyster’ mean what the word says? If an oyster was stuck directly to a tree trunk, I would like to question whether it is really good as a shellfish. While I was enjoying my sightseeing, there was a visitor at the inn, addressed to milady and me.

“It’s a pleasure to meet you, ladies. We are here as an errand boy for our lord.”

That person was an elderly butler with a wonderful smile.

“Your lord...?”

When the scowling young lady nodded her head cutely, the butler nodded with kind eyes as if he was looking at his granddaughter.

Miss. Are you by any chance a caught up person?

# Chapter 33

## Ruin

After fighting off a bandit-like group of people, milady and I, a weak maid, received an invitation from an old butler who claimed to be the lord's messenger.

“What can I do for you, my lady?”

“Well since you’re here, I’ll take the invitation”

“Thank you.”

That is why I am heading to the lord’s house now.

I don’t know if the lord here is a nobleman or not, but he’s impatient. In a way, it’s refreshing to know that it’s at least a few days before we made plans with other noblemen.

“Since we are travelers, I’m sure he was in a hurry to get us there.”

“I see. I hadn’t thought of that.”

In the carriage prepared by the butler-san. Milady whispers that in my ear, and I am moved and shaken by milady’s profound deliberation. The butler, who doesn’t seem to have heard such a whispered conversation, but who guessed otherwise, lowers his head.

“I apologize for not considering your schedule as well. It’s not my intention to waste your time. There are students from the magician’s academy of the royal capital here, and my lord said he would love to have a meal with you all.”

“The students of the academy...”

I am the only person in the universe that noticed the slight twitching of milady’s cheeks. Yes, that’s right. Milady is getting better, but she is still a bit of a bad communicator.

Anyway, to meet a student of the school in such a mountain town, I hope it’s not someone who has a history with milady.

It’s a 30-minute drive from the inn by carriage. If it was Nir’s carriage

that I had left at the inn, it would be less than 10 minutes away.

The lord's mansion that I arrived at was surprisingly small and cozy. He is the lord of this town and the surrounding villages, to put it bluntly, he is the "town chief deluxe", I guess.

"Ladies, this way please."

"Yes, sir."

Milady is dressed in a semi-formal dress for the dinner. As a maid, I am prepared to that extent no matter where she goes out.

"Ah, it's Miss Kamishiro....."

"... Miss Kamishiro and Miss Sharon?"

"Miss Ginko?"

"It's Ginko."

"I'm Fua. Remember...?"

"Oh yes, Miss Ginko and Miss Fua. Of course, I remember. I was in the same group with Miss Ginko once at the Academy, and Miss Fua was the one who was often with her."

As I recall, I don't remember them doing anything to me on Earth. I don't remember them helping me out, but I don't think I'm inferring anything from them at the moment.

"Well, that was you guys?"

The young lady seemed relieved that they weren't bad aristocratic students.

"Uh, Sharon-san...sama? Huh, why are you here?"

"You don't need sama. ...although I'm sure that to some extent it can't be helped at the Academy."

"So can you call us by our normal name, too?"

"Yeah, I get it. Ginko, Fua. That's it."

The little embarrassed milady is adorable.

.....Thank you for making a friend. As I was unconsciously taken aback by such a miraculous scene, Miss Ginko turned to me as if she had remembered something.

” Miss Kamishiro.....as I recall, your first name was a Japanese name, wasn’t it?”

The young lady and everyone in the room look at me at that abrupt statement.

“Come to think of it, I’ve heard of that. I don’t remember you calling yourself “Fleurety” or some other bizarre name even on Earth.”

“.....Eh? Isn’t Letty Letty?”

“Yes, miss. I’m Fleurety.”

Taking the hand of milady with a slightly anxious face, I kneel on the spot while saying that with an extreme smile.

In that dark world, it’s the name I was given by my employer, [Lord]. If I try to say any other name than this, I will receive a full course of chastisement from the head maid. For some reason, though, my brain can’t accept any other name from the time she gave it to me.

“Well, I understand. Letty.”

“Yes, milady.”

The two examples didn’t seem very convinced, but the young lady nodded deeply and allowed me to stand up.

“Letty, let me know if you think it’s okay for me to call you that.”

“Yes, Miss. .....Oh?”

“You really don’t remember!?”

The Unimportant things were soon forgotten.

The atmosphere was somewhat strange, but the maids of the mansion came to call for us, and we finally dined together.

“Hello, these are beautiful ladies. I am Igor, the lord of the land. Please allow me to get to know you.”

The lord was a relatively handsome man with red hair. He seemed to be still young for a lord. When he greeted us, his gaze rested on milady's chest for a second.

"Could you please listen to this while we eat? There is a strange lore about this land."

Over dinner, the lord recounted the lore of this land as a topic of conversation. In this continent, until about a thousand years ago, there were many small countries that had been skirmishing with each other for hundreds of years. There were various reasons for the conflict, such as ideological differences and the desire for a richer land, but the biggest reason was the issue of "religion".

Nowadays, the "old gods" were the guardians of this world for a long time. But when the old gods suddenly disappeared, people from all over the world worshipped their own gods and began to fight over them. In the end, the founder of the church, the state religion of Al Gray, overthrew the oracle of the goddess and spread her teachings in this land.

"There was a temple of that old god left in this land. It's a little bit of a bad geographical location, but I hope that many people will come here as too see it as a tourist attraction."

"...won't the old gods be offended?"

Igor-sama scowled for a moment at Miss Fua's asking, then laughed hilariously.

"Hahaha, what, a god that has disappeared? We have a great goddess to protect us."

It's a logic that the people with eight million gods and nature as a religion can't understand.

"Actually, I have a favor to ask of you guys. It's just a ruin there, but there might be a magical trick. So I would like you, the magicians of the Academy of Magic, to examine the ruins of the temple."

"....."

Milady and the others two looked at each other involuntarily at Igor-sama's request.

"We might not be of much use..."

“Yeah...”

“Aren’t they dangerous?”

“It’s all right. I’m a soldier and once I got rid of a dangerous animal. Besides, I’ve been told that you are great magic students. I’ll pay you if you’d be so kind as to check it out while you’re sightseeing.”

“Well...”

Glancing at milady, she looks at me. It may seem a bit forced, but I will obey all of your decisions. The only thing I can do is to protect you, no matter what.

When I nodded lightly, milady was a little troubled and then nodded to her lord.

“I understand.”

“Surprisingly, the roads aren’t too rough.”

“Well, it’s a beautiful day and it’s like a picnic.”

“I think Letty made some food, so let’s have that for lunch.”

The next day, the four of us, including milady and myself, went out to investigate the ruins.

Today we are going out in Nir’s carriage, but it is a small carriage, so it is a little cramped for four of us. Well, I’m a coachman, so it doesn’t matter.

“Letty are you not tired of driving the carriage?”

“Yes, milady. That’s no problem.”

By the way, the windows of the carriage are fully open, so you can have a normal conversation.

”So that place was the temple.....”

“Oh, Ginko, you know this?”

“Actually, this world is so different from ours, that I was doing a lot of research in the library and I heard that there were ruins from the past here.”

“It’s my day off and I just wanted to see...”

“Oh, yeah, of course.”

When milady looks cheerfully convinced. Miss Fua takes out a piece of paper from her bag that looks like the material she studied and shows it to milady.

”After listening to the lord’s story, I understand a bit.... until the [Goddess] appeared a thousand years ago, there were no [skills] in this world.”

“So, the goddess or something like that gave him the “skill” that enabled the Founding King to get rid of the other tribes.....”

“It’s not as rough as I thought it would be.”

“Yeah...”

”We’re still only able to use magic at an elementary level, so I guess we’ll have to leave it up to Sharon-san...”

“Well, you just have to trust me.”

We arrived at the ruins of the temple and found that it was still in shape. I think the reason why it’s not rough is that it has a kind of “clean” feel to it, but for some reason, I don’t feel comfortable.

”Well then, would you mind if I left it to you? I look around for a reasonable place that looks like a good place to get lunch.”

“Yeah, have a good day, Letty.”

And so I left the ladies to look around the ruins.

”Well...”

Let’s go hunting for humans, shall we?

”Hey, buddy, those girls are here.”

”Oh, don’t get muddy. If those girls use magic, we’ll be caught like those three idiots.”

”I’m sorry.”

“Oh, they weren’t hit by magic...”

“Oh, my...”

“Shut up! Don’t make any excuses. If it weren’t for us you could have been executed. In exchange, we need to get the girls, and hand the silver-haired girl over to our lord.”

“But what’s wrong with the other three?”

“The other girls sell for more money, but.... It’s all right. You two can do whatever you want with them. I’m a nice guy!”

“Oh, my God, that’s great!”

“Hahaha!”

Nice shot.

For the time being, we have eradicated those who were insinuating that they were stupid. The three bandits we handed over were also there normally. This time, I think the seeds have disappeared.

After approaching these ruins, I felt eyes on me from inside the forest, but it was a “hit”. But still, the fact that the lord was in league with the bandits is quite an interesting situation.

”Don’t you think so too?”

I threw the spike club with a snap of my wrist and a figure leapt out of the shadow of the snapping tree.

”Well, you’ve noticed it well,”

”This is a strange place to meet you. Mr. Butler.”

That person was that kind old butler who was the lord’s messenger.

He still had a good-natured smile on his face as if he had a mask affixed to it. But he was taking a guarded stance and looking for an opening in me.

”The old men are in good spirits these days, just like your earlier move.”

”I thought you were only a maid as a guard, but you’re stronger than I thought.”

“You responded very well for your age.”

“Hahaha, when I was young, I was in an organization that did some assassinations and such. It’s a shame that I can’t move like I did when I was younger. Well, it’s better than these useless people.”

“There’s no excuse for our failure. We have ruined a great partnership.”

“No, no, it’s fine. It’s been helpful, but you’ve been getting cocky lately, with few top payments, so if you are going to give me some, that’s fine.”

“That’s a relief.”

“By the way. There’s still a problem.”

“Oh, yeah? What is it?”

“We have a witness, and we can’t feel safe until we get rid of her...”

The old butler’s eyes narrowed slightly and a killing intent flooded out as it leaked out in a jiffy.

Bathed in that killing intent.....

“....?”

The old butler’s complexion, which had never changed at all, turned blue as he saw the “smile” that appeared on my face.

“Huh.”

The old steward makes a retreat without hesitation. It’s quite a nice response. But is that right? You’ll have to....

“Neighhhh.”

“What, the carriage?”

While pulling the carriage at high speed, Nir-kun the horse blocks the old butler’s retreat. At the same time, the cloth usually wrapped around Nir-kun’s entire body rolled up, revealing his entire body.

“Eight...legs? How can there be a Sleipnir in this place?”

I clap my hands with a pang at the stunned old butler.

“Come on, Nir-kun. It’s time to eat.”

“It’s the only place I can feel the magic.”

“Is this a door?”

“It’s like the boss’s room...”

“How can I help you?”

“Yikes!”

I called out to milady who was examining the door-like stone wall with a serious face. Everyone jumped up and down screaming.

“Le, Letty!”

“Out of the blue!”

“I didn’t feel... anything.”

“I’m sorry about that, and I can’t find a better place to eat around here. I think it would be better to take it in the entrance area or here.”

“Oh, really? It’s the only place I’ve felt the magic here, too. Did Letty notice anything unusual about it?”

“Yeah, we didn’t find anything.”

“It wasn’t exactly a big deal. We’ll get back to the lord’s punishment later.”

“It’s a good time then, so let’s have dinner.”

Magic floods through the door as I’m about to take the food out of the basket and I instantly step forward to protect milady.

“Letty?”

“Milady. I need you to return to the entrance at once. This is-“

“...Wait. Are you from the Otherworld?”

# Chapter 34

## Old God

“...wait. Are you from the Otherworld?”

“Oh, speaking of which, milady. My former employer gave me a gift of dried squid overnight, would you like me to marinate it?”

“Does Letty know what’s going on?”

“Where did you work before? How did they send it to you!”

“Well, this is not the time for that in the first place.”

When I said what I suddenly remembered, milady, Miss Ginko, and Miss Fua gave me a tsukkomi all at once.

“The head maid, who was the master and boss of the maids, sent it to me this morning. But I don’t understand how she sent it either. Really, that monster .....the head maid doesn’t have any common sense, does she? It’s a slight horror.”

“”.....””

“Oh, excuse me. It’s the Marquis de Michel’s daughter, Sharon, and her servants, who have come here from the school in King’s Landing to see the sights.”

“...Letty. There’s something about the words, that doesn’t feel right.”

“It’s nothing personal, milady.”

“...if you are from the Otherworld, I would like to have a word with you.”

The [Voice] that came from the stone door was a rather flippant person. I somehow felt a vaguely accusatory look from everyone other than me, so this unknown maid would like to talk to you.

“What is your name, sir?”

At my question, magic power leaks out from the stone door again, and it becomes a [voice].

“The name is lost..... I am the one who once made this land. I have lost my strength and a piece of my heart...”

“....the old god.”

Miss Fua muttered that in a small voice, and milady and Miss Ginko also took a breath. I see that's why the god of this temple had disappeared more than a thousand years ago. No wonder I felt like he was a god but was a little bit lacking in dignity.

“Why is that god here...?”

“....when humans once called me ‘God,’ a demon robbed me of my power.”

It seems that God is not all-powerful. Well, I don't believe in an all-powerful God, but this power is just too low.

“So, why did you contact us?”

“Those who dwell on this continent cannot hear my voice for one reason or another. Only those who possess a factor other than this world can hear my voice...”

“Well, I can hear you, too.”

Milady sounds a little surprised at the voice of God.

“I'm sure you've used your “summoning spell” to incorporate some of the other world's factors into your life. With that much magic, you'll be able to find out what's going on in the world. The same kind of person has been here before.”

“A lot of magic...?”

For some reason, milady glances at me. Not at all. I'm innocent. ....I would like to say, but I was cooking with demonic ingredients to extend milady's life span and prevent aging, but this is where the effect came to an end.

We were having a conversation with no main points like that, when Miss Hua, perhaps impatient, came forward with a nervous look on her face.

“Is it because the people of this world can't hear you that they are disturbed by your voice? Could it be that the person who took your power away from you...?”

Then Miss Fua asked him out and found out a lot of things. First of all, “he” was.....I don’t know if he was a man or not.

But even though “he” was said to be a god, “he” was not a [God] but an [Old Dragon] that lived since the age of mythology.

After spending tens of thousands of years, “his” soul reached the realm of a spirit.

“He” obtained a power greater than that of a great spirit and was able to interfere not only with natural phenomena but also with souls and other dimensions.

“Well, to a weak human being, “he” looks like a god.”

“He” didn’t even need to take food, so “he” would help humans who tried to worship “him” on a whim.

After a while, the humans built a temple for “him” and many priests and priestesses took care of “him” to keep “him” in a good mood.

One day, it came to an abrupt end. Due to the fact that “he” was a dragon, “he” had to “shed his skin” once every thousand years.

Instead of just throwing away “his” old skin, it seems to be almost a reincarnation, and for a moment, “his” new body and soul are separated from each other.

Aiming for that momentary gap, one of the maidens took away the [core] of “his” body – “his” power as a god itself.

“.....That person was saying crazy things daily. My true world is another. It’s just that I’ve been reborn in a different world of barbarism. She said that someday she would create a harem in this world...”

“.....”

The ladies look at each other. This sounds like something I’ve heard before. Could it be a reincarnated person who has transcended a dimension?

“The priestess deceived the god and robbed “him” of “his” power. So what is the priestess doing now?”

“I would address you if you could. I want you to break this seal...”

“I don’t know if it is for revenge or to regain your power. But I don’t think that a priestess who has gained the power of a god can be managed by a soul who has lost the power.”

I don’t think it can do anything about a priestess who has gained the power of a god, but I feel like it is talking to me, not to anyone else.

“Well, I’ll just help you with that now.”

“...Letty? What?”

When I take out [ Orc Killer EX ], the young lady looks at me quizzically. Then let’s go.

”Nice shot.”

“Gugan!”

“Kyah!”

A roar that shook the ruins and the screams of the ladies. The blow, which was delivered with a wide swing cracked the seal and its stone door, which had been in service for over a thousand years.

”It’s sturdier than I thought,”

“Hey! What are you doing?”

“You are...”

I smile at the old god’s door, which has something to say to me.

“The seal has been damaged. If you want to do something, you can’t do anything unless you’re strong enough to come out of there on your own.”

“Well yes, I do. Thank you. .... the otherworldly \*∞.”

I didn’t catch the last word, but I wonder if that’s my “identity”?

But now we have a guideline for the future. Perhaps the priestess is the [administrator] of this world.

It seems that this world’s [Skill] and the cause of the “immortalization” of some humans is also related to it.

If most of those immortalized humans have milady as their

enemy..... I may need to antagonize the [Goddess] of this world.

# Chapter 35

## Idle talk The Invasion of the Chief Maid

Every day is as peaceful as ever. It's a peaceful time to take a break after a hectic morning's work.

Then one day, in the Church of the Royal Capital of King Algray, a huge stone holy sign that was displayed to ensure that peace in this world would last forever suddenly cracked.

”.....Ominous.”

Holy Knight Elias muttered with a reluctant face as he and the young children from the church orphanage saw it together.

”Onii-san.....”

”It'll be fine.”

Picking up the young child clinging to his legs, Elias asked a nearby priest to repair the holy seal and made up his mind not to go outside for the day.

”.

”Boom! Rumbling”

”What is that...”

A man running a fruit orchard on the outskirts rushes out of his barn a sudden thunder.

It will soon be time to harvest the fruit called Nassie, which has a lot of moisture, and if a squall comes and the fruits fall off, there will be heavy damage. .....but the sky was clear and almost cloudless, and there were no thunderclouds to be seen in the distance.

”.....What was that, what in the world?”

”Hey, there.”

”Heeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee!”

The man who was approached from behind in the fruit orchard, which was rarely visited by anyone but himself, turned around to roll over with a maiden-like scream.

”Ah, you.....”

“I’m sorry. I’d like to ask you a few questions.”

Seeing the figure of the voice reddened the bear-like face of the man who had been single until this age.

She looks like about twenty years old. Dressed in a long jet-black dress without a single piece of dust and wearing a pure white apron dress like fine silk. Fine white skin that has never been touched by the sun and beautiful blond hair curled into a luxurious vertical roll. The figure looked like an aristocrats or even a royal maid.

The most surprising thing about her is her beauty. The cold beauty, with perfect symmetry and no human distortions, looked like a doll created by God.

“Wha, what?”

When the man asked the woman, who didn’t show any expression, with a strange sense of intimidation, the woman nodded leisurely.

”Have you seen a dark-haired maid in her mid-teens around here?”

”...There are no maids in a place like this. A nobleman’s mansion in the city of the royal capital would be a good place to find one.”

When the woman asked the direction of the royal capital, she thanked the man politely and walked in that direction.

The man, who had been staring at the distant back of the maid, shook his head as if he was misty-eyed by the woman’s beauty and muttered with a small sigh.

”But she was so beautiful..... If that wasn’t a precipice...”

”Snap, rumble, rumble....”

That year no fruit was shipped from a fruit orchard on the outskirts of Wangdue.

“Shiver!”

“What’s wrong? Letty.”

“I’m sorry, milady. There’s a chill in the air...”

I served tea and snacks to milady in the girls’ dormitory room at the Academy of Magic, and I suddenly felt a chill and shuddered.

“Well, you shouldn’t do that, Letty. You’re not catching a cold, are you?”

“I’m sorry about your concern. Now, would you like some more chocolate donuts?”

“Thank you.”

Gazing smilingly at milady as she chews on her third donut, I gently look out of the window.

“....Ominous.”

“Hello, owner. Do you know of any dark-haired, somewhat unusual maids around here in their mid-teens?”

“Welcome.”

The owner of a shop near the third dungeon – commonly known as the “Salt Dungeon” – is greeted by a strangely beautiful blonde maid who walks into his shop and gives him a stern look, feeling a sense of *déjà vu*.

(Why do I only get strange women in my shop?)

The demon outbreak that occurred last month caused a lot of damage, but the store is safe and it’s back on track now.

It’s a good thing that the strange maid defeated the demon that attacked the store and bought some of the ruined goods.

But the owner was a little bitter about being negotiate down so cheaply that he thought he could be a little mean to the woman in front of him. If she was an acquaintance of the maid.

“Well, there’s nothing I don’t know, but you see, you know when you ask a stranger for something, right? Lady maid.”

“I see. You have a good point.”

“Huh?”

The owner of the store, who had a somewhat lowly smile on his face, readily agreed and gently touched her cheek. She let out a voice that made his heart pound, but he couldn’t help but be disturbed.

“Since the shopkeeper is a little lonely with his scalp, I would like to give you the ‘secret’ method of my [Lord].”

“Yeah, hey.”

On that day, you could hear a scream that seemed to echo through the town, and the shop never reopened that day.

“Bam!”

“.....”

I was running out of sugar, so I was on my way to the merchant’s shop to buy some. When the laces of my leather boots were all cut off at once.

“Pi.”

I put my fingertips to my lips and let out a small whistle, and snotty kids come up to me from alleyways all over the place.

“Onee-chan, hello!”

“Yes, it’s a beautiful day. Did you find anything unusual?”

“He is not open today.”

“A very beautiful woman came in, and then all of a sudden he closed up the shop.”

“The owner’s hair had an afro.”

“Very well. Here’s your reward.”

“Hey, Onee-chan, thanks!”

Waving back at the children who waved at me with innocent smiles as they got their iced sugar. I decided to give up on today’s shopping and

go back to milady.

“...Ominous.”

“Hmm..... This time I want that one ..... just her!”

Marquis Michels, Sharon’s brother Joan’s maid of honor, who lost her position when her sister and brother made up, Mia.

Who was supposed to be starting over as a new maid with a pardon despite being the perpetrator of the attack on Sharon, was about to attack them, again, gathering the roughnecks with her former connections.

She doesn’t care about Sharon anymore. She just thought that all of the damage that was currently falling on her was because of that maid and she wanted to get revenge.

“Hey, hey, I can help, but you have to pay me for the labor.”

“It’s okay, Dario. I’m sure she got a lot of bags to give you.”

Mia is in her early twenties, but she has been quite naughty as a teenager. A few goons from that time, including Dario, a former butler from the Marquess family, were her friends from that time.

“Give me that black-haired maid, too.”

“Hmm. Okay. Now give that Fleurety guy a good, hard slap on the wrist.”

“Did you just say Fleurety?”

“Yeah.”

When Mia turned around, she saw that all the men had their limbs unjointed and were displayed on the wall of the back alley in a strange object-like state.

“What? Huh!”

“I’m sorry. It was a little unsightly, so I made it pretty and put it on the wall.”

Mia couldn’t understand what was going on at the outrageous dialogue of a beautiful, slender blonde maid she had never seen

before. She looked at the woman and Dario and the others over and over without finishing.

“And about your clothes, I believe you are some maid. It seems to me that you are not well educated as a maid, so I will be happy to give you some special instructions.”

“What? Eeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee!”

Then that day, a young woman’s screams came from the back alley and one of the maids was gone.

“Nice to meet you. I am Fleurety’s boss. I was the head maid at her former employer.”

“Well, that’s a long way from home, isn’t it? Letty. The head maid was worried about you.”

“It’s been a long time.”

What a surprise, the head maid has arrived.

And milady who summoned me from another world is not uncomfortable with the head maid from my former workplace.

The head maid is conversing calmly with milady, but she radiates a perfectly controlled “intimidation” that only radiates on me. That monster.

“Fleurety.”

“I’m sorry.”

Please don’t read my mind normally.

As I stiffened, the head maid slowly approached me and suddenly patted my head and bowed to milady.

“I am glad that Fleurety is able to serve you well. Lady Sharon. Please take care of my unworthy apprentice.”

“Yes, Letty is good too me.”

For saying such a thing and coming so suddenly, the head maid left easily. Don’t tell me that she really just came to see my face.....

“She was a good person, wasn’t she? ....By the way, Letty.”

“I don’t know what to do...”

The room was piled high with a foot-deep pile of Nassie fruit, salt, sugar, flour, and other items, as well as dried wakame and taco slime.

All of them were souvenirs of the head maid.

.....As usual, the head maid is a horrible person.

# Chapter 36

## Saints

Several months have passed since the restoration of the magic academy.

The graduation ceremony was at the beginning of spring. After it was the “graduation party” held in the middle of spring.

The new semester began at the end of summer. And now it has become winter and the New Year has arrived.

To celebrate the New Year, the people gather around the royal castle to see the royals and the newly introduced “saints”.

\*

In one of the antechamber from the castle, Minami sipped from a teacup with a relaxed gesture.

She has lightly arrange glossy black hair and long eyelashes. Her white skin, and petite body made her look pretty as a doll. But her gestures and her melancholy, pale eyes made her look more mature than her age.

Minami grew up in her grandmother’s house, the head of a flower arrangement association. Her mother, who was strictly raised by her grandmother, rebelled against her as much as she could.

The wise Minami understands that her grandmother’s strict discipline is a reflection of her inferiority complex as the head of a small family.

To relieve her stress, Minami first contact with the “otome game”. Was at the home of her friends, Akiru and Chisato, and she became addicted to it.

Minami’s arrival in this world was an event she desired. She would be lying if she said she wasn’t interested in the targets of this world. But she was more than happy to get free from her grandmother and possibly be free to fall in love in this world.

The two friends who knew the game were in a hurry to capture the targets. Or perhaps they were in a hurry to destroy

themselves in the blink of an eye. Now their position in the academy was frail.

Minami had no intention of fighting with them. It seemed that they were proceeding with their game strategy without telling her, but Minami wondered how both of them, who had been working so hard on the game, destroyed themselves.

This world is very similar to the otome game, but it is a different “real” world than the game, and the targets are living person.

If you don’t take this into account, there’s no way you can capture the game. But that could not be the only reason why two people with a good point of view would fail easily.

Someone is interfering with the game.

Ginko and Fukia, who are relatively close friends, don’t play games. Those three bully also did nothing but chase trends and idols and had never once heard of the topic of gaming.

Then who? If it was a process of elimination, it would be that bullied Kamishiro girl. She wasn’t even interested in what Kamishiro was thinking, but in that situation, it’s not surprising that she hates all the girls in her class.

And one more.....

“Minami-sama, the ‘Saintess of Light’ is here.”

“Oh, dear. Please let her in.”

After giving permission for the chambermaid to let her in, the door quietly opens and a pretty girl with fluffy, golden hair and a gentle smile enters.

”I’m sorry, Minami. I just wanted to talk to you for a moment...”

“Yes, that’s quite all right, Miss Clarice.”

The “Lady of Light” who ended the demon outbreak.

It was the main heroine of this otome game, Viscountess Clarice de Liniello.

“Please have a seat.”

“Thank you.”

Minami smiled serenely at the arrival of the heroine, who was a big deal and recommended a seat.

The maidservant brewed green tea for the two of them. After a casual chat over the rare green tea, Clarice asked with the same smile.

“What is your target?”

“Well you do say some strange things, don’t you?”

A strange tension develops between them, and they both stare at each other in silence for a moment, both smiling the same way. It was unlikely that Clarice, a resident of this world, knew anything about the game, but maybe she knows something about it?

“It wouldn’t be you who doesn’t know what it means, would it?”

“Isn’t it not fair to ask me that...?”

When Minami replied that, Clarice, who asked, gave a small smile.

“That’s right. I would like to be by His Highness’s side and light up this country with light.”

“That’s lovely. I’m doing the best so I can take care of the two on our side.”

“Mmm-hmm.”

“Hmm.”

With that much conversation, the icy tension between them vanished.

This is an agreement. They won’t cooperate, but they won’t get in each other’s way either.

“Gashan.”

“...uh...”

A maid, who seemed to have developed anemia from the tension, wobbled and knocked over a vase with fresh flowers in it.

“I’m sorry... ouch.”

“Don’t panic, dear. I’m not going to scold you.”

When the maid cut her finger in a hurry to pick up the broken vase, Clarice cast a divine spell of healing on it and instantly healed it.

“Oh, thank you very much!”

A saint of light, beloved by the goddess. While admiring her divinity, the maidservant’s expression is clouded by the vase she has broken and the flowers she has scattered.

“There.”

“Everything that has a form will eventually break. But.....”

Minami gathered up the scattered flowers and arranged them in a “flower arrangement”. While a green light radiated from her hands, bringing the flowers back to their original state.

“....Green hands...”

A rare skill to grow and restore plants. When the maidservant muttered in amazement at the beauty of the arranged flowers and the sight of them, Minami smiled softly.

At that moment, they heared a male voice from a butler outside the room.

“Thank you for waiting. Saints of Light, Saints of Green, Your Majesties are waiting for you.”

\*

“It’s not too cold these days, how are you all doing?”

Hello Fleurety here, a maid who knows the difference of every millimeter of daily growth.

“How dare you, lowly one, to enter my realm of the goddess’ household!”

Today, I went to the Devil’s Forest early in the morning to look for foodstuffs, but I was suddenly confronted with a fate.

As I recall, it’s a demon of a very large bird called a “phoenix”. I remember it was called a “holy beast” in some regions.

But still, a beast from the goddess..... I was just passing by, but it seems to be very badly trained.

Considering the misfortune that has befallen milady. Miss Ginko's and Miss Fua thoughts of the “otome game” that a former classmate said in her sleep is becoming more and more plausible.

It seems that the thing that supports the root of it is the order of this world, the 【Goddess】.

According to what I heard from the head maid before, it seems that the administrator of the world is usually a great spirit or something like that, but on the rare occasion that an existence with power that surpasses the great spirit appears, they take away the role from the great spirit and start being called 【God】 ..... It's a troublesome existence.

“Do you ignore me, lowly one! I hope you will atone for that sin with your life!”

“I didn't know you were still here. At any rate, I wasn't interested in you a firebird because it doesn't have many parts to eat, but if you call yourself a “goddess' family member,” it can't be helped.”

”Geez!”

The firebird falls as the walnut shoots him in the head.

I'm a little late with the warning. Everyone please be careful when you shoot your nuts.

“...g...g...ouch...”

“Oh? I'm glad to see you're still alive.”

I heard there are stories about resurrecting from the ashes or something like that. But if he was shot in the head and still breath, it can't be called an exaggeration.

“I entrust the egg in my nest to you.....”

“I'm sorry, sir. I don't think it's such a great idea to entrust the egg to your killer, but I'm not so out of line that I'd ignore

a dying wish.”

“I'm counting on you.”

The firebird was reduced to ashes after saying that much, so I picked up an ostrich-sized egg from a large tree nearby and walk home with it.

“Good morning, milady.”

“Good morning.”

Milady is very pretty as she rubs her eyes and tries to get up.

“Milady, breakfast is ready.”

“What kind of food?”

“Today we are serving a fresh omelet.”

Speaking of which, I heard that when a firebird dies, its spirit takes over its own eggs.

# Chapter 37

## Young Dragon

“Letty, do you think I’m beautiful?”

“Yes, you’re very beautiful. Milady.”

Today is a day off and milady is getting ready to go out. Of course, milady is very pretty and she is getting more beautiful every day.

I mix every day some demonic ingredients into her diet so that it doesn’t put a burden on her. Because of that her magical power and cell regeneration ability are enhanced.

The demon material doesn’t only prevent aging. The nutritional value of the firebird egg that a kind person kindly gave me the other day. Has the effect to regenerate any parts that have been distorted by the daily life, so even the parts that have been growing abundantly are in the best form. I won’t say which part.

“....Letty, You’re thinking of something else, aren’t you?”

“Milady’s bosom is a tsundere, isn’t it?”

“I don’t know what you mean.”

Anyway, milady is going out today because she sent a letter to thank Mr. Andy for saving her from a dangerous situation at the academy. And she was invited not to the Knight’s barracks but to the Marquis de Mercia’s family home, where Mr.

Andy is staying today.

“Knock knock.”

“A knight is here to see you, Miss Sharon.”

“Yes.”

Milady and I went downstairs to the first floor to find Mr. Andy, who looked uncomfortable as he was being stared at by a number of female students.

I gave a small portion of baked goods to the female student who had come to deliver the message.

“Hi, Sharon. ....well, it looks good on you.”

“Oh, thank you...”

Milady responds to Mr. Andy’s slightly embarrassed lines with a shy smile.

Milady’s outfit today is a light green colored dress, as it is the beginning of spring. The slender dress looks great on milady. But, to tell the truth, the firebird’s egg is very nutritious and high in calories at the same time.

Maybe that’s why the young lady’s weight is a bit higher than the average, so I had to stay up late last night to massage the young lady’s entire body.

“Letty ... again.”

“No, milady. I always think only of you. I do believe that the massage was the easiest method to adjust your body to the measurements of the dress.”

Having said that to the point that milady got teary-eyed, as a maid, I have the duty to maintain milady’s figure in perfect condition.

As I dodge the slippers , that milady was trying to slap me with, with a gorgeous side step while I pinched up the hem of my skirt. A junior schoolgirl looked at me with longing eyes and turned away. While Mr. Andy couldn’t even look directly at us.

It’s probably a thirty-minute carriage ride from the academy to the Marquis of Mercia’s villa.

If it was a carriage towed by Nir-kun, it would take a few minutes. But Mr. Andy came to pick us up in a four-horse carriage that belonged to the Mercia family and could hold six people with room to spare.

“Welcome, Miss Sharon. Welcome home, little boy!”

“I’ll be twenty-four. Will you stop calling me a little boy?”

A fifty-something well-dressed maid servant greets us, perhaps serving here for a long time, and looked at Mr. Andy with gentle eyes.

“It’s been a long time, Miss Sharon,”

“Do you remember me?”

“Yes, of course. I remember seeing you and Master Carl playing together as if it were yesterday.”

The maidservant – Lady Merdi seemed to know milady ten years ago. That’s when milady and I first met.

“Lady Merdi, I have brought you this.”

“You’re Miss Sharon’s handmaiden. I don’t need a “Lady”. Well, it smells very nice.”

I brought this Baumkuchen as a souvenir. It’s not like the scrap of Baumkuchen that I gave to the underclassman. But a cut from the middle part a 10 centimeter thick slice.

We baked it in the courtyard of the girls’ dormitory while wrapping it around a giant iron skewer. So it was difficult for the dieting girls not to look at us with resentment.

”Cueeeeeeee.”

At that moment, a blue-green object flew out of the open doorway with a bizarre scream.

I almost shot it down by throwing the spike cudgel at it. But as it headed towards Mr. Andy, I didn’t move, and after catching the flying object with the size of a medium-sized dog, Andy laughed and patted the object’s head.

”A.....dragon?”

The little dragon looked up at the sound of milady’s voice, and Mr. Andy held it back up so she could get a better look at it.

“Is this the first time you’ve met Sharon? This is my [partner], an otherworldly dragon.”

”Cui.”

I see. Mr. Andy is also a nobleman from the Academy of Magic. So it’s not surprising that there is an intelligent race that was summoned from another world – a [partner].

“I’ve heard that humanoid forms are rare, but a dragon.....”

“Wow, that’s cute.”

“Cui.”

As milady who likes pretty things screams, the little dragon happily jumps on milady with its little wings and buried its face in her chest.

“.....It’s a very happy scene, but I feel a strange heartburn.”

“Haha. Let’s not stay in this place forever, let’s go inside.”

“Okay.”

As we entered the pavilion. Lady Merdi – I was told no honorific titles were necessary, but I salute my predecessors. Lady Merdi came down to prepare the tea and I was allowed to join her to cut the Baumkuchen.

As a maid, I have to show her that the sweets I brought have no poison in it.

Since it was a gift for Mr. Andy. I decided on a very ordinary sweetness, but I knew that would not be enough for my calorie-loving young lady, so I also prepared a cream with honey.

When I cut it up and put it on a plate, the young maids of the Marquis family – well, they are older than me, served Mr.

Andy’s portion while looking at it. I’ve properly brought a small portion for them as well.

I should leave the rest to them. To mess with them any further would be to invade their territory.

“Cui.”

When I was about to go back to the reception room first, I saw that moldy little dragon floating in the empty corridor.

“.....Wait, You’re from another world. My name is “Jade”. I have something to tell you.”

“.....”

The dragon said that in a very deep male voice and gazed at me.

I see.....so this is what the strange feeling is all about. It's true that the "intelligent" creatures they summon from other worlds can't be just pets, can they?

"Regardless. I'd like to take care of a few things first."

"...what?

"Nice shot."

I gracefully approached Jade, who spoke in a deep voice, and in an instant, I blasted Jade from directly below with the spiked club.

You have something to tell me, but I will not tolerate sexual harassment of milady.

# Chapter 38

## Secret agreements

“Andy. Thank you so much for saving my life in such a dangerous situation.”

“No, it’s fine as long as Sharon is okay. ....In fact, I don’t know if I would have made it in time if Miss Fleurety hadn’t picked me up on the way. If you want to thank me, you should thank her.”

“Yes, Letty’s a good friend of mine.”

Andy gazes dazzled at Sharon, who has a girlish smile on her face.

The girl who was a childhood friend, but could not be saved from the bonds of nobility.... There was no one who she could call a friend. She was always being blamed by those around her, she even forgot how to smile and just tried to protect her pride in being an aristocrat. But now it seemed like a miracle that she had a bright smile on her face.

Andy turned his eyes away from Sharon with a sigh, he realized to late his own desire. But their position now was just that of the second prince’s potential fiancée and the second prince’s knight.

“And because Joel-sama told me to go. You can thank Joel-sama as well...”

“Yes.”

Sharon’s smile clouds slightly as she remembers her position, too.

Joel approves of the two of them, but due to his position, he couldn’t say it out loud. Both of them, as the eldest children of the Marquis families, were also in a position where they had to abide by the rules of the aristocracy, even if it meant to sacrifice themselves.

“Did His Highness say anything to you after that?”

“Just once I received a letter...”

The first prince who had eradicated the demons – Crown Prince Yuri – was interested in Sharon and her maid, Fleurety .

If he was so inclined, even if she was a potential fiancée of his brother, it could be easily overruled by one word from him.

However, Yuri only sent a letter to say, “Show up at the castle one of these days”.

I’m not going to be able to tell you what to do. But you can’t procrastinate forever, and even if the prospective fiancée was not Joel but Andy, as a nobleman it would be difficult to refuse.

They are in love with each other, but they have lost each other.

The two had already changed from being “childhood friends and a man and a woman” to the face of a nobleman.

”...So, how about we mix some stimulants into the tea and see how it goes?”

“What do you mean...?”

As expected of the Mercia family. The height of the ceiling is much higher than the average, so no one seems to notice.

Hello Fleurety here, the maid of record, who, together with her little dragon Jade, is huddled against the ceiling of the parlor, gently watching over the two.

”.....I thought there were strange signs, but you wasn’t a human after all.”

”It is a maid’s etiquette to lurk in the ceiling for the sake of milady.”

”There’s no maid like that.”

This is a strange thing to say. I’m a Lovely Spider, you know.

Anyway, the disputes between Jade and me has been settled. I said that if he didn’t admit to the sexual harassment of milady, I would demand compensation in court, and Jade agreed to pay a reconciliation to settle the matter.

”.....It’s a small, dirty stone.”

”It’s dragon’s gallstones, for one thing. It’s worth several times as much as those gems around here.”

”I’m not impressed because it came out of my mouth.”

”By the way, let me ask you, why are you acting like a pet?”

I had heard that dragons are quite proud, but was the other world he was in different?

”When you pretend to be like that, the pure young girls come to you.”

”The reconciliation has been doubled.”

I've heard that intelligent dragon species have offspring with other species and give birth to subspecies, but they are really unprincipled creatures.

As we talked while seriously watching milady's deflections, I found out many things.

Jade is a dragon from another world, but it seems that he can hear the voice of the “dragon god” that was sealed in the ruins.

Although the voice is audible, it is a one-way oracle and cannot be spoken with, but when he followed the voice and investigated. He found out that the goddess worshipped in this country is the one who took away the power from the old god.

It is said that the priestess who became the goddess was unable to use the complete power she took away. She was only able to influence this country at first. After every few hundred years, the number of countries and regions she influenced increased.

When I say every few hundred years.....come to think of it, it matches the number of games that I heard about from Miss Akiru.

Every few hundred years, the Goddess summons someone who has been playing the game on Earth to play her game across time and space, making her the heroine to enjoy the game.

”This is a [game world] created by the goddess.....”

”Is your brain okay?”

”It's the result of research! I know it's a stupid thing to say, but...”

”It's really hard to believe that someone who calls herself a “goddess” would be such an idiot, but....”

According to Jade, he's trying to contact the dragon species outside the Goddess's warding to attack, but after they become a subspecies,

their intelligence drops to a stuttering degree, so they can't break through the Goddess's warding.

.....How did the head maid come in?

"All I ask of you is to destroy the wards. It's a pity, but you seem to be more powerful than the current dragon."

"All right. So help me in case of emergency."

Thus ended the secret talks and secret agreements with Jade.

And so, it seems that milady has finished talking to Mr. Andy as well.

".....Where did she go? Letty?"

"Yes, Milady."

I jumped out at the call and landed diagonally behind milady and called out to her, and milady and Mr. Andy, slumped down with a twitching face.

"Letty, were you up on the ceiling again?"

"As milady's maid, I was ready to deal with everything at any time."

"What are you talking about?"

I was hit with a slipper by milady who turned bright red. As expected of milady, she is very modest.

\*

"Are you free again, milady?"

"Yes, it seems so. I heard that the holy beast that was the guardian in the Demon Forest has disappeared, and parts of the forest are starting to die."

"That must be very difficult."

It's been a while since the academy classes startet again but they need to cancel classes again.

Apparently it's the big bird sacred beast that disappeared, but that's annoying.

That's fine, but for some reason, I don't remember taking the class much. I wondered if that was a good thing, but here and there, some students seemed to have completed the [Partner contract].

Less than half of all students, but I heard that the achievement rate of the junior high school group was higher for boys than for girls.

The reason for this is that the 'hot sellers' such as Miss Akiru and Miss Chisato are in the girls' group, but the reason why Mr. Sei and Mr. Hao in the boys' group remain unsold is mysterious.

"But what does the withering away of the demon forest have to do with the academy's holiday?"

"You've never heard of it, Letty? Minami-sama became the Green Saint, right? It is said that the Demon's Forest serves as a ward to prevent outside demons from entering. She is going to heal the forest, and some of the instructors and students are going to protect Minami-sama."

"Isn't that the work of the soldiers from Al Gray?"

"Well I guess you could say that."

Milady didn't even seem to question it until I told her. Was there another subtle interference? Let's fire up that Stupid Goddess one of these days.

"Knock, knock....."

"Letty, there's someone here to see us."

"Again. That's unusual."

It's not that milady has a bad temperament and doesn't have many visitors or anything like that. It's just that, as a nobleman, invitations to milady start with a letter to ask for her schedule. So it's a rare occurrence, except in cases like the last time when they came to pick us up.

I went to the door, looked through the peephole, and saw a small schoolgirl with a couple of handmaids who looked familiar.

"Who are you?"

"This is Minami. I've been talking to you and Miss Sharon ..."

“Yes, yes, it was Miss Minami, wasn’t it? Of course, I remembered you”

When I opened the door, Miss Minami stepped forward and smiled a mature smile.

”I’d like Miss Sharon and you to come with me to the Demon Forest, but could you please tell Miss Sharon?”

# Chapter 39

## Encounter

”.....So, Miss Minami, you really want me to come with you?” “Yes. Healing the Demon Forest is good for this country. That’s why I want Miss Sharon and Fleurety to come with us.

When milady asked her that, Miss Minami smiled and said so, bringing a bit of chiffon cake (full of whipped cream) I had served to her mouth.

”It’s delicious. Fleurety.”

”That’s good to know.”

Miss Minami seems to be the same as ever. As far as I can remember, Miss Minami is an intelligent person, even from my point of view. But she doesn’t consider herself to be rejected in any way.

What she says is correct. That’s why she thinks no one will reject what she is saying, and she proceeds on the basis of that.

She pretends that she didn’t see me being bullied in class, and she talks to me like nothing happened, and she thinks it’s right.

So, even now, she wouldn’t think for a second that she could make a request to a lady who is a nobleman and have it rejected.

”.....”

Milady glances at me. I nod slowly at that.

”I understand, Miss Minami. I will join you.”

”Well, after all, Miss Sharon is a wonderful person. I look forward to working with you.”

When milady with a somewhat twitchy smile agreed, Miss Minami thanked her without any particular pleasure in words alone. Then, after a little small talk, Miss Minami left with the handmaidens she had brought with her.

Those maidservants don’t have a very good attitude either. Probably

the maidservants of the royal palace, but it seemed as if they were looking down on milady.

”.....Huh.”

“Thank you for your service, milady. I apologize that I have make you accept a request that could be dangerous.”

I bow my head to milady as she breathes away from the tension, and she chuckles and shakes my hand.

“I know that Letty always puts me first. It’s important to the country. As a noblewoman, I can’t say no if the saintly lady asks me to.”

“You are very well-behaved. milady.”

Next to those two melons.

“Are you thinking of something strange again?”

“I beg your pardon. You eat a lot of watermelons, aren’t you, milady?”

“What are you talking about?”

It seems that I was able to deceive milady well. Anyway, even if I’m the one who perfectly protects milady, as milady’s personal maid, I have an obligation to make her comfortable even if she’s in the Devil’s Forest.

“That’s why I’ve come to purchase various things.”

“What do you mean?”

I’ve made it to the store near that salt dungeon. The owner’s shop is a little smaller than the shops on King’s Central Street, but the owner’s resourcefulness has allowed him to keep a wide variety of useless products. ...he has a wide range of products that you can shop at a surprisingly low price.

“I’d like to say that the owner is the same as always, but I’m afraid you’ve changed a lot in appearance.”

“Oh, you know what changed, maid?”

At my words, the owner proudly turns his head and puffs out his nostrils.

“I got it done by a very beautiful maid.”

“Is that right?”

Unfortunately, that broccoli-like thing is not hair.

“Speaking of which, have you lost weight? Your skin also looks … a little green.”

“Well, I’ve been craving some kind of green thing, or rather, seaweed lately. Could you be a little flexible, maidservant?”

“Good.”

It’s a pretty nasty parasitic type of thing.

But, well, it’s not life threatening, and if its host is in danger, it’ll probably take a risk and save him.

If there’s a drawback, it would be that his whole body would turn green and he would eventually ‘return to the sea’.

That may be a happy life for him, but I’ll continue to shop for a while longer and I’ll handle it somewhat on my end.

“Oh, a woman’s skirt is rolled up outside—“

“What the fuck?”

Before I can finish, the owner of the store leans out from the counter with a lot of momentum.

”—you did, didn’t you?”

“Tsk.” “It’s rude to do that if you have a pretty maid like me right in front of you, isn’t it?”

For now, I crushed the intelligent part of his “hair”. Now that I’ve picked off the nasty part, it’s not like the shopkeeper will be returning to the ocean in a few years. The only problem is that only the top of the shopkeeper’s head has been picked off, reducing his defenses to zero, and his haircut looks like he’s wearing an afro-shaped donut.

I think it’s good to have a very eccentric and unique haircut.

I bought some sweets, outdoor cooking tools, and other necessary

items, and while I was at it, I sold a simple map of the Demon Forest that I had mapped out for a fair price.

About that Demon Forest, if it was a ward that resulted in preventing demons from entering the forest, would it allow Jades household members to enter if it was completely destroyed?

Now, let's get one more thing done, shall we?

“fiiii”

As I lightly whistled near the back street, a group of snot-nosed children began to trickle out of the alley.

“O-nee-chan, Hello!” “I’m glad to see you guys are doing well. Has anything changed?”

When I ask this, the children, in turn, whisper in my ear.

“The number of demons occurring in the western villages is increasing.”

“Apparently the disappearance of the holy beast is a factor, but the cause is not known, even by the Order.”

“Next week, I hear that a group of green saints are going to heal the Devil’s Forest.”

“Lately, the underworld has started telling me to run away if I see a young maid with dark hair.”

There’s also a somewhat rude topic in there.

“I see. Are the soldiers working on that? Any news on the Green Saints?”

“The soldiers aren’t moving for some reason. I don’t know why.”

“The Green Saint was recognized by [the Church]. It is said she was chosen prematurely in order to recover from an earlier blunder, but it feels somewhat unnaturally.”

I gave them a little more rock sugar as a treat, and the kids ran down the street for their errand, smiling innocently.

Innocent children are soothing, after all.

I had expected this, but there didn't seem to be much useful information. I wish I could have learned something from the child's rumors, but let's head to his place as planned.

A few minutes later, I arrived at what looked like a rundown coffee shop.

As expected, I would say, the shop doesn't look like it's in vogue.

What kind of coffee shop is it? It's one of those old-town neighborhood coffee shops where if you ask for an iced coffee, you'll get a sweet iced coffee with gum syrup already in it, but you'll be charged 400 yen for a cup.

I entered the coffee shop from here I can see the holy sign of the Goddess on the steeple of the [Church]. It doesn't seem to go well with me and I don't feel very good when I see it.

Besides, since there is a possibility that the "goddess" is my "enemy", I can't just walk up to her and let her know of my existence without a second thought.

I went to the back room of the shop, and the man I was looking for was already seated.

"Did I keep you waiting?

"No, I've just arrived."

he put his cup of coffee on his plate and he – the Holy Knight of the Church, Lord Elias – looked at me and smiled kindly.

# Chapter 40

## Departure

“Take a seat, Miss Fleurety.”

“Thank you.”

Mr. Elias took the trouble to get up from his seat and pull out a chair for me.

As a maid, I feel uncomfortable doing that to a nobleman, but I’m not that uncouth either.

“And this one too,”

I don’t know where he had it, but he crowned me with one red and one white rose.

“What would you like to drink?”

“Tea, please.”

This coffee shop is, what can I say, self-service.

The reason for this is that there is only a staggering old man working here, and if you wait for him to come and take your order, you’ll wait all day.

But if you think about it, there are shops in the earth’s shopping district that have been open for many years even though I’ve never seen any customer go in.

I don’t really care about that, but what to do with this rose? It’s not enough to make jam with it.

I had no choice but to finish munching on it when Mr. Elias came back with a cup of tea.

“You said you wanted to ask me about the Goddess, as I recall.”

The reason why I was meeting with Mr. Elias outside the [Church] was that I wanted to hear directly from him, who had heard a oracle, about the [Goddess]. As expected, if we did something like that within

the church, I might attract the Goddess's attention, right?

Even if I just heard it from the old god, I heard that she has a power that surpasses even a 【Great Spirit】 ..... Even if the Goddess can't master all of that power, there's no guarantee that I can win head-on.

"I'm glad that Miss Fleurety is interested in the teachings of the Goddess. Let me tell you what I know."

"Please."

If that is what you think, Mr. Elias, I will not make any particular correction.

It is the duty of a lady not to refuse a man's kindness.

The beginning of the [Church] that worships the Goddess began about a thousand years ago during the founding of this country.

With such a beginning, the origin of the 【Church】 an 【Goddess】 was not so different from what we have heard so far.

The earth was devastated because the old gods had disappeared, and the goddess, who was saddened by this, descended from the heavens and gave an oracle to the young man who was to become the founding king and his queen, a "saint from another world" for which the people and the king were grateful and established the 【Church】.

If you think about it the goddess is the one who caused the chaos on this continent by taking away the power of the old god.

Besides, I'm also coming down from the ceiling, so I am not too different.

Hmm..... So you're saying it's okay if I say I am a goddess? Well, I am a person of common sense who admits it to myself and others, so I am embarrassed by such a shameless act, and it is impossible for me to do so.

"The first question that comes to mind. What was the goddess like?"

"The Goddess appeared to me in my dreams. The first time I saw her..."

The goddess has been appearing in Mr. Elias' dreams since shortly after he entered the orphanage.

She had blue eyes and luxurious golden hair. She was in her mid to late teens, she looked like a beautiful girl, and then every time he met her, her hair and clothes became more and more gorgeous and beautiful.

Perhaps Mr. Elias was a favorite of the 【Goddess】 , who was becoming more and more beautiful as he grew up.

”...Miss Fleurety?”

”I’m sorry.”

I put back the hand that was touching Mr. Elias’s cheek and I bow my head deeply.

.....It’s strange. That I would care about someone other than milady. I’m sure I must have felt pity for him.

”That said, I heard that Miss Sharon and Miss Fleurety are going to heal the Demon Forest along with Miss Minami. It sounds dangerous.....is it safe?”

Mr. Elias unexpectedly changed the topic.

Well, I was able to hear most of the things about the goddess, so there’s no problem for now. I just found out that there’s nothing I can do about her, though.

”Don’t worry. I’ll take care of milady’s safety.”

”I am concern about your safety.”

Come to think of it, there was such a thing. I couldn’t think of a greater threat in this world than the head maid, so I hadn’t thought of that.

”Would it be better to eradicate them first.....”

”You have to be careful,”

”How is it that Miss Minami, the Green Saint, performs the healing and the Church does nothing...?”

”That’s ... it’s certainly not right. In a situation like this, the church should be the one to take the lead.”

”Is that right?”

Could this be one of the [events] that the goddess prepared?

As far as I'm concerned, she's not a good person.

\*

Now, it was the day to leave for the Demon Forest.

“Good morning, milady. It's morning.”

“...hmmm...”

When I urged milady to wake up, she opened her eyes slightly and then buried her face in the pillow again.

It's only before four in the morning, so it can't be helped. But since we're leaving from the school grounds at six o'clock, we don't have much time to spare.

I could massage milady all night long, but since I actually massaged her all night long, the fun time went by so fast that it became morning. I must wake her up for her sake, I must devote myself to waking her up.

.....No, as milady's personal maid, the correct path is to let her sleep until the last minute while ensuring that she can make it in time.

”.....What?”

“Good morning, Milady,”

“...what? Good morning, Letty?”

Milady's astonished expression is very cute.

But I can't blame milady for her confusion. When she woke up, she found herself in the middle of getting feed her pancakes with lots of honey. Having finished dressing up perfectly.

I really tried my best. I had bathed milady so that she wouldn't wake up, polished her whole body while massaging her, conditioned her hair and skin, changed into her outfit to go out, and feed her breakfast.

“Huh? What?”

“Serving breakfast that was high in calories helped to keep your mouth open.”

“I don’t like calories!”

She scolded me quite seriously. She said I should wake her up properly in the morning. .... Could it be that it was wrong to massage her in the bathroom?

“I’m going, Letty.”

“Yes, I’ll go with you.”

In the schoolyard, Miss Minami and several attendants and knights of the Kingsguard had already finished their preparations.

From the academy, Dr. Eric Marceau and a group of volunteer students, oh, even Mr. Sei and Mr. Hao are there.

“Good morning. I understand you will be joining us as well.”

“...Oh, good morning.”

“Good morning, Miss Kamishiro. Miss Minami asked me to join you. That’s a lot of baggage.”

Mr. Hao, who was following milady who headed towards Miss Minami to greet her, returned an unkind greeting, and Mr.

Sei, who greeted me cheerfully, was slightly taken back when he saw my luggage.

Apart from the [expansion bag] that can hold 100 kilos of luggage, I am also carrying a super huge backpack on my back.

This is also only about 100 kilos, so it’s not a big deal.

All of this is a large amount of sweetened calories to make milady comfortable.....

“Letty?”

For some reason, milady spotted my thoughts and scolded me again.

# Chapter 41

## Into the Forest

“Now that all members are here, we’ll be leaving for the Devil’s Forest.”

The members are Miss Minami, the “green saint” who is supposed to heal the forest, three palace maids, and five knights of the palace guard. There are a few hired baggage carriers.

From the magic academy side, there are ten volunteers who are the same senior students as milady. Among them are Mr.

Sei and Mr. Hao.

They will be accompanied by Mr. Marceau and an elderly teacher to lead them.

And our Dangerous Body, Milady.

“...Letty, you’re thinking strange thoughts again, aren’t you?

“Milady is a real comfort to me, isn’t she?”

“What are you talking about?”

Milady is really lovely, as her face turns red when she is praised.

Not only the boys’ eyes were soothed, but even the seemingly withered old teacher was cheered up in many ways just by the milady’s appearance.

“I’m so shaken up.”

In the meantime, I’ve sprinkled poisonous moth powder on those who look insolently at milady, so let’s get into the carriage.

It would have been good if we could have used Nir’s carriage, but we can only use the carriage up to the entrance of the forest and have to leave it there. If we leave it there, Nir would eat all the monsters in the Devil’s Forest, and we would be in a lot of trouble. Nir seems to be lonely because he can’t go out with milady he loves so much. If I find a big thing like that firebird, I will hunt it down as a souvenir.

There are several carriages, but there are only two carriages for the nobility.

I heard that Miss Minami, Mr. Sei and Mr. Hao ride in one carriage together. In the other carriage are milady, I, and Dr.

Marceau.

“But how is it that so many of them are suddenly suffering from eye injuries...”

“It’s strange, isn’t it, Doctor?”

For some reason, some of the boys and their teacher were sent to the infirmary because some of them hurt their eyes when they were leaving.

“There are too many strange things happening. Why did the Holy Beast disappear? That holy beast has been protecting this country since the founding era. How could Elias, who had tried to join us, get sick to death from the coffee he drank in a coffee shop? Sharon, can you think of anything?”

“No, I don’t have a clue either..”

“I have a feeling that there’s some kind of evil will at work here.”

“Oh, that’s scary.”

Anyway, a few hours later, we arrived at the Demon Forest.

“Although our numbers are a little small let’s head deeper into the forest.” “Yes, my saint.”

The forest is calm as usual. There seemed to be a few more demons, but I killed the strongest demons beforehand, so it was only the familiar face of the griffon bowing to me from a distance.

“Cah.”

Nice shot.

The lower half of the orc that tryed too attack milady got blown away.

“Oh, thank you, Letty”

“I’m glad you’re not hurt.”

The only things attacking us are weak demons. It's strange.....  
Strong demons don't appear, but around here, there should be a few  
more troublesome demons that use petrification and poison.

Just as conveniently, the level of things that appear are things even  
the knights and students here can deal with.

"It's as expected of Mr. Sei. Using the holy attribute, isn't it possible  
for you to become a holy knight as well?"

"Mr. Hao is also very impressive. You took down three orcs at the  
same time with your amazing wind magic."

"In contrast, some young lady is useless with her magic."

It's a break for lunch, but I can hear some uncomfortable words from  
those three royal maidservants that I can't bear to hear.

Milady's face looks down at such heartless words. According to  
milady, those three were the third and fourth daughters of the Count  
and Viscount families, and the maidservant who used words of  
condescension towards the lady in particular was a certain Marquise  
family's third daughter, who even the lady could not remonstrate  
with.

"....."

Milady grabs my hand as I start to rise quietly.

"No, Letty"

"I'm sorry"

It would certainly make miladys position worse if she caused a scene  
here. ....but it's also not in character for me to keep being passiv.  
What should I do.....

"You guys, you shouldn't say such things. These people are here to  
help our country in a very important way."

"I'm sorry, my saint,"

It was Miss Minami who admonished them for it. If that was all, it  
would be fine, but Miss Minami smiled apologetically as she came all  
the way to milady's vicinity.

"Miss Sharon, will you forgive them? They mean no offense, either."

“Yeah, uh... yeah.”

Milady returns to Miss Minamis words with a puzzled look.

What she is saying is not wrong. But what she is doing is wrong.

She has gone out of her way to tell the others, who were unaware of “who” the maidservants were criticizing, that they mean milady.

Because of this, other people are looking at milady.

It looks like she’s making a good argument, but what’s he’s doing is “raising herself up” and “lowering milady”.

.....Shall I seriously turn her into demon bait? Just when I was thinking about such a dangerous thing, milady gently stood up, perhaps she read my thoughts.

“Thank you, Miss Minami. I am only doing my duty as a nobleman. There’s no need for you to break your heart.”

Milady looked straight into Miss Minami’s eyes and said so in a resolute manner.

Her noble yet beautiful appearance caused faint sounds of admiration to leak out from the knights of the Kingsguard.

In the first place, the maidservants who only complained did not fulfill their duties as noblemen at all, turned reddish-black at milady’s words.

The eyes of the students changed as well, aside from Mr. Sei who had exchanged words with milady, Mr. Hao and others turned their longing eyes to milady with their reddened faces.

“Thank you ... for your understanding.”

Miss Minami bowed her head with a dark expression.

Milady smiled slightly at her and returned to me and grabbed my sleeve with a faintly trembling hand.

“Letty.....”

“Milady, you should be very proud of yourself.”

Milady were afraid. Milady is shy by nature, and it must have taken a

lot of courage for her to say such a thing in that place.

I was wrong. I knew that milady was well-built, but I must say that I still underestimated her.

“Milady is more than just that giant melons!”

“What do you mean by that?”

After the lunch break, we left with a different atmosphere than in the morning.

The one thing that changed was that there were more fond glances at milady. Another thing that has changed is that those three royal maids have disappeared.

What has happened to them, I wonder.....

By the way, I’m sure this has nothing to do with this, but I seem to have accidentally spilled some of my secret laxative on someone’s meal.

What is so special about it is that it not only makes your stomach slippery, but also your lower body muscles relax and go into a state of auto-discharge.

I spilled exactly three people’s worth of food, but let’s hope that no one else ate it.

Then we made it deep into the forest without any problems.

“Green Spirit, do me a favor..”

“Ooh.....”

When Miss Minami called out to the green spirit or something like that, the plants that had been dying revived their life force all at once, and greenness grew in abundance.

”Letty that is a great powers.”

“That’s right.”

Hmm? It’s funny. Miss Minami said it was a Spirit, but I didn’t feel any sign of the Spirit moving.

For some reason, the spirits didn’t come near me in the first place.

That's how easy it was for them to get things done, despite the exaggeration.

I heard that they have to heal it regularly every few years since the Holy Beast isn't there. But even if there is a next time, I'll refrain from coming along.

Besides, from what I saw, the wards and such seemed to be quite unstable. It won't be easy to destroy them, but.....hmm. It looks like I'll be able to do something interesting.

Then we smoothly returned to the royal capital, and when we were dismissed, milady gave my sleeve a small tug.

"Letty, Mr. Sei and Mr. Hao are waving at us."

When I turned around, I saw Mr. Sei, who had pulled the red-faced Mr. Hao, seemingly greeting me with a slightly amused look on his face.

# Chapter 42

## Attack

I'm back home safely from the Devil's Forest. Oops, excuse me. I'm Fleurety, the wonderful maid who brings you smiles everyday, but for some reason, when I smile at anyone, they often look away. ....It's strange.

Regardless of such trivial matters, I would like milady ,who worked so early in the morning ,to take a break from the three days and three nights of sweetness festival. We have to prepare for that event, which is only a few months away.

“Milady. How would you like your dress for the graduation party to be?”

“Well yes. It's that time of year already.”

Milady gave a slightly distant look at me.

That's right, milady spent five years from the age of 10 to 15 years old in the dormitory of this academy. Even though milady was not treated very well, milady must have a lot of deep emotions.

Well, for me, since I will be able to go from my current status as a [temporary] partner to becoming the official partner of milady, I can't help but feel a sense of joy that makes me want to jump a little.

“I used to dream about it when I was little...”

Milady mumbles this and lightly taps the seat next to her.

This is a signal for me to ‘sit next to her’, and I am not the same person as I was back then when i was told to ‘take a seat with her’ and sat face to face on top of milady, so I honestly take a seat with tears of blood in my heart.

“My mother also graduated from this magic academy. I heard that she looked very nice in her slender figure and beautiful dress at the graduation party.”

“It's a story about your birth mother, isn't it?”

“Yes. I’ve heard stories from my mother and the queen when she was alive, and I’ve always dreamed wearing my mother’s dress to the graduation party...”

I have seen a copy of miladys mother’s picture taken with magic tools, and she was a beautiful person, very much like milady.

“That dress...”

“I put it away with great care, but while I was at the academy, Miss Gidel threw it away...”

“Is that so?”

.....It’s that stepmother again. I broke her spirit and beat her into a hospital room, and she still makes a nuisance of herself, doesn’t she?

I let her live because I didn’t want milady to be concerned about it, but shall I crush her soul now, even if it’s now.....

“.....Letty, your face is a little scary.”

“I beg your pardon. I was thinking of something a little amusing, which naturally led to a refreshing prickly face.”

“How could it be?”

“Be that as it may.”

“Would you make that dress?”

“...What?”

What’s gone won’t come back, but why don’t I make a dress for milady in the same design?

“...Letty.”

“Can you tell me what the dress looks like?”

“Yeah ... thanks.”

Since I’m going to make it, let’s bring a memorable dress back into the world with my threads as a dress exclusively for milady.

Compared to Lady Kiria (Shanons Mother), who probably had a height of nearly 170, milady is quite petite. And if we assume that Lady

Kiria's chest armor has a grade B fighting strength, then milady's fighting strength is about four levels higher.

In short, Lady Kiria had a slender model's body shape with a bit of a broad shoulder, so her dress was simple in shape and showed her body line clearly.

If the milady were to wear it....

“Milady. Weapons are not allowed in the venue.”

“What do you mean by that?”

Through my heartfelt persuasion, the life of many pure-hearted boys was saved. Milady is truly a terrible person, isn't she?

“And so, Mr. Andy. I would like you to help me see how milady dresses.”

“Why is this happening?”

The next day, while I was shopping, I visited the waiting room of the Kingsguard.

When a knight I didn't know tried to walk towards me with a grin on his face, a familiar knight stopped him with a pale face.

As expected of a knight of the Kingsguard, most of them are gentlemen. It's helpful that they don't interfere with my conversation with Mr. Andy.

So when I explained the danger of the dress of milady's mother and the dress that clearly showed her body shape, Mr.

Andy nodded with a red face as he imagined that figure.

“Well that's dangerous, isn't it?”.

“Thank you for your understanding.”

“So, what do you want me to do for you?”

“It's not that difficult. The basic form will be Lady Kiria's dress, but I'm going to change the shape slightly for milady, and I'd like you to direct her to it.”

“...what exactly?”

“We have dresses of that shape on display in several stores. Milady has agreed to look for a design that suits her, so I thought it would be best if we just let Mr. Andy give her a push.”

“Then why don’t you and Sharon, being of the same sex, just look around?”

Shy men seem to be embarrassed to go along with women shopping, but if you don’t show your manly side every now and then, she’ll dump you, right?

“No, Mr. Andy. Women become beautiful when they are praised. It is the role of men to encourage that.”

“Yeah, right.”

“Or would you prefer to turn your duties over to another man?”

When I threw him just a few cold glances and words, Mr. Andy, who had slightly withdrawn, turned serious.

“Okay....”

This is a good time to ask both of them out on a date.

Since the two of them are not very good at the romantic side of things, I had to use a bit of a forceful approach.

“So, milady. I’ll tolerate a little more than a take-home, so please do your best.”

“What are you working on?”

Apparently, Milady didn’t know the meaning of the word “take home”.

When I told Milady about her date with Mr. Andy, she was very upset, but when I explained to her the meaning of “take home” with a lot of emotion, she was really cute with her face as red as a boiled crab and her head pulled back under the covers on the bed.

I’ll polish her up to a shine before the day of the event, so I hope he is prepared for that. In the meantime, I have to do something about her pudgy arms.

“Let’s refrain from sweet treats for a while, shall we?”

When I casually blurted that out, milady had the most despairing look on her face that I had ever seen.

Now, the day of the date.

“Milady. Mr. Andy is here to pick you up.”

“Uh-huh.”

When I told her that in her room in the dormitory, milady nodded with a look of determination on her face.

For today’s date, I will be joining them. By nature, a noble princess like milady would not be left alone with him, even if they are engaged to be married.

As a matter of fact, milady is a candidate to be Mr. Joel’s fiancé. Even though he is Mr. Joel’s childhood friend and a knight in the Kingsguard, if they are left alone together, there is a risk of causing unnecessary scandal.

There is one senior steward on Mr. Andy’s side who is an old man.

“Good day to you.”

“It’s nice to meet you too.”

The able maid and the butler don’t need an extra word. We exchanged eye contact with sharp eyes and bowed silently to each other.

From now on, we will accompany them like shadows and watch over them.

“Sharon, give me your hand”

“Yes, Mr. Andy.”

The other side over there, is showing us the sweet and salty romance of a middle schooler.

The high-class shopping district is not too far from the academy, so the Mercia family’s carriage is parked here and we’re going out on foot.

“But still.....”

“Is there something wrong?”

“The weather’s starting to get a little worse, isn’t it?”

“We don’t need rain.”

I exchanged idle words with Mr. Senior Butler.

Its wrong to call it a cloud, a thing like mist was faintly spread across the sky.

.....I can feel something unpleasant. And a faintly sweet smell too. The butler also seemed to have sensed something, and seemed to be wary of his surroundings.

The high-class shopping street does not have any stalls, but only high-class shops for nobles or merchant families.

Therefore, there are not many people on the street, but isn’t it a bit too few...?

“Do you mind if I ask you to go ahead?”

“I’ll take care of them.”

I felt some kind of presence behind me, and when I said that to see what was going on, the butler, who had guessed, headed towards the two of them.

He’s quite capable, after all. It looks like he can be relied upon in terms of combat.

Still, as milady’s maid, I can’t take my eyes off milady completely. I take out a small pebble-like object from my pocket and place it on my palm.

”You are to follow milady.”

On my hand, a spider about two inches long raised its paws menacingly.

This spider is my subordinate that I scouted in the garden of the academy. It is somewhat aggressive, but since it is a female, I have dressed it in a small maid outfit.

Normally, I have her exterminate any insects that come around the room, but let’s see what else she can do to be useful.

“Shigya.” (Spider sound)

The spider maid raised her paws menacingly and headed towards milady, leaving a single thread in her way.

”.....You’re here.”

I look back quietly as I feel the presence of the previous one behind me.

I was the only one left, not because I felt it was dangerous, but because I couldn’t read the intent of the presence.

Let’s call it a vague hint of multiple emotions mixed together.... I don’t know what it is, but it’s not normal.

“.....”

With the sound of footsteps, several silent men and women emerge from the alleyway, from the store, and from behind the thinly filled fog.

Although they were looking forward, their eyes did not reflect anything, all of them had their faces turned towards me.

”Sweet smell..... are they being controlled?”

They were full with that sweet scent that I felt faintly earlier.

”.....Oh?”

Three slightly faster people came forward from among the people approaching like puppets. And we know each other.

”We meet in a strange place,”

I don’t know why they are in this place, but they are the three royal maids who were in charge of Miss Minami.

Do they appear to be unconscious, but are they subject to subconscious influences? I can sense a hint of hatred towards me from those three.

”I’m sorry, but I don’t remember it at all.”

”Aaaaaah!”

Suddenly, those three and the manipulated people attacked me with strange voices. Well, they are on foot.

Against slow-moving, bare-handed civilians, I wouldn't be afraid.

Nice shot.

““Gah!”

Well, only those royal maidservants are different.

I launched at them from below, so the three rolled down the road surface.

I don't know what happened to those girls, but if I dissected those three, would I find something?

Then....

...earthquake?

Feeling a faint tremor, I stop and look up at the sky.

The fog above me is getting thicker and comes down. I have a bad feeling about this..... It's better to give up on this dissection and go back to milady.

The moment I thought that and turned myself around.

Gaga gaga gaga gaga gaga!

A series of earth-cracking sounds sounded from afar, and a huge plant vine that seemed to cover this entire district stretched to the heavens.

# Chapter 43

## Green Cage

On the wide terrace of the sunny palace, there was only one white table and two chairs. A young man and a young girl sitting facing each other.

The young man is Yuri de von Algrey, the Crown Prince of the Kingdom of Algrey.

The girl is Viscountess Clarice de Liniello, who has just been recognized as a saint of light.

The two of them are enjoying a leisurely cup of tea, and the dozen or so servants and knights are about 20 meters away, so no one is around to hear their conversation.

“We’ve checked it out as well. It seems your information was correct. It’s not a very pleasant one, though.”

“I’m sorry to hear that. But we mustn’t ignore the truth.”

“I know. If you can’t control your emotions and reason, you can’t be the heir to the throne.”

“That’s my boy, Yuri.”

Yuri’s mouth twisted slightly at Clarice, who smiled softly.

“I didn’t expect this world to be in a game.”

Clarice is a resident of this world. However, she was born with memories and knowledge that were different from others.

The [human species] who are summoned to this world every few hundred years – the memories of living in their world.

She has only vague memories about herself living in that world, but she knew a lot about this world.

A maiden game—the line between light, darkness and love.

Clarice realized at a young age that the history of this country and the

content of the game were very similar, so she read through the history books and became convinced that this was the setting of the game and the existence behind it.

“No, Lord Yuri. This world is real. Although it has been distorted as a playground for the goddess.”

“.....”

This world has been distorted by the 【Goddess】 to be very similar to the content of the game.

She calls the girls who enjoyed the scenario and brings them to this world as heroines.

This world is a vast playground for the goddesses to enjoy her maiden games.

A number of people's lives have been disrupted in order to live up to the content of this scenario. Even Clarice, who realized she was the main heroine, was born as a bastard child of a viscount family and was forced to live a meaningless torment and an unwanted life.

She wasn't going to allow that to happen, but Clarice decided to take advantage of it calmly... coldly.

“Everything on your ‘timetable’ is right on the money. As for everything else, I'd say it's only a timing discrepancy, but I'd say it's almost 90% correct.”

“The Goddess is fickle, but she wouldn't change her scenario.”

“If this is a lie, then you're either a rare fraud or a legendary soothsayer.”

“I'm only a heroine.”

“So the perfect way to prosper, then, is to have you, the heroine, as queen?”

“The main heroine, a saint, is the queen. That's all there is to it, a scenario created by the goddess that will ensure the prosperity of the country and the royal family until the next game.”

“But does the goddess know about this talk and have no mischievous thoughts?”

“Goddess isn’t as versatile as Lord Yuri thinks she is. From what I’ve checked so far, the goddess don’t sees the entire scene. Only the events.”

“So she did not hear this conversation...? Very well. Clarice. You are now my first in line to be engaged.”

“Thank you.”

Clarice bowed her head with a graceful smile that didn’t change at all.

“Also, even if she is also a saint, please give up on Miss Minami. She is hers, and she’s following the two boys like a hawk, so it’s best not to get involved.”

“That one was supposed to be my sister-in-law, but when a goddess is involved, it’s a no-brainer.”

“How do you think about Sharon?.”

“I think it was something called a villainous daughter or something. She’s a good woman, sure, but that’s a potential fiancée for Joel. What’s the goddess going to do for her?”

“She won’t be united with Mr. Joel anyway. If you make up some sins and forcefully take away her freedom, the goddess will be satisfied. Miss Sharon is often unhappy in the scenario, so you can’t save her. It’s just.....”

“It’s just... what?”

“If you want that maid—Miss Fleurety—you’ll have to be careful.”

“...What’s with her?”

” It’s that she’s a character that I don’t know about.”

Yuri’s expression soured at Clarice’s serious eyes.

” In addition to the characters, there are many others in this world, called general mobs. However, those mobs don’t get deeply involved in important characters. Unless it was some kind of hidden character, and that maid is a terribly creepy existence.”

After staring at each other in silence for a while, Yuri, who had relaxed his breath, lightly waved his hand, and Clarice stood up and bowed her head, ending today’s meeting.

“Well then, Lord Yuri, please excuse me.”

Yuri suddenly calls out to Clarice’s back as she says that with an unchanged smile and leaves the room.

“You are a very calculated woman. Clarice.”

“Oh my. You don’t like calculating women, do you...?”

Intertwined with Clarice’s gaze Yuri began to laugh in amusement.

”Haha, that’s exactly why you’re worthy of being next to me.”

At those words, Clarice’s smile changed to a faint grin and she was just about to walk away.....

”.....earthquake?”

Feeling a faint tremor, Clarice turned her gaze towards the city. At that moment a huge plant vine broke through the cobblestones and stretched to the heavens, covering the entire high-class city block.

”.....What’s going on? It’s a plant. Send soldiers now! And call the green saint and have her deal with it!”

Yuri instantly recovered from his rigidity and gave instructions to those around him.

Clarice, who recovered from her stunned state at the sound of his voice, saw the face of the girl who is the “green saint” in her mind for a moment at Yuri’s words.

\*

It’s good morning and today here is a wonderful maid, Fleurety, who has been watching milady grow by the millimeter.

This morning she has grown by 0.37mm. It is truly wonderful to see her still growing at that size.

“Don’t you agree?”

No matter how many times I beat them, the three royal maids who got up repeatedly, probably because I was taking it easy enough not to kill, so i had no choice but to tie them up.

The palace maidservant has taken up a lot of extra time.

I think milady is safe with Mr. Andy and the Butler at her side, but as a maid, I have to rush over immediately.

The thread is still connected to the maid spider I released, so I know where milady is.

It would be easier if I could jump along the roof, but the vines that grew upward are clumped together in the sky and are gradually descending in a birdcage state.

At this rate, the underground might be uprooted, too.

In the end, both of them will take some time, so I'll continue on through the city.

”Aaaaaaah!”

Nice shot.

I slam the fat, aristocratic-looking uncle I bumped into at the corner of the road into the first hall and continue on.

By the way, I neglected to check if the person I just met was being manipulated. Well, what's done can't be helped. I am a positive woman.

By the way, why am I immune? Is it because I am a non-human sticky spider?

.....What if milady is being manipulated?

At any rate, I guess we'll just have to dress her in the baby doll that I once recommended and resolutely refused, and see what happens for a while.

”.....Oh?”

I know all the back alleys and shortcuts in this city as a maid.

Based on that as well, I chose a path and found that huge plant vine was blocking the way.

‘Then ... full swing.’

Boom!

It's been a while since I've could do a full swing with a spiky club.

Normally, I refrain from hitting it seriously, as the human lower body would explode... mmm?

What a surprise. The shattered vines regenerate in the blink of an eye. No, it's a little different from the regeneration, or maybe it's more like the vines around it make up for it from the moment it breaks.

But I did learn a few things.

The plant has small flowers, and that sweet smell is coming from them. It may be caused by insectivorous plants that make me hallucinate.

Also, the pollen-like substance emerging from the flowers did not seem to adhere to the tip of the spike.

There is a cursed ore embedded in this tip, but it has a strong magical power. In other words, the person being manipulated must be a person with a low magical power value.

”This is not good.”

I thought it would be safer for the moment if milady was being controlled. However, due to the influence of my food, milady's magic power level has risen considerably.

There is a possibility that the people who are controlled by it will attack milady.

”This is.....”

As I brandished the spike club again to rush to milady's side, manipulated humans gathered from all over the place.

They must have judged me to be a danger from the previous blow. Numerous thin vines sprang up from the plant's vines and tried to entangle me.

”Do you want to disturb me? Really..... Come on, you lowlife.”

Both humans and plants stop moving at the sound of my voice as if they were stiffening.

If you're going to interfere with me helping milady. I'm going to get serious.

The white part of my eyes erode to black and my skin turns a lustrous

bronze color asthey watch.

Eight 10-meter-long black spider legs grow out of my maid's uniform as if they are piercing my back.

The unconscious humans who should have seen my “true nature” begin to shake and shake, and the plants that were exposed to my “true nature” decay in the blink of an eye.

”.....please bear with me even if it hurts a little.....”

# Chapter 44

## The Prohibition

“...the fog is coming.”

On the way to the designated luxury clothing store, Andy suddenly looked up at the sky next to Sharon, who was window shopping.

“Mr. Andy, what’s wrong?”

“Well, it’s nothing. For that matter, what do you think of this dress?”

“Yeah, uh... yeah.”

Sharon nodded awkwardly to Andy, who felt slightly uncomfortable, but changed the subject that there was no need to talk about it.

”.....Mr. Andy.”

The old butler, who doubled as his escort and guard, quietly approached Andy and whispered something to him.

He was a skilled explorer who had been able to reach close to the lowest levels, but when he became too old, he retired and was hired by the Mercia family.

When he returned with a nervous look on his face, Andy realized that his hunch was correct.

“Sharon, the weather’s going to be bad. We’ll should go back.”

“...and...uh...what about Letty?”

Sharon looks uneasy because of the absence of Fleurety, the person Sharon trusts the most. The old butler, who quickly returns to a mild expression, smiles at her.

“Miss Fleurety is on her way to do some shopping, but she’ll be back soon.”

“...I see.”

What would that Fleurety do without telling her? Even though she

was holding that thought, she followed Andy who was trying to leave this place, and as Sharon started to walk away as well, it happened.

Gaga gaga gaga gaga.....!

Plants rose through the cobblestones and beyond the roof of the building – covering this entire city section – and covered the sky like a birdcage.

“What’s happening!”

“Mr. Andy, Miss Sharon, come quickly.”

“Okay.”

Using normal common sense, they tried to move away from the green cage to the central square – a place with a lot of people, but it put the three of them in a tight spot.

”.....What?”

Many people had gathered in the central square of the high-class business district.

But the citizens, who had expected to be confused and noisy, didn’t shout or cower in fright, they just stood there in silence.

“What is that smell...?”

Sharon, who was sensitive to the sweet smell, looked around and saw something thin and tree-like in the middle of the central square where the people gathered, and a huge flower that bloomed.

Something like pollen suddenly erupted from that flower, and the sweet smell in the area became even stronger.

”What on earth...?”

“What is going on?”

That’s when Sharon and Andy felt no particular impact and looked at each other to see what they should do.

”Ugh.”

Suddenly, the old butler kneels painfully.

”What’s the matter?”

“...run for your life. This is the pollen of a plant with a hypnotic effect deep in the dungeon. I can’t even...”

“Hey, you need to get yourself together.”

“I’m...sorry...for...uh...the...”

“Hya!”

Sharon let out a small scream at the old butler who suddenly let out a distorted voice.

“Sharon, let’s getaway!”

“And he...”

“Now think of your safety! The others found us, too.”

“What?”

The citizens who had been just standing around were all coming towards them at once as if they had finally found their prey.

”Hurry up!”

Andy threw off the old butler, who reached out his hand and started to run, pulling Sharon’s stiffening hand. If there is any salvation it would be that the manipulated people walk slow like puppets.

”.....”

“Mr. Andy, get over here.”

“Fuck.”

As a knight, Andy, couldn’t slay the people even though they were manipulated.

”Forgive me!”

He can only kick them away or hit them with a sheath to avoid injury as much as possible, but they still get up as if they don’t feel pain.

From the looks of it, if they really want to stop them, they’ll have to bruise their whole body so that they can’t move by hitting them to the

very edge of not dying.

“Ha... ha.... ha....ha....”

“Sharon, I’m going to pick you up.”

“Yikes!”

Sharon is starting to run out of breath as she runs away, and Andy picks her up and runs off.

“But, I’m heavy!”

“You are light.”

“Mr. Andy....”

It’s true that compared to the heavy armor he wears in training, Sharon and the like would be light.

But his strength is limited. The streets, which had been sparsely populated until then, were filled with manipulated people from all the buildings.

”Uh.....”

“Mr. Andy?”

Andy suddenly grunted and fell to his knees. He still lowered Sharon to the ground without dropping her, and she hurried to his side.

”A-Are you okay?”

“I’m sorry but I guess I’m not going to be able to...”

“Oh no...”

Sharon gulps as she looks like she’s about to cry.

“Leave me ... and run ... quickly.”

“I can’t just leave Mr. Andy behind!”

“They’re going to come after you, the only one with more ego than me... quickly... find Miss Fleurety...”

“Mr. Andy!”

Andy smiled slightly at Sharon and touched her cheek as if admonishing a child who didn't listen.

"I want to ... protect you."

As he was about to say something, strange noises began to escape from Andy's mouth.

The next thing she knows, people controlled from all directions were quietly closing in on Sharon, and her escape route was blocked.

Sharon might be able to break through if she used her attack magic. But as a nobleman, Sharon is determined to protect her people, she can't hurt her people.

She won't give up until the end. .... But Sharon also realizes that it's only a matter of time. Her only regret is that she won't be able to be with her friend, that girl at the end.

"I'm sorry. Letty."

"Creepy....."

"...ugh!"

At that moment, a chill ran through Sharon as the hair of her entire body stood up.

The daylight that had been there, even though the sky was covered with vines, instantly turned into a dark night, and in that slight vision, Sharon saw the shadow of a giant spider.

"Here you are, milady."

"...Letty!"

For a moment, her fainting consciousness is brought back by the voice of one of the maids.

"Letty....."

She hugged the maid with a tearful voice, and the maid stroked her head with a very gentle hand.

"You have done your best."

The next thing she knows, all of the people who had been

manipulated had fallen to the ground. As if their consciousness had been torn away by a tremendous force.

Still, they didn't seem to be dead, twitching, and struggling to get up, but no one seemed to be able to move properly.

"There are still people who have been manipulated. Let's retrieve Mr. Andy and the Butler and get them out."

"Uh-huh."

Sharon stands up as well, wiping her tears away.

"But....."

"...What?"

"I wonder what's going on here."

"What happened..... The people who had fallen suddenly stopped moving, and those who had been approaching from afar also began to fall on the spot."

"Letty, look at that..."

A light shone from the heavens and the vines of the plants that had covered the sky began to wither in the blink of an eye.

The sweet scent that had filled the air was blown away by the wind, and it was all back to normal.

"This is a good opportunity. Do you want to escape like this?"

When Fleurety asked, seeing that the danger was over, for now, Sharon took a deep breath and then shook her head firmly.

"No, let's attend to the fallen people. Letty, can you help me?"

"Yes, of course. Milady."

"What the.... what the... what the hell...?"

Minami stood in front of the old mirror in her room at the school, horrified.

This complete incident was caused by Minami.

She wanted to make Sharon the villainous daughter, she would put up the divine white face and made Sharon hated.

However, Sharon continued to stand firm no matter what was done to her. Minami's target Mr. Sei and Mr. Hao looked at Sharon with admiration, rather than dislike.

“That was unacceptable.”

With that thought in mind, Minami thought about killing Sharon.

Would Minami be calm as usual, she would notice how short-sighted this method is. But at the time, she couldn't think of anything else.

When Minami heard that Sharon and Fleurety were going out of town, she sent the three royal palace maids to the same place to do some shopping.

With the skill that Minami possessed [Green Hand], the magic that she had applied for several days without sleep or rest was close to a curse. The carnivorous plant seeds that she had planted in the three maids would cover the city, and the manipulated human would kill Sharon.

As it is indeed a curse, it will continue to chip away at Minami's life force as long as it is activated, but as long as she is conscious, it is impossible to lift it.

To check the situation, she was watching the scene with the treasure – the Mirror of Distant View, which she got because she seduced a butler to bring it from the palace.

”.....Why.....Kyah!”

In front of Minami, who continued to watch the scene in stunned amazement, the 【Distant View Mirror】 cracked finely as if it was being eroded by power.

As she, possessed by fear, staggered towards the door to escape, the door opened quietly before she could open it.

”...Hello, Miss Minami.”

“Miss Clarice...”

It was Clarice, the other “heroine” with whom Minami had made a

pact.

Clarice scowled formally as she noticed the debilitating Minami and the residue of the curse that remained in the room.

“I knew you caused this incident. Why are you a saintly woman commits this crime?”

“A crime! In this game.”

“This world is real.”

The cold gaze, which was loaded with contempt, frightened Minami backward as if she was being pressured.

“Yes, that’s right, this is not the time for this! Kamishiro turned into a monster, so...”

“Camisillo ... ah, you mean Miss Fleurety? It’s true, her abilities are monstrous.”

“No! She’s a real monster, in the mirror...”

“.....it’s broken. It’s one of the treasures of this country... How foolish of you to destroy ‘my’ property without permission.”

“No, it was she...”

“I don’t even want to talk to you anymore.”

Clarice interrupted Minami’s words as she spat them out and began chanting her magic with her palms facing Minami.

“Wha, what,”

“[Mental destructiveness]”

A spell of mental destruction. It was a forbidden spell, and could only be obtained in the innermost part of an ancient dungeon. But Clarice, who had reached that point in a previous life’s game, remembered the spell.

“Okay.”

Minami crumbles down like a doll whose strings have been cut.

Even though it is called mental destruction, it does not completely

cripple, the effect is the erasure of memories.

Even so, it's an inhumane spell that causes people to forget even their language, but it's safe to say that the curse Minami had placed was gone.

All that's left is to take a few years to build up a new personality and become a user of a skill that is convenient for Clarice.

"It would be annoying if people think I'm related to you for causing such an incident."

Throwing these last cold words and glance at her, Clarice turns her back on Minami.

"Everything in this world belongs to me, so I don't need someone to drag me down as a queen."

In the end – Clarice looked back for a moment, wondering what Minami had been so afraid of, but all that was there was a mirror that had completely lost its function and was cracked like a spider's web.

# Chapter 45

## Spiders

“Oh, what is this? What’s happening when I looked away for a second?”

I felt a huge black magical power and was so startled that I hurriedly looked over to see that the heroine has been sent to the hospital.

She was the last heroine of the summoned group, so I raised her carefully and gave her great skills and such, so why is she failing?

But I’m busy because I’m a goddess. It’s not hard to manage the living environment of humans if you don’t care about them. The warding system is made up of the church members, so it’s easy to just put a little effort into it, but they thank me for it and give me lots of offerings.

It doesn’t make me happy if they give me barley or potatoes, but they do give me sake.

And I’ve got a young priest boy who likes to go shopping and a pretty boy who turns bright red when he sees me in his dream.

You know what? What was I talking about? Oh, my favorite heroine failed. The only heroine left is the main heroine who doesn’t listen to me very much.

I’ve even added the skill acquisition alienation effect to the three girls that I set as the villain’s daughters, so how come there are two of them left?

As for the princess, no heroine got there, so I can’t blame her. I thought the Marquise was going to be the first to be condemned, but it’s impossible for her to still be alive.

..... hmm? This daughter of the marquise is strange.

It’s hard to see, it’s like she’s spreading a web or something. You’re a lady, you should clean up your room.

“This ..... is the only one, right? I added [an air of isolation] so that no one would be her friend, but I feel like there’s

“someone” by her side. ....”

“When did she prepare the meal? Why is the bath boiling before she know it? Isn’t this girl ..... talking to herself a lot?”

“Oh, creepy! It’s disgusting! What the hell is wrong with you? Don’t make conversation with something invisible! You’re crazy!”

“I had a feeling there was some kind of nasty person in the mix, but it must be this girl!”

“I need to tell our main heroine to condemn this girl as soon as possible! Oh, but what if she ignores me: .....”

“Why doesn’t the heroine and the villainous daughter work well this time!”

“..... Yeah. I’ve got a good idea.”

This was a terrorist attack by spies from another country who brought cannibalistic plants from deep in the dungeon. And were exterminated by the “Green Saints” and “Saints of Light”, according to the state’s announcement.

In that case, Miss Minami, the green saint, was toxified and had to take a long treatment or something.

“It’s a tough situation. Let’s send a potted mandragora to the palace.”

“Oh, I’m sorry.”

I’ve been feeling strange stares from afar lately, as a successful maid. Thirty percent and forty discounts are commonplace.

Milady and I were caring for the fallen people after that, but unlike milady who has a healing effect just by looking at her, I’m not good at detoxification.

I had no choice, so I concocted spider venoms, made doping juice, and injected it into the patient’s veins. A withered old man became so well that he blew his nose.

At this time, the engagement of His Royal Highness Yuri, the Crown Prince, to Clarice, the Saintess of Light, was announced.

It seems that the announcement was made after graduating from the

academy. Some people wondered why the announcement was made after such an incident, but it could be said that the timing of the announcement was precisely because of this timing.

Besides, if they delay it, they might say that Miss Minami, who sacrificed herself, is more suitable for the marriage.

Well, frankly, it's not important to me.

“How are you feeling, Mr. Andy?”

“I’m feeling much better, Sharon. I think I’ll be back at work tomorrow.”

Today, we are here to visit Andy who was admitted to the hospital.

As you said, the pollen that hypnotized and manipulated that man was wonderful in its effect, but the toxins themselves are not so great.

Ordinary citizens and those senior stewards were discharged the day after they were admitted to the hospital. All that’s left now is for a nobleman like Mr. Andy to rest for a couple of days just to be safe.

Rain makes the way harder. But the two of them have overcome several crises together, and the atmosphere has become much better, hasn’t it?

Of course, I can’t disturb them, so I’m waiting in the corner of the ceiling, where I’m stationary.

On the way, a nurse who doesn’t read the air came to me, so I stabbed her with poison from above to paralyze her, and then entangled her in the nest.

It’s okay. I won’t pick it up and eat it, as it is indecent.

“Letty, I’m going home.”

Ooh, Milady wants to see me.

But, Milady. You won’t find me in the hallway when you open the door to the wardroom. But since I am a very capable maid, let’s go up the ceiling to the hallway.

“Sorry to keep you waiting, Milady.”

“Oh, where have you been? I didn’t find you right away.”

“Since you’re so anxious to get started, I asked the butler to buy you some erotic underwear, which I believe Mr. Andy would like.”

“You can’t bring it out here!”

I was beaten with a slipper by Milady who turned bright red.

Now, this time we don’t have a carriage, so we’re going home on foot and it shakes.

.... It will really shake you up. It is no exaggeration to say that milady is full of all the dreams in this world.

The evidence of this is the dreamy look on the faces of the men (and rarely women) who pass by.

“By the way, Letty, it’s about the design of the dress.....”

“I’m afraid so. Is there a design to match your own?”

That was the purpose of her date with Mr. Andy in the first place, wasn’t it?

That turned out to be the result of that, but it wasn’t entirely unseen, so was there something that remained in milady’s pure mind?

After all, if she says that the same design as her birth mother is good or something like that, I have to take care of it first before milady’s two deadly weapons kill.

“You know, ..... I think it’s fine for Letty to choose. Letty would make the design look good on me, right?”

“Milady .....

Milady is so adorable when she says that with a shy smile.

“Since milady says something so adorable, may I produce a wedding dress and hold her in my arms?”

“How could it be?”

Well, we’ve already got a candidate for the design to guide us, so all I have to do now is create it.

Then do it from the beginning, you might say, but I wouldn’t choose to miss the chance to see milady struggling with this and that. (I

assure you.)

# Chapter 46

## Partner

There are only two months left until milady's graduation party.

The dress milady will be wearing is also being made with a mature design. In consideration of milady's deadly weapon and her nice proportions.

Nevertheless, people are talking about the engagement between His Highness the Crown Prince Yuri and Clarice, the Saint of Light.

After all, as the next king, Mr. Yuri's ability is certain, but when it comes to the engagement, it's also a relief.

On the streets, husbands who are usually restricted by their wives are clinking their ale mugs as if they found an excuse to drink. Bars and cafeterias are selling the same menu as usual, but they are calling it engagement set meals and selling it at 20% more.

“..... you again. Hey, Maid.”

“It's been a while, shopkeeper. I've come today to buy butter, honey, syrup, and white sugar.”

“It's been two weeks since I've seen ..... Are you running a coffee shop at your place? It is not the amount of butter and honey I'd consume in a private residence.”

“It's a maiden's best-kept secret.”

Today we visited that shop owner's store near the salt dungeon.

It's a good shop that gives you various discounts and various extras, even though they complain about it.

Now ..... the owner of the store has changed a lot again.

The owner of the shop where I just got to know him had lowered the protective power of his scalp to the lowest rank.

So I gave him my homemade special dried seaweed, and for some reason, the seaweed mimicking hair replenished the defensive

strength.

It should have stopped there, but the shopkeeper meet the merciless head maid.

After being parasitized by soul-dynamite afro-shaped seaweed. I deciding that it would return to the ocean in a few years if it continued to grow. So I cut the nucleus of the parasitic seaweed and replaced it with a haircut with a small floating ring covered with a shampoo hat.

Now, the parasitic seaweed, which had lost its nucleus, was no longer encroaching on his scalp, but as a replacement, it had eroded into his body and his chest hair was mossy.

“The owner was happy and good with all sorts of increased defenses.”

“Well, I feel like the number of female customers has been decreasing lately, so I’m grateful for you maid.”

“That’s very nice of you, sir.”

“A lady’s favorite, the Lord’s engagement present, rose-scented lotion for only three pieces of silver.”

“That’s very good of you. Can I see the honey from your rose garden?”

“..... Maid.”

“Yes, sir?”

“Buy it. I’m did try to make it, but it’s not selling at all because of the lack of female customers.”

Three silver coins are worth about 30,000 yen in Japanese yen (nearly 300 Usd).

It is in a 150ml glass bottle, and the content is rose oil dripped into water.

I won’t say that it is not effective, but in terms of cost, I would say that it is about one small silver coin per bottle.

“How much is left?”

“..... 99 bottles.”

As you might guess, he made a hundred bottles and used one himself to test it out.

“Then I’ll buy honey from the rose garden and your rum, and my usual white sugar and butter and you can add three bottles of that lotion as a bonus.”

“Nah, jeez, maid, if you’re messing around too much .....

“Would you like me to give you a hint? If you think about it, you’ll attract more female customers if you give them a bottle for every silver coin they spent, rather than selling this bottle.”

“Yeah, right .....

I wrote a special note and held it up in the store, and the eyes of the extraordinarily perceptive housewives were glittering.

The main problem is the appearance of the sensational shopkeeper, but let me be moderately intimidating and scatter the mossy chest all over.

“.....”

“Hey, maid, can I help you?”

“No, it’s no problem.”

After scattering it all over his body, he managed to look very warm and reminiscent of the original. The shopkeeper moved on to the next stage of the seaweed transformation.

As such, I finished my shopping without any problems and was about to hurry back to my beloved lady, but on the way there, I felt some bad vibes.

But it wasn’t directed at me. There was no murderous intent. But as I followed the violent atmosphere that seemed to ooze out, there was a familiar face there.

“Huh? Miss Kamishiro?

“..... Hello.”

“Mr. Sei, Mr. Hao, hello sirs.”

The two people who walked from the other side of the shopping street

were junior high school students summoned from Earth.

Mr. Sei is the same as usual. He is cheerful and good-natured, but because of that, he is unable to read the atmosphere.

Mr. Hao is also shy as usual. He doesn't seem to be good at conversing with the opposite sex.

"Are you shopping, Miss Kamishiro?"

"Yes, I was just on my way home, sir. Where were you two headed?"

"Hmmm ..... Well, it's not a real deal, but would you be okay with that, Hao? Can I tell Miss Kamishiro?"

"..... Right. OK. But let's move on for a minute."

It's annoying to stand in the middle of the street and talk about it. The three of us leave the street and go out to the back streets.

"We, you know, officially became [candidate partners] of His Highness Joel. We was approached about it for a long time.

We're on our way to reply now."

"I'm a little scared of girls ....."

"Oh ..... I see."

Most of the boys had found a partner, and half of the women had been sent to the hospital or become shut in for some reason. There was a fierce recruiting battle among the female students of the academy over the two remaining beautiful boys.

Although they are noblewomen, few women are as modest as milady. Because the noblewomen use orders, large amounts of bribes, and dragging, the two of them began to feel threatened by the rather awful situation. Mr. Joel, who hadn't yet decided on a partner, gathered them together and put an end to the quarrel by making them [candidate partners].

If they hadn't decided on a partner, the two of them would be in the custody of the state, so it doesn't seem to be a problem to make them partners at the same time.

"You'll be able to find out more about this by visiting ..... I am enjoying books like that."

“It’s not like that, okay?”

“.....”

“It seems to be different.”

“For that matter, Miss Kamishiro, what about your partner?”

“Huh? I have no one but milady.”

“Oh, sorry, I didn’t mean to imply that. I mean Miss Sharon will have a male partner escorting her to the graduation party too, right?”

“Is that what you mean?”

“So, I wonder what Miss Kamishiro is going to do about it .....

“There was an event like that.”

“I’m milady’s maid, so I will be working behind the scenes at her side.”

”..... Um, Miss Kamishiro. Miss Sharon is ..... coming with whom?”

Mr. Hao, who has been silent, suddenly opens his mouth.

Oh, my goodness, your face is red. Have you caught a cold?

“Milady is a potential fiancée of Joel’s, so it’s up to her. I suppose she’ll have to make up her mind soon.”

“Check ..... to see.

“By the way, we don’t have a partner for the party either, so keep that in mind.”

“I’m sorry, sir.”

Then Mr. Sei reminded me to remember it over and over again, and finally, Mr. Hao pulled him away. I’m not an amnesiac either, so I won’t forget it easily without repeating it.

Now .....

“Come out. I’m aware of you.”

“Ho-ho.....”

At my words, three men emerge from the back alley.

“How did you realize we were chasing those kids earlier? I’d say get out of here before you get hurt. .....

“That maid is very thorough. Be careful.”

“We’ll get this over with as soon as possible. Our client has a bad temper. .....

“It looks like you got a request from some young lady. I didn’t know you were after them, but I’m afraid they’re going to cringe if I tell them that.”

From the looks of it, they’re more than just terrific stalkers they are experts in the rough stuff. Not to underestimated one young maid, they surround me, trying to handle the situation precisely.

“It’s our job too. I don’t like it, but don’t hold a grudge. .....

“Yes, nice shot.”

My spiky cudgel had hit their kryptonite just right.

Could it be that they were trying to abduct Mr. Sei and Mr. Hao? What made them think I would stop them when I was too busy?

Be that as it may.

“Come out. I’m aware of you.”

The same lines, in the same direction.

“.....”

At my words, this time one person comes out of the back alley. No intent to kill. But there was a hint of a fighting spirit.

That person is .....

“Good to see you, Mr. Elias. Are you going for a walk?”

When I greeted him cheerfully, Mr. Elias frowned slightly and gently drew his sword and released it, pointing it towards me.

# Chapter 47

## Trust

Elias is a devout follower of the [Goddess].

Since childhood, he has heard the voice of the goddess appearing in his dreams. Her beautiful appearance and words made him believe in her with all his heart.

When did that yearning begin to fade away? .....

One day he met a maid who shook his fixed values, and little by little – like termites crumbling a huge tower – she eroded his mind.

Algray is said to be a great country with a long history, but even though it has been a thousand years since its founding, it has hardly developed from the civilization that the people of the other world called “medieval”.

It is still understandable that the field of science has not developed because of the existence of magic, but why has there been no comparable development in magic?

Why is that so? No one in this world questions it. All the benefits were given by the Goddess, and they wanted it to remain the same.

In the midst of all that, only the area around that maid girl had changed, for better or worse.

The same is true of the Lady she serves, and of Elias himself.

In this unchanging world, only that dainty black-haired girl from another world, like ink dripping on paper, dyed the world's colors little by little.

Elias's mind, which had begun to change, began to feel a slight discomfort in the goddess's words and actions.

The goddess still appears in Elias's dreams, but why is she dressed in revealing clothes? She preaches love to those who believe in the goddess and praises Elias for it, but what about the rest of us?

At that time, Elias receives an oracle from the goddess.

<Elias ..... My sweet Elias. An entity has appeared that has disturbed the peace of this world. Her name is Sharon de Michel. You, as my holy knight, must free her from her sins. .....>

“.....”

After listening to the oracle, Elias couldn't help but exclaim.

Elias knows about her. That maid serves her. Although her reputation at the academy was certainly not good, the impression he got from meeting her in person was that she was a girl with a gentle personality, so much that he couldn't understand the rumors about her.

One thought comes to Elias's mind.

If Sharon is a disturbance to the peace, then she is the cause of the change.

If you are a disturber of the peace, you are a being who change this world, even if only slightly.

If you think that's what “she” is.....

\*\*\*\*\*

“.....”

Even at my greeting, Mr. Elias remained frowning and silently pointed the sword at me.

It's troubling ..... I was taught by the head maid that greetings are important for the smooth conduct of human relations.

I'm sorry for the delay in greeting you. The most important things in the world under the neck and and above the belly of milady. I am Fleurety.

“Is something wrong?”

“Let me check out .....

Boom!

Mr. Elias's sword, which was closing in on me in an instant, was caught with the club with spikes from under my skirt, so you could

briefly see the pure white garter belts.

This garter belt is not my taste, but I prepared it for milady, but for some reason, she refused to wear it, so I have no choice but to wear it myself.

“Excuse me. Did you see it?”

“.....”

Oh, he could see it perfectly. I was taught by the head maid to use a woman's weapon, and indeed, for a moment, Mr.

Elias's sword seemed to have slowed slightly.

But, Mr. Elias is still very strong. I'd say he's the best among the people of this world.

The [Orc Killer EX] that hadn't been damaged by the nice shots of numerous balls until now was slightly damaged.

It's no exaggeration to say that Mr. Elias's power is at a level that could destroy me, depending on my luck and circumstances.

Boom!

We take our distance again while I parried Mr. Elias's thrusts. He is quite aggressive coming at me, but perhaps because of his upbringing, he doesn't seem to be very good at approaching women.

More importantly, something is looking at me.

This gaze is ..... a hint of a higher level existence.

I think my spider's webs will be enough to block recognition, but if I do too much, my presence will be recognized.

It won't work at all against the maid chief and the Golden Lord, but from my feeling, the opponent should only be able to see the image of Mr. Elias suddenly pulling out his sword and starts swinging it.

It took a little bit of preparation, but I am finally able to move properly too.

”Thank you for your patience.”

“Huh!”

My spiked club shatters the cobblestone where Mr. Elias was, he seems to feel something changed and jumped back as quickly as possible.

"You were able to avoid it well. It was a blow that I was rather confident about."

"..... you are."

I've put in enough power to crush him with a single blow. In any case, I think Mr. Elias is also avoiding death with an incomprehensible force, so there's no reason to go easy on him.

Perhaps understanding the seriousness of the situation, Mr. Elias shows a more alert look than before.

"You're strong ..... Why do you fight?"

"I don't know what you mean. I believe it was you who challenged me to a fight."

Mr. Elias avoids the blow of the spiked club again without receiving it.

As expected of him, he has a high level of skill. It's unlikely that he would be foolish enough to receive a heavyweight blunt weapon poorly and lose his stance.

"No, ..... Why do you fight and why do you need to change the world!"

"Huh ....., I don't know what that means."

I did not understand what Mr. Elias meant. So I raised the club above my head to get rid of the hassle.

"I'm going to prepare dinner for milady now. I have no interest in anything else."

"....."

"I also have to prepare a calorie-rich sweetness, which is a favorite among the ladies, so I'll finish you now."

At my combative words, Mr. Elias seemed to lose his fighting will .....

"..... Okay, haha."

He laughed to himself and put his sword back, and for some reason, he bowed deeply to me with a radiant face.

”I’m sorry. I was trying to test you.”

“..... You really don’t know much about it.”

I’ve been told by Mr. Elias that the goddess of shit gave him an oracle that milady was a disruptor of this world.

It doesn’t look like Mr. Elias believed it.

“..... I have always believed in the absolute truth of the Goddess. I was beginning to doubt that, but I took a gamble on you to see if I could really believe in the Goddess .....”

“huh?”

How annoying. But with this, I was sure that the owner of that gaze was the goddess. At the same time, I was able to grasp the abilities of the goddess to some extent, which is a good result.

But...

”Anyway, since you challenged me to fight for such a reason, you should be punished.”

“..... I understand. I surrender to the guards.”

“We don’t have time for that, so I’ll do it quickly. I don’t think you’ll die, but please keep your spirits up and hold on.”

“.... hey, hey!”

Seeing me raise the spiked club, Mr. Elias turned pale.

Like a certain number one baseball player, I lifted one foot gaily like a flamingo and launched an all-out home run shot.

”Nice shot.”

I did it and it was a grand slam home run. Mr. Elias flew over the roof, but he avoided death, so it’s probably not a problem. Maybe.

# Chapter 48

## Purple stone

“I used to believe in the Goddess .....

Mr. Elias and I have reconciled safely.

But still, Mr. Elias is a sturdy man, isn't he? I know that he was “immortalized” by the goddess. But I'm impressed that he came back on his feet only a little wobbly after I knocked him over the roof and into the street.

“Then let me tell you what I know.”

First of all, it is an exchange of information.

The existence that is called 【Goddess】 in this country was originally a mere human being who was a priestess of an old dragon with power.

The fact that she took away the power from the old dragon, whose power was temporarily weakened, and created a [Box Garden World] for her to do as she wished.

And when I explained to Mr. Elias that the dragon clan would launch an offensive against the goddess as soon as the warding was broken.

“I see. .....

Mr. Elias, who was thinking about something with a slightly grim face, spoke of his considerations.

First of all, regarding the [Box Garden World], according to what Mr. Elias felt, the area of the surrounding six countries

..... centered on this Algray Kingdom is roughly half the area of Western Europe. The influence of the goddess is strong in this area.

The Goddess's [Box Garden World] certainly seems to be stable with fewer threats from the outside world. But even though there was a lot of danger in the outside world, it felt like progress was being made without stagnation.

The people in the outside world didn't seem to have any special

【Skills】 , so assuming that the benefit of 【Skills】

was due to the Goddess, if someone is opposed to the Goddess, the skills might not be useable.

Well, Mr. Elias has trained himself quite a bit, and there's no way that a lady who looks like a dunce would have decent skills in the first place, so there's no problem.

"The important people that the goddess has chosen are immortal, but please be aware that if anything happens, their benefits will also be erased."

"..... I'll keep that in mind."

Mr. Elias is willing to live the same life as before for now and deceive the goddess's eyes, while also cooperating with us when things happen.

Perhaps someone like him might be the natural enemy of the 【Hero】 or some other being like us, so it would be helpful if he didn't turn into an enemy.

"Just in case you want to go to ..... this is for you."

"What does this mean?"

"It's a good luck charm, sir."

When I wrap the black spider silk – which mimics my hair – around Master Elias' finger, he thanks me with a very impressed look on his face.

"Thank you ..... I'll take good care of it."

It's simply an item that weakens the influence of the goddess and makes it harder to see him, but why is he so pleased?

Be that as it may, I wouldn't want to fight a goddess head-on if I could.

I'm proud to say that I'm superior in skill, but I don't intend to be foolish enough to fight head-on against an opponent who is superior in power.

It would be nice if I could trap the Goddess, but until the Goddess is caught off guard and divulges the location of her existence, I'll have to

sit back and wait for the prey to get caught in the spider's web.

Now, let me return to my normal duties. Today, I have another important job to do to give calories to milady's bouncy body.

"Milady, the dress has been chosen, but how shall we decorate it?"

"There was that too."

Milady, who was eating the rich New York cheesecake, suddenly looked sad.

"..... Miss. There's still more to come."

"I wasn't sad because I do not have enough to eat."

Seems like I was wrong.

"So, do you want a refill?"

"I'll have ....."

Milady demands a refill with a look of anguish on her face as she pokes her two arms. That's exactly for what I am here, milady.

But don't worry, you won't be troubled. The milk from the demon material is high in protein and low in calories, and most of the nutrition is poured into the chest area, so it is still within the acceptable range.

I think it's adorable to have a little bit more ..... but milady seems to have a little bit of a maiden's heart that she cares about.

"..... I have a jewel from my mother."

"Is it the jewel of your birth mother ..... Lady Kyria?"

What Lady Kiria left behind for the milady wasn't just an [expansion bag] that could store a large number of items.

Most of the things were taken by her stepmother and were sold off. But only the largest item of jewelry remained, and it was delivered by her brother Joan, who had changed his mind.

"Here it is."

"..... What does this say?"

It was a stunning amethyst, about the size of the tip of her thumb, similar to the color of the milady's eyes.

The gemstone itself is very expensive, but it seems to have been roughly handled and the metal was corroded.

“This is also .....

“Miss, may I polish it up a bit?”

“What? Yes, Letty, I am fine with that.”

With permission, I polished it with my special spider silk cloth and scraped off some of the surfaces, and it was bright in the color of an amethyst and showed a sparkle that seemed to radiate from within.

“Letty ..... this is.”

“I've never seen one in person before, but I believe this is a purple diamond.”

It's probably one that Lady Kiria got in the dungeon.

Colored diamonds vary in price depending on their color, but with a diamond of this size, they should be worth thousands of gold coins.

“It's possible that Lady Kiria found out about her condition and disguised it, but it looks like it was taken from her before milady could get it.”

“Mother .....

“Leave it to me, milady. We'll make a suitable decoration for this.”

“So, Mr. Andy. We need your help.”

“..... You again.”

I walked into the knight's quarters where Mr. Andy is.

“I need your help”

“What now?”

If you look at me like that, you will be misunderstood by the other knights, as if I always bring in problems.

I told him about Lady Kiria's diamond and asked him to fix the ornamental part and give it to milady from Mr. Andy's hand.

“..... Right.”

I muttered a thought to myself and he readily agreed to it.

I thought it would be somewhat difficult to persuade him, but it's ..... strange. He has always drawn a line because milady is a candidate for Mr. Joel's fiancé, so I wonder if that has changed in some way.

Well, anyway, I'm glad that Mr. Andy agreed to do so.

Normally, I would put a lot of effort into making it, but platinum is hard to come by here, and for some reason, I've become somewhat uncomfortable with silver. It's not because I bought too much white sugar for milady's calorie count and I'm on a tight budget or anything like that.

Having accomplished my goal, I was on my way back to my room where milady was waiting for me when I saw a familiar face.

“Oh? Miss Ginko, isn't it? What are you doing here?”

My classmate, a female student in the junior high school group, who was neutral to my tormentors, but, unusually, she's not with her partner, Miss Fua.

Is there something wrong with her? I feel like she is dizzy on her feet.

Has she drunk? I'm not one of those people. Normally I wouldn't care too much about it, but I am a little concerned.

“How are you doing, Miss Ginko?”

“.....”

This is not good. Your eyes are out of focus. Did you get into some bad drugs? At any rate, I administer my special drug to wake her up, and Miss Ginko looks up at me with a huff after a violent twitch of her own accord.

“..... Miss Kamishiro.”

“I'm Fleurety. How are you doing?”

When I asked her that, Miss Ginko's face, with a slight shade under

her eyes, was twisted as if she were about to cry.

“..... I don’t know. I don’t know. I hear a strange voice ..... I am a heroine, it’s telling me to do this or that .....”

Oh, yeah? Did something get caught in a spider web, by any chance?

# Chapter 49

## In-process

I sat Miss Ginko down at the desk I had prepared in the dimly lit room and held out a hot cutlet bowl to her. I threw a light directly on Miss Ginko and her face was covered with an expression of fear.

“Now, tell us what the goddess said to you.”

“What are you doing.....?”

Miss Ginko and I were greeted by Miss Fua, who was sitting beside her desk with a hot cutlet bowl, giving us a puzzled look.

It's getting hotter and hotter these days, and it's the time of year when milady can get a lot of warmth from just a little bit of exercise, how are you all doing? I am Fleurety.

“..... So what's wrong with you two?”

“Yes. ....”

I have been invited to visit their rooms in the dormitory of the academy.

They look very serious as they talk, but both Miss Fua and Miss Ginko are devouring their hot cutlet bowl like children with a long time of not tasting the taste of their hometown.

In reality, though, it's a copy of the taste of their hometown.

What looks like rice is the egg of an Evil Octopus living in the swamp of the Devil's Forest. And the taste of the soy sauce is made by forcibly fermenting bodily fluids of various demons with my spider venom.

”I'll have another one.”

“Go ahead and eat your dinner.”

Now, Miss Ginko, who had become unconscious back and forth due to being forced to receive an oracle that seemed to be from the goddess, told me more about it.

“..... That was about a week ago.”

It was around the time Miss Minami, who was called the Green Saint, was admitted to the hospital. When Miss Ginko was asleep, she began to hear a woman’s voice in her dreams.

The dream voice became clearer and clearer, and she couldn’t sleep at night, but she kept quiet so as not to worry her roommate, Miss Fua.

“Ginko ..... I thought you didn’t look well. Tell me ..... from now on.”

“Fua .....”

Their beautiful friendship makes me want to film them and sell them.

When Miss Ginko couldn’t sleep and become fuzzy, she began to hear the voice when she was awake too, and she felt like she was daydreaming.

“What kind of things were you talking about?”

“..... There’s the prince over there. Talk to him. I’ll give you a choice. Bump into the prince. Roll in front of him. You’re the heroine and you need to get your shit together and go to .....”

“.....”

You really are a helpless bad goddess, aren’t you? Do you think you’re playing a game in this boxed world?

Miss Ginko had managed to stay conscious when she was with Miss Fua, but when she was alone, she had become dazed and acted as the oracle of the goddess once.

“Incidentally, which?”

“..... I once spilled tea on Master Joel’s clothes and, ..... speaking of which, Miss Sharon scolded me for it.”

“Oh, there was something like that, wasn’t it?”

“You really do not remember what happened in the academy, don’t you?”

Rather than scolding milady was more concerned about her friend, Miss Ginko, saying that if she wasn’t feeling well, she needed to take a

break. But milady is like a small animal who would freak out at the sight of others.

“Miss Ginko, if you’re dizzy, please don’t come.”

“We know what she was doing and it’s okay”

“Yes.”

The two of you seem to understand exactly what milady was trying to say.

So, when Miss Ginko continued to contact Mr. Joel in a state of back and forth insensibility, Mr. Joel was gradually becoming interested in her, perhaps because he was worried about her.

Was this the reason why she had been feeling somewhat sword swept by the noble ladies of her class recently?

”The voice said that someone was being mean to me, but there was no one there. ....”

I don’t want that swiftness to be directed at milady, so I’ve prescribed a slightly stronger laxative for one or two of them, but I’m sure it doesn’t matter.

And although Mr. Joel should be escorting one of the prospective fiancées, including milady, as the official fiancée at the graduation party. Mr. Joel has recently received a notice from the royal palace that Mr. Joel may escort Miss Ginko to the party.

“..... Mr. Joel, aren’t you womanizer?”

Of the inhabitants of this [Box Garden World], most of the women are very calculating, but the men are more pure-hearted, or rather, when their favorability level rises above a certain level, they suddenly become desperate.

Could it be that there is interference from the goddess? As you can see from Miss Ginko’s situation, the goddess can’t control humans perfectly, but she can probably do it to guide them in the right direction. Then she could .....

“Okay, Miss Ginko, please let Master Joel fall for you.”

“What? Mr. Joel is indeed cool and I don’t hate him, but all of sudden ..... Because that voice is that [goddess], right?”

“Yes, possibly that goddess.”

Both Miss Ginko and Miss Fua know that the goddess was just a mere priestess who took away the power of the old god.

They also have strange memories of her, as if she were a reincarnated person.

Assuming that the voice you hear is the oracle of the goddess, I know that even as Miss Ginko, she is only anxious to move as that goddess intended.

”I understand that you can’t trust that goddess, but if Miss Ginko doesn’t dislike Mr. Joel, I think it would be a good arrangement.”

“Ummm, yeah, .....

Miss Ginko’s ears turn a little red. Oh, well, it looks like it’s not too late. But Miss Ginko frowned as if she remembered something.

”But I think the ..... goddess is thinking of something to blame Miss Sharon and Mr. Joel’s sister, the princess, as well.

“Oh, ho-ho-ho.”

That’s pretty interesting information.

”In the meantime, let me know when you find out more details. I will deal with milady and the princess.”

“..... Yeah. I’ll tell you”.

“And I’ll give you both these. Please wear it at all times.”

I will give Miss Ginko and Miss Fua a ring-shaped friendship bracelet made of my spider silk.

This is the same as the one I gave to Mr. Elias, and to some extent, it has the effect of blocking the goddess’ interference.

If you block it completely, even the skills and immortalization will disappear, so I’m holding it back to a certain extent, but it won’t erode your spirit.

By the way, in milady’s case, all the costumes she wears have been replaced with my thread-made ones, so she will not be subject to the interference of the goddess.

”..... Kamishiro. Who are you .....?”

I wondered if Miss Fua had some kind of exploration-type skills, and her face changed color when she saw the friendship bracelet I gave her. Please don't worry. It is gentle on your skin, taken from a naturally poisonous spider.

However, if you ask me what I am, I am proud to say that I am a common lavish spider-maid that follows everywhere milady is.

“I'm just an ordinary maid who works only for milady—“

“That's not true,”

Before I could say anything, not only Miss Hua but also Miss Ginko gave me a tsk-tsk from them.

For the time being, I've finished putting up the cobwebs to catch the Goddess.

Next up is Joel's sister, the First Princess Emily, who the Goddess was worried about. I'll have to check that out.

# Chapter 50

## Princess

“Okay, okay, Letty, try to stay calm.”

“Very well, Milady”

Milady is as lovely as ever, isn’t she? I’d like to dress her up in a cute, erotic costume, but I can’t do that right now, so I’ll have to bite down so hard that my back teeth will shatter.

“..... Letty, where does it hurt?”

“I beg your pardon. Milady is so lovely, it looks like I am bleeding.”

“How did that happen?”

It is good to see that milady is relieved of her nerves.

As for what milady and I are doing, we have received a call from the First Princess, Miss Emily.

Even though the graduation party is less than two months away, the second prince, Mr. Joel, has yet to announce his partner to escort him.

There are five potential fiancées including milady, but two of them are older women who graduated from the academy, and since noblewomen should marry before the age of twenty, they have refused to do so because they think it’s too late.

Miss Emily said that she was worried that her brother Joel might not understand how women feel, so she asked him to invite each of the prospective fiancés at the school to listen to their feelings.

I’ve been gathering a lot of information about Miss Emily, but I was surprised that she came to contact us earlier.

“Miss Sharon, you are welcome.”

Miss Emily’s attendant, a palace maid in her late twenties, invites milady at the door with a bland smile.

Miss Emily is thirteen years old. Although she is a third-year student

at the academy, she is not in the same girls'

dormitory as milady, but in a special wing used by the sons and daughters of royalty and dukes.

"I have brought sweets. Please bring them in."

"Very well. Thank you."

The maidservants and I communicate with each other and I give them the sweets we brought. If the maidservants don't test for poison, they won't be served to the princess.

Well, it would be easy to make a poison that would start after half a month, but I didn't use any. Instead, I stealthily handed another package to the maid, and she also stealthily held out a piece of paper that looked like a note to me.

"Alright"

"Yes, miss."

And as if nothing had happened, the maidservant and I discussed the role of the tea party.

What I gave them was an anti-aging candy.

As a process of searching for information, I cajoled the maidservants with drugs and sweetness and asked them to give me information about Miss Emily.

"I'm not going to give you any information that would be a danger for the royal family, but ..... ho ho ho ho ho."

According to the memo, the two older potential fiancées have withdrawn because of pressure from Miss Emily, this Brocon.

The remaining three candidates, excluding milady, have already been pressured by Miss Emily, and I was warned to be careful this time as the pressure might come on milady.

Well, it's because I let the information out for Miss Emily to make a move.

"Oh, it's been a long time, Miss Emily."

"It's been a while. You don't have to be so nervous, Sharon. We used

to play together when we were little, didn't we?"

The tea party had begun. Milady who is a senior aristocrat close in age to Miss Emily seems to have been Miss Emily's playmate.

With lustrous golden hair and clear blue eyes, Miss Emily looks like a princess in a picture book, just like Mr. Joel.

"..... This is delicious."

"Yes, Letty made the pastries."

"Wow, ..... you're Fleurety?"

"I'm Lady Sharon's maid, Fleurety."

Miss Emily puts the cutlery on the plate and gazes at me as she greets me with a .....

"I've heard rumors. You certainly seem to have a good enough look for my brothers to be interested in."

"That's very kind of you, miss."

After a short time of drinking tea and carrying on a conversation that was uneventful – and unimportant, Miss Emily got down to business.

"Sharon, I've heard about you from your teachers and others. That your grades aren't very good, that you have a strong manner, and that you are avoided by the underclassmen."

"Eh ....."

Milady opens her mouth with a pop at Miss Emily's words. As expected, if you interrupt her sweets she'll be angry.

Her grades are poor because she is not good at arithmetic. After all, she is too rich and deficient. I tried, but there is nothing I can do about it because it is the "law of the land". But I never thought it would be that cute to see milady with tears in her eyes when she is trying to study.

The reason why milady is being avoided is that her words are too stuck-up, but lately, more and more underclassmen are staring at her with longing eyes.

"You are not fit to be my brother Joel's first wife. But that would be

unfair to your family, so I would like to recommend you as Brother Yuri's third wife. You and your maid go to Brother Yuri's place."

"I'm with His Highness Yuri?"

Speaking of which, His Royal Highness Mr. Yuri, the Crown Prince, once said that he wanted milady and me or something like that.

But even though Miss Emily loved her brother, it was limited to Mr. Joel.

Whether it's Mr. Joel or Mr. Yuri, from my point of view, it doesn't seem to make much difference, but for milady, Mr.

Yuri's ability-based and cold-hearted side must be hard to bear. The palace maids and attendants also look at milady with pity.

When milady's eyes are blackened by the suddenness of the situation, Miss Emily, who had said it coldly, smiles unpleasantly.

"But there are still things I want Sharon to do. Do you know about the flies that have been flying around Brother Joel lately? I believe it's ..... Ginko or something."

"What, ..... Ginko what?"

"You feel the same way about Ginko, don't you? It's because a bug that just popped up is about to take my brother. If you want to cooperate with me, well, ...., I'd be happy to admit that you're a member of my brother Joel's side of the family."

"....."

For milady who is Miss Ginko's friend, there is no way she would be complicit in a scheme that would not be good for Miss Ginko, even if she didn't hear all about it.

However, as a nobleman, you can't go against the royal family. Whether you take pride in being a nobleman or friendship, the moment milady is about to open her mouth with anger on her face, I tap milady on the shoulder to stop her words.

"Very well, Lady Emily. After discussing it with milady, I will be happy to help you."

"Letty?"

“Oh, you do that? Yes, ....., that sounds better than Sharon. Good. You will cooperate with me wholeheartedly.”

“Yes, Lady Emily?”

I smiled with a radiant face and grinned at Miss Emily with a satisfied grin.

I then said ..... later after discussing with milady to see how much we could cooperate, and milady and I left Miss Emily’s room.

We walked out of the special wing and walked down the corridor for a while, and when the street was empty, milady turned around with an angry look on her face.

”Letty! What are you doing? You, Ginko”

“No problem. No problem.”

“What .....?”

“It’s difficult for milady to disobey Lady Emily’s orders, isn’t it? I’ll talk to Miss Ginko on my end, so you don’t need to worry. Just worry about only your own happiness.”

“Letty .....

It’s just as planned (prick face)

The bad rumors about milady, Miss Ginko, and the lie that she and milady are not on good terms with each other are all information that I deliberately passed on to the handmaidens.

According to the oracle Miss Ginko received from the Goddess, milady, and Miss Emily will be involved as the villainous daughters, so I am sorry to Miss Emily, but she will have to work properly as a villain.

According to the oracle, this is the “Biggest Event”, so isn’t this a great stage to lure the Goddess out?

# Chapter 51

## Planning

The graduation party is only a month away.

It's not just a matter of time before you'll be able to get a new one.

A dull tension that begins to faintly drift ..... A few steps back to Ginko, who was even more frightened, Sharon's mouth twisted up as if she wanted to say something, and just as her lips were about to release her voice, the black-haired maid behind her stopped Sharon with a smile and quietly stepped forward and opened her mouth.

"Oh dear, what a poorly educated young lady to block someone's way, isn't she?"

"Oh, no. ...."

"How are you going to pay for all this trouble, Miss?"

"What do you want me to do?"

"Well, let's make it quick and let you pay physically, shall we?"

"No, she didn't do that to me."

"I won't let you say no. Fufu ..... You can count the stains on the ceiling and it will be over. If you're quiet, you won't have to go through more pain."

"Oh, what are you doing here?"

"Hmmm, you say you don't like it, but this one seems to be honest, and you see, ..... she's very happy about it."

"Disgusting and embarrassing: ...."

"Don't scream too loud, or someone will come to you. Or do you want to be seen?"

"Oh, no. ...."

"What are you two doing?"

Sharon, who suddenly turned red in the face, slapped them both on the head with her slippers while screaming in dismay.

\*.

“How could either of you do that!?”

Milady, who was red with tears in her eyes as she remembered the scene she had just witnessed, hid her face as she covered it with her hands, her voice wavering.

”..... Miss Sharon, you’re so cute,”

Miss Fua blurts out at the milady’s appearance.

“Miss Fua, would you like another berry tart?”

“Yeah, I’ll have some.”

As expected of Miss Fua, she knows what she’s doing. Milady is truly adorable, so if Miss Fua can understand, I will give her a quarter of a whole tart as a special treat.

We are currently having a review meeting with Miss Ginko and Miss Fua in milady’s room.

However, everyone is eating well. The first dish tea chiffon cake was quickly stored in the bellies of the three of them, and the second dish of mixed berry tart is nowhere near as good as it was.

As I bring the third plate of gateau chocolate classics from the kitchen to the hall, Miss Ginko, who has been single-mindedly carrying the cutlery to her mouth, finally opens her mouth.

“I have to admit, that thing was embarrassing for me too, though: ...”

“I’m sorry. I only can do old man sexual harassment when it comes to harassment.”

“You’re an old man?”

Milady has spoken to me, but I do not know what kind of harassment a normal young lady would engage in.

Miss Emily sent me to harass Miss Ginko, and I have engaged in this type of sexual harassment in various parts of the Academy.

“I am taking the brunt of it to prevent milady from getting a bad reputation, but I am doing it at .....

“Letty ....., does this satisfy Lady Emily? Have any of the other girls said anything to you?”

“Of course, milady. I received a letter the other day from a certain Countess in the fourth year, confidentially, asking me to ‘torment Sister Sharon in bed.’”

“How did that happen?”

For some reason, we started receiving letters from the underclassmen for milady and me who witnessed it, which seemed to be love letters. It's strange, isn't it?

I received a letter from a male student asking me to step on him, but it seems that many noble families have special tastes.

“Well, no need to worry about it. What we're doing here has been communicated to us in a good way through Miss Emily's lady-in-waiting.”

“You didn't say anything first.”

Milady threw a slipper at me again.

“Would you like some more cake?

“Yes.”

Regardless, this is the extent of my response to Miss Emily. As I hand out the fourth plate of strawberry and cheese mousse, I glanced at Miss Fua.

“How is your side?”

“Hmm. ..... going well. I'm getting an altar to the goddess at our graduation party. What about you?”

“We're good to go, too, Miss.”

I have asked Miss Fua to infiltrate the Graduation Party Preparation Committee and ask them to place an altar of the Goddess at the venue. Since Miss Fua is a good-qualified girl, I am sure it was easy to convince the boys.

I also asked Mr. Elias to create an atmosphere for the goddess to come to the hall.

I also asked Andy's partner, Jade, the lewd little dragon, to help raise the magic power and capture the goddess from outside the hall. At the same time, the demons under my command are the procedures for breaking the wards in the Demon Forest.

Most of the preparations here are finished, but the problem is ...

"So, Miss Ginko. How are you and Mr. Joel getting along?"

"Whew!"

Miss Ginko's face turned red and she made a strange noise.

The crux of this plan is to cause the event that the goddess wants to happen. For that to happen, there's nothing we can do if Miss Ginko and Mr. Joel don't make progress in their relationship.

"Jeez, Mr. Joel is so sweet...that ....."

"Thank you for that. So how's it going?"

"Yeah, yeah, what's going on...?"

Milady next to me is also in-ear dumbo.

When Miss Fua and I catch up with the embarrassed Miss Ginko, she begins to blabb **Chapter 52**

## Engagement

Today is the tea party with Mr. Joel, the second prince of the Kingdom of Algray, whom milady has allowed being a candidate as his fiancé.

When I saw him for the first time, I thought he was like a prince in a picture book.

"Your Highness Joel, we are delighted to have you here today."

"Sharon, I'm sorry to call you out on such short notice."

Oh, I see. The one milady just greeted was Mr. Joel, wasn't it? Of course, I remembered. I won't be so rude as to forget.

But, by the way, milady has really grown up to be a fine young lady.

She was a shy young lady who stammered whenever she was called out to, but she can still greet His Highness the Prince with aplomb, even if she is not very stable.

“..... Letty. You’re thinking of something strange again.”

“I have been chewing on milady’s progress. But I’m a little nervous, so I’m glad you’re so adorable with your fingers on my sleeve.”

“Letty, shh.”

While we are secretly exchanging such exchanges, the butler, who has arranged the seats, ushers milady in.

Today, since we are going to have an important talk, there were no maidservants or guard knights who are usually lined up in a row of ten or more. Only a tight-lipped butler and two elderly maidservants, and the only escort was Mr. Andy.

“Would you like to join us, Miss Fleurety?”

I’m normally standing diagonally behind milady, and Mr. Joel (I assume) calls to me.

“Letty .....

Milady turns slightly and calls out my name in a small way.

Milady would be more at ease if I took my seat. And as expected, I don’t mind being at the same table as the prince of a country at all, but I am unable to take care of milady to the fullest extent, so I will not be able to sit.

“I am sorry. Today, I will remain at milady’s side until further notice.”

“Well, ..... I was wondering if this was the last time I could have tea with you.”

Mr. Joel seemed somewhat disappointed, but he withdrew surprisingly easily.

I seem to remember Miss Emily saying that he used to be interested in me or something like that.

“That said, I’m concerned about the ..... maid’s shiny face. ....”

“I’m sorry.”

The two old maids of honor look at each other and bow.

“The ..... item that Sharon’s handmaiden brought to us has been inspected and found to be .....”

“..... What did you bring to the table?”

Mr. Joel looks at me with a slightly zit-eyed look. I don’t like it. ‘All the strange things are not because of me, you know.

“At milady’s tea party, we bring sweet treats, but today, Your Highness Joel (I assume) invited me, and I thought that Mr.

Andy would be with us, so I made something to fill your stomach.”

“Oh, yeah?”

Mr. Joel, who was growing up, looked a little happier, and milady looked astonished when she realized that she didn’t have anything sweet to eat.

“I’m looking forward to that. ‘Andy, you can join us, too.’”

“...haha.”

Andy, who was behind Mr. Joel, replied with a bit of confusion. Or was he staring at milady and his reaction was delayed?

“Here’s a snack for you.”

“Ho-oh, ..... what’s this, it’s .....”

“It’s a meat burger that is popular with boys.”

You may think that a normal burger is made of meat, but this is a burger made of ground ork and minotaur meat, kneaded with salt and pepper, wrapped in thinly sliced cheese and paradise bird meat to keep the juices flowing, and then fried with 100% lard. It’s a masterpiece made with two 3cm slices of top marbled Devil’s Iron Minotaur steak sandwiched between two steaks, with the juices of the meat melted in a sauce of wine and butter.

“.....”

To briefly explain, everyone was staring at the meat burgers in silence.

Of course, I have to tell you that it’s monster meat. For you to enjoy it

hot, I'm distorting space-time with all my might.

You can see how effective it is by looking at the condition of the maids of honor who took a few bites of the meat.

“It’s strange to see ..... It seems to be a little unresponsive. ..... haha, if you’re”

“I’m sorry, milady. Did you run out of calories?”

“I don’t really like calories, you know!”

“Well, I asked Sharon to come over because I had something to tell you.”

“Yes, yes .....”

After enjoying tea and snacks for a while, we finally got to the main topic of today’s meeting.

Everyone’s faces were shiny and healthy. Milady and I don’t eat fattening food like that.

“Come to think of it, Sharon has been my potential fiancée for a long time since I was a little boy, but I have decided that the one to escort me to my graduation party is Miss Ginko.”

“..... is the right thing to do.”

It is a bit far-fetched, but it is a de facto dissolution of the engagement.

Generally, it is a disgrace for a woman to have her engagement dissolved, but in Joel’s case, it is not so bad since there were five candidates for the engagement.

If milady and Mr. Joel were not on good terms, the engagement could have been broken off on the day.

In this case, if there is a problem, it’s that milady would be the one who would be talked about by the ladies since it looks like she was thrown away.

Of course, you understand that much, don’t you, Mr. Joel?

“But of course, I’ll make sure Sharon gets a proper apology and compensation, and I’ll give her proper notice.”

Mr. Joel, who seemed to have felt my gaze (finally convinced), added the words as if in a hurry, and continued to say,

“But .....,” as if he was having difficulty saying it.

“My sister Emily, ..... is a pain in the ass when it comes to me. If possible, I’d like to proceed in confidence until the day

.....”

Mr. Joel’s gaze passes over milady and me as if he were looking for air.

“That’s fine with me. Your Highness Joel”

When milady who had been silent until then said that with a smile, Mr. Joel let out a breath as if he was relieved.

It is likely to draw curious eyes to milady on that day, but because of the original plan, I have coordinate with milady and Miss Ginko in this way.

“Now, ..... it’s my turn, isn’t it?”

“So, how will you escort milady to the event?”

With a proper escorting partner, milady is less likely to be exposed to curious eyes.

At my words, Mr. Joel glances behind him and begins to speak as if choosing his words.

“On that note, there’s been a strange rumor about Sharon lately. That Sharon has been doing things to ..... its, well, Ginko that are hard to say in public.”

Oh, is it about my sexual harassment?

“Emily also told me that Sharon is doing terrible things to Ginko, and in fact, it’s not as if the rumors are true, but Emily says that Sharon who does that is fine with Brother Yuri or my side room, but ..... Sharon has no desire to do that. Isn’t it?”

“..... Yes, I’m sorry.”

“No, that’s fine then. The rumors are too weird to be credible. .....”

Miss Emily is being tricked well. However, nothing has been resolved concerning milady.

However, I can't leave milady in charge of a partner, unless he or she has a clear vision of the future, not just a partner for that moment.

“So, what do you do .....?”

“.....”

My question again stops Mr. Joel from saying anything with his gaze and intimidation.

I don't mean it seriously, but my intimidation, which leaked out in a whisper, made them all pale.

“..... Sharon. Would you mind allowing me to escort you?”

It was Mr. Andy who released such a voice.

Milady, who had fallen on her face as if frightened by something, looked up vigorously at those words.

“Is that all?”

In a small voice – but in the stillness of the place, my words would certainly have reached Mr. Andy. Mr. Andy's expression tightened and he stepped forward forcefully, kneeling in front of Miss Sharon and looking up at her.

“Sharon. ..... Will you walk with me for the rest of your life? I swear to you that I will protect Sharon with my life.”

At this confession, milady rolled her eyes, held her (flabby) chest, and let out a slight shudder.

“I don't want to risk ..... my life. I want to stay with Mr. Andy forever.”

“..... Sharon.”

Outstretched hands from either side overlap each other.

That was really good, milady. ..... I was about to take a nice shot if Mr. Andy dipped in at the end.

The sight of the two of them brought a smile to everyone's face,

including Joel's. Joel stood up, happy as if it were his own, to make his declaration.

“Andy and Sharon. Their engagement was witnessed by me, Joel, Royalty of Algray.”

# Chapter 53

## Graduation

I am glad to announce that milady and Mr. Andy are provisional engaged.

The reason why I say “provisional” is because we need to keep His Highness’s order to keep the engagement a secret until the graduation party in order to prevent Princess Emily from interfering with the marriage.

Noblemen can’t marry without His Majesty’s permission, it’s troublesome.

Mr. Joel’s statement that he “see it all through” means that he sees it through as a member of the royal family, and although it’s not official, he’ll take responsibility for any people who complain about it.

More than that, it must have been an honest congratulations from Mr. Joel, who knows how the two of them feel.

I thought he was just a prince with a shadowy, unreadable appearance, but I’ll revise my assessment upward a bit.

“..... fufu.”

“.....”

The tea party with Mr. Joel is over and milady returns to her room, but her behavior is a little strange.

I thought she was thinking seriously about something, but all of a sudden, her cheeks turned cherry red and she let out a chuckle.

Could it be that your brain is pink? Well, this is a (provisional) engagement with Mr. Andy, whom she has adored since she was a child. This able maid understands that it’s so inevitable that even if I unintentionally bounced her melons, she wouldn’t notice it.

“Letty, that’s a bit .....

After five minutes of tapping, I was found by Miss Ginko and Miss Fua, who had sneaked over to play with me.

I shouldn't do this. They seemed to be totally absorbed in what they were doing with me and didn't notice the knock at the door. As a maid, I can't blame them for getting a bitter complaint.

"That's not what we meant, you know!"

As you may have noticed, the two of them call me "Letty".

How did they start to call me that?

I'll tell you how it came to be.

"Sharon also calls me by my first name, but only Kamishiro-san use the last name: ....."

"..... What?"

"You don't remember?"

That's how the two of them have decided to call me 'Letty'.

That's very helpful, to be honest. For some reason, I don't know why you call me 'Kamishiro', but I understand that's the name of my past self, but I don't think it's me.

I would venture to say that this body is for the new me to enter the old me.

"..... Yes, Ginko, you've become Mr. Joel's [partner]."

I'm not talking about an escort partner, but rather a [partner] like me and milady.

Well, it's difficult to get a married woman to be the partner of another person, right? Currently, the probability of Miss Ginko, who is a good friend of Mr. Joel, becoming a partner of a jealous noblewoman is low.

If there's a possibility, it's Miss Clarice, a saint, but she and the currently hospitalized Miss Ena will be partners with each other as they are both saints.

"It is an exception to the rule to have more than one partner like His Highness Joel."

"..... I also became His Highness Joel's partner."

“huh”

“..... That’s it?”

Miss Fua seems unhappy that her bomb announcement was a dud.

I cut up the blueberry rare cheesecake I brought from the kitchen and began to speak as I put it on the plate.

“Two beautiful girls in a harem is a favorite of His Highness Joel, isn’t it?”

“What do you mean by that?”

As expected of milady, you came to your senses as soon as you finished the cake. For now, let’s revise Mr. Joel’s assessment downward.

The “Congratulations on your engagement, Miss Sharon,” girls’ party finished when milady noticed that the honey doughnuts, caramel waffles, and dried fruit cake that she had have disappeared.

..... I’ll have to go to the merchant’s store again to buy the white sugar and unsalted butter.

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Time has passed, and now the day of the graduation party is finally upon us.

“Milady, you look great, you look beautiful.”

“Oh, thanks, Letty.”

Milady is really cute, blushing, and embarrassed by the compliment.

I got serious about this dress. My carefully selected spider silk, concocted with magic, will protect milady from a direct hit from a missile launcher, while the texture and luster exceed silk by several levels.

“Even then ....., does Letty really don’t need to be in a dress?”

“Of course, milady.”

Milady’s face is clouded by my unchanged maid outfit. But I’m not worried about it.

“This time the maid’s uniform is different. The skirt is lined with silk lace and embroidered with an ascending dragon and a fierce tiger.”

“All right, just pull your skirt back down!”

I was about to roll up my skirt and describe my buttocks when I received a slippery tweak from milady who had turned bright red.

There is still time, but I can’t take it easy.

The higher-ups are admitted later for the graduation party, so milady, the daughter of the Marquise, will be in front of Clarice and Mr. Joel, who will be escorted by His Royal Highness the Dauphin.

“Then let’s go, milady.”

“Uh-huh.”

“Miss Clarice, is this a good time?”

“Yes, of course. Thank you.”

The royal palace maidservants prepare my surroundings in a flowing manner.

As expected of the royal palace maidservants, they are different from the maidservants of my parents’ family, the Viscount’s family.

When I only glanced at them, the young maidservant I had brought with me from my parents’ house was shivering in a small corner of the wall so as not to disturb them.

Well, it couldn’t be helped. That girl was originally from a small merchant family. Just going up to the royal palace made her so nervous that she felt like she was going to die.

..... Should I return her to her parents’ home soon?

Right now, I’m at the royal palace.

Normally, students are supposed to leave from the dormitory of the academy, and so is Mr. Joel, the second prince, but I’m leaving from the castle at the behest of His Royal Highness Yuri, the Crown Prince, who is escorting me.

We’re the last to enter, so I don’t mind if we’re late.

But thank goodness. The dresses and decorations were prepared by Mr. Yuri, but ten maidservants couldn't move in such a small dormitory.

..... Finally, finally, today is the day my dream comes true. It's all over. ..... No, it's just beginning.

I've worked hard even though I was reborn in this inconvenient world for this day.

Today is the end of the events that the goddess prepared for us.

When we attacked The Duchess, she has already become the old nobleman's second wife without waiting for the event, but there's no problem even without the last event here.

Instead, a girl named Ginko, who was forcibly chosen as the heroine, and Princess Emily and Sharon will cause the last event.

I don't feel sorry for Emily, but I feel sorry for Sharon. It's a pity because we got to know each other a little better.

I don't think that Fleurety will standstill, but it will be interesting to see what happens.

I've always tried not to be hostile to those two, so I don't think any harm will come to me.

“Clarice, His Highness Yuri is here.”

“Yeah, come on in...”

“There you are, Clarice.”

Before I could permit him to enter, Yuri opened the door and walked in.

A really pushy person ..... It's too bad you have a face that's to my liking. Oh well, fine. .....

“Your Highness Yuri, nice to meet you today.”

“Hmm. It looks good on you. Then you won't have any problems being with me. Let's go, Clarice.”

..... Well, okay. Use that strength and forcefulness for me.

Because at the end of the day, ..... I will be the brightest star.

In the year 894 of the kingdom's history, the graduation party for the Academy of Magic began.

A total of 88 students, not only the special class of nobles but all the students graduating in the same year, a total of 88

people, participated in the party.

It may seem like a small number when you hear it. But even though the human species in this world has magical power,

there aren't many who can use it on a practical level.

That's why those who have strong magical powers are valued, and the descendants of those who became nobles for using their power at the founding of the country can handle magic well.

Because of such a tendency, it was probably inevitable that the Lady of the Michelle family, who was a Marquis but was unable to handle magic due to difficulties in controlling her magic power, was despised.

Even if there were 88 graduates, if you include escort partners, family members, and people involved in the academy, the number of participants lightly exceeds 300.

Besides, because a band is also necessary, the large auditorium that can accommodate more than 1,000 people in the academy was used for the event.

Although there is no formal difference in status within the academy, there is a clear difference between the ordinary citizens who have already entered the academy and the aristocrats who come in later.

At first glance, the food and drinks are the same, but on the aristocratic side, the ingredients and cooks are carefully selected, and when the general students and their relations try to head that way, they are gently blocked by the knights.

A nobleman with such a strong power is respected. Hence, a nobleman who cannot handle power will be despised by the commoners as well.

This year's graduation party had a slightly different atmosphere from the previous years.

The aristocratic students enter through the entrance on the aristocratic

side. The first to enter are the middle nobles, such as barons and viscounts, while the lower nobles, such as associate barons and knights, are treated the same as ordinary students.

However, what the general students and noble officials were paying attention to was not the noble students, but the intelligent creatures they summoned from another world – the [partners].

”I heard that this year’s summoned partners were the human race.”

”Not since the days of our saint hundreds of years ago.

”Is the human race summoned by the goddess to avert a great calamity or is ..... something going to happen? It’s horrible.”

”Haha, there have been some major incidents, but they’re over. Even in the past, the country prospers greatly after a major incident, so I’m looking forward to the future.”

”This must be a goddess’ gift to us, too.”

”Look. Those people have black hair and black eyes .....?”

Eyes are drawn to the boys and girls with black hair and black eyes who enter from the noble side.

Even though they are of the same 【Human Race】 as themselves, they are from another world.

However, as more and more 【Partners】 entered, the expressions of the aristocrats became distorted as they wondered.

”What do you mean? Why is my nephew escorting his maidservants!”

”So is my granddaughter. ..... ‘You mean she didn’t get a partner?’”

About half of the noble students had not gotten a [Partner].

Almost all of the boys who were potential partners had become noblemen’s partners, but more than half of the girls with tired expressions had entered with the escort of a butler.

Amidst the buzzing aristocratic officials wondering what’s going on, one woman muttered as if she were spitting.

”My sister told me. She heard that Miss Sharon of the Michelle family had decided on a partner prematurely to His Highness Joel.”

“I’ve heard that too. Kidnapping the most beautiful girl, turning her potential partner into a maid and treating her like a slave.”

“Well, what a terrible thing to do: .....

“I’m told she is a lowborn inferior who can’t even use magic.”

Perhaps they heard the voices of these nobles, and some of the ordinary students showed glimpses of anger.

Sharon was previously feared and spurned due to her silent and stern impression. But from the resolute attitude she showed towards the crisis in the academy, they realized that she was only trying to fulfill her duties as a nobleman, and she was also being reevaluated for her magic skills.

To begin with, the bizarre interactions between Sharon and her partner, the maid, had been witnessed by many in the academy, and her popularity had gradually increased due to her cute appearance.

In hindsight, it was enough to make them bury their heads in the sand, wondering why they had been so estranged from her.

But even if they thought so, they were not allowed to argue with the nobleman as ordinary students.

At that moment, the hall buzzed for a moment.

It was because Sharon, the Marquise Michelle’s Marquise daughter, who had just been talked about, had entered, but even more than that, her beauty attracted the attention.

Was she this beautiful? She was dressed in a fine dress of a sheen I had never seen before, reminiscent of her birth mother, who was called the White Rose.

It was also a shock to everyone around her that Sharon, a prospective fiancée of the second prince, His Royal Highness Joel, was being escorted by an heir of the Marquis de Mercia.

The Marquess of Mercia, Andy, still single and good looking, was very popular with the ladies as he was the captain of His Highness Joel’s bodyguard.

This shock was overridden by the next appearance of His Royal

Highness Joel, who was escorting the dark-haired young lady, who no one had seen before.

To be escorted by royalty at this graduation party is to be seen as a fiancée as it is.

Where is this young lady from? Even though the appearance of Viscountess Clarice, who was escorted by His Royal Highness the Dauphin, who entered afterward, the talk about Sharon and Joel did not disappear, and Clarice scowled slightly.

"(..... What's going on?!)"

Princess Emily, who was watching the scene from the noble officials' seat, was stunned.

According to that dark-haired maid's report, things were going well, and Emily's maid of honor was also checking on Sharon who was harassing Ginko.

In the report, Ginko was told that she was on the verge of declining to become Joel's fiancée because of Sharon's harassment.

But as of now, Ginko is happily gazing at Joel, and Sharon, who should be angry at being taken by her fiancé, is in a sweet mood with Andy.

Had that dark-haired maid betrayed her? She tried to look for her, but she couldn't find her in the hall.

It can't go on like this. If it goes on like this, her beloved brother Joel will be taken away by an unknown woman from another world. Joel should marry a woman he doesn't love like Sharon for a mere formality and only love Emily for the rest of his life. Emily thought that he was willing to have a forbidden relationship between brother and sister for that purpose.

(Hurry ..... quickly, we have to do something about it.)

She must take action before the people here recover from the confusion.

That impatient feeling reached God, I heard a [voice] that seemed to echo behind my ears.

"Stand up, Emily. You must immediately denounce Ginko. Ginko is

acting unworthy of a royal fiancée and is acting incompatibly with the common sense of the nobility. If you denounce Ginko now, Sharon will be on your side to testify.”

Emily thought that voice was the [Goddess].

Recalling that those who became queens and saints in the past also listened to the oracle to guide this country, Emily grinned and sneered as she stood up from her seat.

She didn’t even notice that a small spider in a maid’s outfit had left from her ears as she walked briskly .....

“Ginko-san, your behavior is remarkable. You are not worthy of being Brother Joel’s partner!”

“Emily!?”

Suddenly, when Emily began to denounce Ginko, Joel shouted in surprise.

“This woman doesn’t deserve my brother. I will not allow my brother to make her a member of the royal family!”

“What are you talking about? Ginko’s not that kind of girl.”

“Brother is deluded! We have a witness.”

“Witness .....,?”

Joel frowns quizzically. Ginko, who is frozen in surprise.

Amidst a sudden buzz from those present, Emily turned to the silver-haired girl as if he was good at it.

“Come on, Sharon, testify!”

Receiving those words from Emil and the gazes of all those present, Sharon pulls and shakes her head with a face like she is about to cry as if she is in a hurry.

”Gingko is a good friend, I won’t do that!”

Emily’s mind goes blank at Sharon’s words.

“Why? I was just following the oracle, so how did this happen?”

“..... Emily.”

“Brother Joel, ....., no, no! It wasn’t me, but an oracle from the goddess!”

“..... oracle?”

No matter how you look at it, it sounded like Princess Emily’s imagination, but the attendees’ gazes were naturally drawn to the altar of the goddess in the hall.

Why would there be an altar that wasn’t there in previous years, only this year? Next to the altar was Elias, the only holy knight in the country. As if he had done something, the altar was unusually full of the goddess’s divine spirit shining out of the altar, attracting people’s attention.

No matter how you look at it, it was a painful falsehood of Princess Emily. Nevertheless, it is not normal for a still young princess who is loved by the people to disgrace her brother’s chosen partner, and the fact that the divine qi overflows from the altar there gave the word ‘oracle’ impossible credibility.

“No way, it’s really the Goddess?”

Such thoughts passed through the minds of those present, and the altar’s holy seal clattered as if it were shaking as if the thought had shaken their faith for a moment.

“Now is the time!”

Suddenly, Elias raised his voice and thrust his sword at the Holy Mark.

When people were astonished that the Holy Knight Elias, who was said to be the most beloved of the goddesses, would do such a thing, and people were astonished that the sword was pointed at the altar, a glowing object flew out of the altar in surprise.

Towards the light, a black shadow that had been sticking up from the ceiling swooped down and entangled the glowing object with a shining thread-like object.

If you looked closely, you would have noticed that the invisible thin thread covered the entire hall like a spider’s web.

A dark-haired maid girl who came down from the ceiling to the light

struggling while trapped in the multiple layers of spider webs smiles as she sings.

"maaaaaaaaaayyyyyy."

[Yoo-hoo! Here is everyone's favorite goddess!]

Even though I'm saying this, the magic power of these lowly aristocrats and rubbish commoners here is so low that even my lovely voice can't reach them, you poor little fool.

But I feel a little bit better today, so I forgive you. I'm so unbelievably nice.

I'm in a good mood. Want to know why I'm in a good mood? Today is ..... the biggest and last event of the day, the graduation party.

The real final event should be the wedding event, but I wouldn't accept a still picture with a sloppy narration as the final event, the graduation party is the final event.

Hmmm, the long wait was worth it. I've been wanting to sleep, but I've been doing my best to stay awake because I've

been dozing off for 10 years now. I'll reward myself today by possessing a suitable priestess and eating a Sachertorte. Her soul is destroyed when I possess her, but wouldn't it be an honor to have me descend into her body?

The other heroines failed even though I gave them "blessings", and the main heroine, the Viscountess, ignored my oracle and tried to get engaged to the first prince, Yuri, and become the queen without any events.

As for Yuri, since I gave him the [royal dignity], he is in a hurry. He's a bit annoying, so I turn your skills off, okay?

Since I failed, I thought about causing a flood and resetting it, but I'm glad that the new heroine I made works out.

That Ginko hadn't played the game before, so I was very nervous when she didn't move well even when I told her to. I'm a real genius, even such a bad heroine can make it to the ending.

I was annoyed that I couldn't get my mind to interfere properly with her, but now I can say no to the creepy marquise.

[Damn! Why is it so hard to see the venue? It's like a big spider's web. I'm a goddess!]

[I'm the greatest in the world! I deserve a front-row seat to this event!]

Oh, there's the altar to the Goddess! Huh? Elias? It's been hard to see him lately, but he made a special seat for me, isn't he?

That's my Elias! They even put out drinks and snacks for me! You can drink what is offered at the altar, giggle, puh-lease.

Isn't this Holy Marker a bit hard to sit on? But I've got a tiny little ass to sit on. Goddesses are perfect. Oh, these are delicious. Where do you think I could find these?

[Oh, the Marquise's daughter! What, why? Why is Andy escorting her around! She was supposed to come in alone as a villainous daughter after Joel dumped her!]

[Oh, right! He is filling in for Joel because he's so sweet. She is about to be condemned, so that's one last good memory.]

[Ginko's here! Oooh, nice, nice. You've got a great picture! She was a pinch-hitting heroine, but she's in a good mood.]

That's what we wanted to see. That's what I wanted to see! Now, all we have to do is condemn the Marquise's daughter, and it is perfect.

Next, the main heroine and Yuri came in, but Ginko and Joel are shining so brightly that they're a bit hazy. Well, that's because I've taken the 【Dignity of the King】 from Yuri. Pfft.

[Huh? Why hasn't an absolution event happened? Get on with it, Ginko! I don't care if you're the main heroine! You can't hear me!]

[Oh, wait, wait, why is Emil coming out? Well, she's a villainous daughter too, so I don't mind if she.....]

[..... Huh? Why not? Why is it my fault! I didn't create that oracle!]

[Why are you all looking at me like I'm nuts? Disgusting!]

Oh, what a shake of faith! Oh, my God, Elias hit me with a sword! How did that happen? Are you my darling? I'm going to jump off the altar!

[Huh? What? What is this? A spider's web? Why do we have this? What's wrong with it? You can't tug on it but it's not strong enough!]

[..... who? A dark-haired maid I'd never seen before wrapped a string around me with a good smile in front of me.]

[Lie ....., why? There's no one like her in my world!]

[I'm so pissed off that I struggle to get the thread off with force. But the thread feels awful, and I can't get it off easily.]

[Stop it! I'm a goddess! Uh-oh! I don't want this world. We need to reset it!]

..... Stop kidding me for a second. Someone broke the [Warding] of the world.

The Demon Forest? I hurriedly turned the channel in that direction. When I turn the channel like a knob in my head, I can see the image of the Devil's Forest.

In the Devil's Forest, demons were destroying the wards and spinning around. The leader was an eight-legged horse!

Where's the Patron Saint-Beast? ..... Oh, it disappeared the other day.

[Stop it for a second, don't break any more wards! What? A dragon! Why are there so many dragons in here!]

[Stop, stop! Don't break any more boundaries! If you break any more, I'll lose control of my power!]

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How is everyone doing? Have you been sleeping with your stomachs out? Milady's pom-poms are smooth and pudgy.

..... It's time to take action. It's time to take action.

It seems that Nir and the slutty little dragon, Jade, have been doing well. She cut the strings, even though I had laid a perfect trap.

As expected of a 【Goddess】 - or rather, the power she stole from the 【Old God】. However, with the warding broken, the Goddess's [Boxed World] has become unstable, and it seems that the Goddess can no longer control the power she stole.

The 【Goddess】 like divine light fades from the mass of light restrained by my spider silk, and a beautiful blonde-haired girl is revealed.

”The Goddess!”

”She’s the one?”

“

There is a considerable difference between the 【Goddess】 and me if only pure power is used.

If you assume that my magic power is 100, then 【Goddess】’s magic power is over 200.

Considering that she hasn’t mastered the power, the [Old God] who was deprived of the core of his power would normally have had close to 300.

Even if she didn’t master his power, there was simply no chance for me to win if I challenged her head-on with a difference of more than twice as much.

However, I am proud to say that my fighting skills, trained by my head maid, are higher than those of the average maid.

The head maid said that it is a “lady’s habit”, but I have noticed that most of my colleagues hired at the same time have degenerated to a very young age, and I still have nightmares about it.

If my combat skills are set at 100, the former goddess’ skills are probably less than 10.

It seems that she spent her time in idleness without any training, so in a sense it is natural, but the simple difference in strength is not enough to overturn it, and I was only able to dazzle the 【Goddess】 , but as of now, the former Goddess’s strength has been greatly reduced and is down to about 130.

If I can get to this point, the difference in strength between the former Goddess and me is almost equal. I’m still afraid of the blow, but I can see a chance to win.

The only thing where I can’t see a chance of winning no matter how is vs milady.

For example, assuming that my chest combat power is 80, Miss Sharon's chest combat power is easily over 90. Her combat power was such that even the head maidservant was amazed at it.

Chest Combat Strength is not just a numerical measure. Shape and color are also important.

People have their own tastes and preferences when it comes to shape, but the shape of milady is of interest to many lords, and it is a shape that is very much to my liking.

I have been refining milady with my own special oils, creams, and lotions to enhance her fighting power, but I have been unable to use half of the underwear that I make to enhance her beauty.

It seems that milady is not fond of naughty underwear. The other day she became engaged to Mr. Andy, and when I saw milady, who is very cute and rolls around with a bright red face, I showed her the new underwear that she can wear on her date and milady gave me a blow with her slippers.

As for the underwear for the first night of the marriage, I have prepared new underwear that is a little bit tighter, taking into account the milady's preference.

“Which do you think will suit milady better, this pale peach color or this pale purple one? As for me, this is the purple one here: .....

“Are you fucking kidding me?”

As I was explaining on the roof of the church chapel with the new underwear in both hands, the former goddess, who held her crotch with both hands, interrupted my words as if shouting from the air.

It was quite an all-out [Orc Killer EX] blow, but she looks fine. On the contrary, one of the spikes has been bent, so it looks like it will be difficult to take care of it afterward.

“I'm not fooling around. I was just talking about milady's underwear on her first night as a newlywed.”

“She is a newlywed? Such naughty .....

“It's natural for a woman to wear it nowadays. Oh, excuse me, you don't seem to be able to wear it, do you?”

“What are you talking about? I’m a perfectly proportioned goddess and I’ll wear anything and everything better than anyone else!”

With that, she poses confidently in the air, an estimated 70 kg, twin-tailed, thirty-something woman.

Could it be that she considers herself to still be the same blonde beauty she was before?

“GOOOOO!”

Then one of the gigantic dragons attacked her.

“Well done, Fleurety!”

“That’s good to know.”

I return my voice to Jade, who passes by me and chases after the former goddess.

The dragons seemed to be watching the exchange between me and the former goddess with a pout, but that was just looking for an opening for the former goddess. I had mistakenly thought that they were seriously stunned.

Then I will join the dragons in chasing after the former goddess.

”Kyee——!!! Oh, come on, you guys! Do you think it’s okay for a disgusting caterpillar to touch me, a goddess?”

It was supposed to be a spiritual life form, but it wasn’t even 50 meters away from the body of a dragon that seemed to be 30 meters long.

“Could it be heavy?”

Even now, the former goddess is still being attacked by as many as thirty dragons, but she is cheerfully reciprocating with a taut hand on par with a small knot. Her rating might be raised next year.

”Nice shot.”

“What?”

The former goddess spins around with a strange voice when I launch her up with the spiked club from directly below again. It’s definitely heavy. As I’m fixing the bent spikes with my fingers, she points at me

while holding her crotch with one hand and shaking with a pull.

“You can’t point at someone else”

“Yuck! You’re hurting me! What the hell are you doing, hitting me over and over again?”

“Just the usual maid routine.”

“There’s no maid like you! A maid like you is not supposed to be in my world!”

“I’m sorry. I’m a thin, unhappy maid with a low profile.”

“So, what the hell?”

While talking, the former goddess is blown away by a huge golden dragon’s body strike.

It looks like the attacks aren’t working at all, but it seems that the former goddess’ power is decreasing just a little by little with each blow from the dragons.

If the dragons decide to attack a few hundred more times, it looks like the former goddess will be defeated. Every dragon is damaged in its own way, so they might be wiped out before they can defeat her.

”You’re in my way!”

The former goddess grabbed the wind dragon’s tail that was about to attack her for nudging it away and swung it around with a giant swing, throwing only the tail that was cut off in the process at me.

A dragon’s tail can be detached, can’t it?

I catch the tail that flies at me, which looks like it’s five meters long, and as soon as I can, I pluck the hem of my skirt and spin around to land on the roof of the church.

My skirt flipped softly as I spun around. The head maid scolds me for being so shameless.

”Oh, nah, nah, what underwear you’re wearing!”

“Oh, this? The underwear that milady refused to wear is a waste of money, so I am allowed to use it myself. Here, aren’t they lovely?”

“No, no, don’t roll it up and give me that glimpse!”

“The color is black.”

The former goddess is a pure-hearted girl. Is it possible that she was a little girl? The dragons unintentionally stopped their attacks and stared at us. Truly, the dragon tribe is a creature without discipline.

Besides, I’m going to store the severed tail in the “expansion bag” that milady entrusts to me.

Milady told me that the bag’s contents are about 100 kilos, but it seems that the amount varies depending on the magic power, so there’s plenty of room for me to carry it, which is helpful for shopping.

Seeing me putting away the tail, Jade, who knew I was going to use it as a foodstuff, had a twitching face. Please don’t worry, I will share it with you properly.

”Gugiaaaaaah!”

The black and fire dragons, who seemed to have come to themselves quickly, showered the former goddess with black and red flames.

The damage doesn’t seem to be much, but if you’re a former human, that was, well, surprising, right?

It’s just right, so it’s time to get serious.

My skin turns from white to bronze, and the magic flooding out of my entire body tears my maid’s clothes as if I’ve been left alone for a thousand years.

”..... Ah, demon ah!”

“A terrible rumor.”

Sucking in an overflowing amount of magic power, the 【Orc Killer EX】 grew to about 10 meters in size.

”Wait, stop.”

“Full swing, long driver shot.”

Goooooooooooooo!

Roared through the wind, and the giant screwdriver hit the former goddess.

“Nice shot”

“Gyaaaaaaahhhhhhhh.!!”

The former goddess turned into a meatball and thrust into the square in front of the entrance to the church chapel, creating a large crater.

“Farr: .....

Come on, dragons, if you don't give chase quickly, she'll come back to life again. As I was about to chase after her to hit the next bunker shot, I saw several horsemen coming towards us from across the square.

“All of you, continue! Exterminate the evil spirits that trick the goddess!”

”Hal!”

Apparently it's Yuri and the Kingsguard.

It's getting troublesome.

Yuri, Crown Prince of the Algray Kingdom, was more irritated than ever before.

The graduation party of the Academy of Magic is close to his engagement party with Clarice, the saint of light.

In this country, a person becomes an adult at the age of fifteen, but engagements between families prior to that are considered “temporary” and the person you are engaged to after this graduation party is considered your official fiancée.

The official engagement party is hosted by the royal family at their castle, and Yuri is hoping to make an impression on

the young nobles who will be taking charge of the kingdom.

But his plan didn't work.

First of all, Sharon, the Marquise daughter was an inferior student, feared and despised by the students for her harsh impressions.

She was a good-looking girl, to begin with, but in less than a year she's blossomed into a glamorous flower, captivating those in attendance.

Shyly taking Andy's hand as her escort, they looked at each other softly and smiled, a lovely sight that drew sighs of admiration from the women in the audience.

Glossy hair and smooth skin. A high-quality dress in a seductive style. The purple diamonds adorning the bosom shone more beautifully than the ones Yuri had sent to Clarice.

And Yuri's younger brother, the second prince, Joel.

Unlike Yuri, who resembles his father, his younger brother, who inherited the graceful appearance of the queen, was popular among the young girls, but unlike Yuri, he was supposed to be the so-called "extra", fiancée of an appropriate young lady.

But the lady Joel was escorting was a beautiful dark-haired girl he'd never seen before, and their affectionate manner with each other was the talk of the town.

Because of those two pairs, Yuri and Clarice's entrance was hazy.

Those who had previously been lying flat as if struck by lightning simply because Yuri appeared wherever they went, followed Sharon and Joel rather than Yuri.

Why did this happen .....? Wouldn't it have been better to have the glamorous Sharon as queen than Clarice, even if she was a saint? The dark-haired girl – Ginko seems to be from another world, and considering her history, wouldn't it be more popular with the people to have her as a consort?

Clarice was also a beautiful daughter, but if you take out her position as a saint, she's just a baroness. It is only because of that position that she is recognized as the crown princess.

He is also taking into account the high intelligence as the next queen, but he felt that just being a saint wasn't enough for him.

When he glanced at Clarice, who was escorting him with such thoughts, she too looked up at Yuri with dissatisfied eyes and let out a small sigh as she removed her gaze.

He smiled on the surface, but inside, anger was swirling around him.

The thought of shouting at Clarice and forcing Sharon and Ginko to be his own passed through his mind, but he couldn't do that.

Even if he were to make the two of them his side consort later, he would also receive a backlash from the nobles who were watching the situation now.

Although frustrated, for now, attract the interest of the nobles to themselves.

To that end, as they were about to head to the center of the hall, his sister, Princess Emily, suddenly began to say something unintelligible, and their gazes were further drawn to those two pairs.

Emily, who thought she was at a disadvantage, began to say, 'I received an oracle from the goddess,' and then the dark-haired maid captured something that appeared from the altar.

It was the evil spirit of a fat woman who had tricked the goddess.

At first, it took the form of a beautiful goddess from mythology and church tapestries, but in the blink of an eye, it revealed itself and looked like a horrible evil spirit to Yuri, who had only seen beautiful ladies.

When she called their names, both Yuri and the holy knight, Elias, face twitched. Aside from Elias, who was a church official, it would affect Yuri's reputation if he was thought to have something to do with that thing.

The black-haired maid jumps out of the ceiling in pursuit of the escaped evil spirit.

He thought she was a skilled maid who doubles as Sharon's guard, but he didn't expect her to have the power to fight even evil spirits for her lady, and the crudeness of her underwear, which he caught a glimpse of for a moment, made him want her again, but he doesn't think that's the right moment.

"Silence, men! We will now take out the evil spirits, my knights follow me!"

"Brother! It's dangerous!"

Joel shouted out as he hugged Ginko and protected her.

“Joel, you’re here to fix things, and so are you, Andy!”

We can’t let those two be any more active. This was where Yuri had to take care of the evil spirits.

”So, but.....”

“Damn it! ..... Clarice, you’re coming. Show me the power of a saint.”

“..... Yes.”

Clarice, who had warded herself and defended herself without Yuri’s protection, stood up quietly as she replied briefly.

Yuri led dozens of cavalry horses after the evil spirit while Clarice was mounted on the kinsman knight’s horse and he drove his own horse.

Clarice knew exactly where the evil spirit was. An evil spirit would be able to use Clarice’s saintly power to the fullest.

Finally useful, Yuri let out a breath.

Clarice didn’t perform the [Event] with Yuri. This is because she didn’t like the enmity with the creepy maid who is the partner of the villainous daughter Sharon.

Even though she understood that it was real, Clarice, who still couldn’t get rid of her game sense, thought that as long as she became the crown princess, the rest would be fine.

Under such circumstances, there is no such thing as love, let alone an exchange of minds.

”Men, continue! Exterminate the evil spirits that tricked the goddess!”

”Ha!”

When Yuri chases the evil spirit to reach the church, he is immensely disappointed.

It would be so. You will be able to find a lot more than just a few of these in the world.

”O great dragons, servants of the ..... goddess! This is our land. Leave it to us to deal with the demons that impersonate the goddess!”

Yuri believed that these upper dragons were the goddesses' relatives, sent by the real goddess. It is said that before the founding of the country, this land was ruled by an evil dragon, and the goddess defeated it.

If so, then these upper-level dragons were also servants of the goddess who were surrendered by the goddess.

It is also a very good idea to have a look at the huge spider's shadow, which was only visible for a moment during the battle between the evil spirits and the dragons. When Yuri excitedly called out to the dragons to fight alongside the great dragon race to dispel such a horrible evil spirit, a tremendous amount of fury was released from the dragons.

"What are you talking about, you fool! Let's just go kill those dragons!"

From the crater created in the plaza, that fat evil spirit pops out of the crater with a dumpling voice. Does that evil spirit still intend to trick me into thinking it's a goddess?

He felt as if the dragons' anger was directed at him for a moment, but they must have sensed that the evil spirits were coming out and warned him.

"Men, don't fall behind the dragons! Clarice, holy protection!

\*

Oh dear, His Highness Yuri has sold the opening fight to the dragons.

His Highness Yuri, who received holy blessings from Miss Clarice, is attacking the former goddess along with the knights.

Even if the dragons are also the ones who came to defeat him, it seems that they are hard to deal with ordinary humans as the [Old God]'s family members. Jade was enraged by His Highness' outburst but was stopped by the other dragons.

"Yuri! How dare you defy me!"

"Nuisance, you evil spirit! Don't call my name with your foul mouth, you will be defeated!"

"Ky—— ! ! ! ! "

To put it bluntly, it's just a hindrance. There's no way you can use the "holy power" that uses the power of a goddess to fight her.

Where I am? I was under the ground the moment his Highness Yuri appeared.

I am Fleurety. I have decided to dive only into the ground or where milady sleeps. She will stop at nothing to protect the melons from the cold.

I'm in the middle of hand sewing a tattered maid's uniform.

Oh, a few knights have been knocked off. As expected of an ex-goddess, the tension is very strong. For now, if they still have breath, let's pull them into the ground.

I'd like to say that we got emergency rations—but since they are Mr. Andy's colleague, we don't want to be stingy with milady's engagement partner, so let's keep them alive.

Oh, well, it seems that even the numbed dragons have joined the fight. If it weren't for that rant, they wouldn't have gotten the humans involved.

It's not that I can see what's going on outside, but I can get a general idea of what's going on with the threads I put out on the ground.

But there's something strange about .....

Is this "malice" .....? It's a little different. It seems to be very twisted, but it's hard for ordinary people to have such strong feelings.

They are different from the former goddesses and the dragons.

"Ky——!!! Annoying, annoying, annoying! I'm going to reset this [world] all together!"

Oops, I can't relax any longer. The maid uniform is just about ready, so I will join the fight.

There aren't many knights left. Even Yuri is stunned.

For now, I pull the breathing knights into the ground and try to find the right moment.

"Everyone, disappear—"

“Nice shot.”

With a gong, there’s a booming sound, and my spiky cudgel jumps out of the ground and hits the former goddess in the groin.

“It’s good. It’s a critical hit.”

”You!”

“I am Fleurety.”

Greetings to a surprised Yuri for now.

”..... gshgsh.....”

The dragons seemed to have cut down a lot. The former goddess was moaning with her eyes black and white as she held her crotch. Hmm? Something from her mouth: .....

“That’s it! Fleurety! Take it away!”

Jade’s voice echoes. Ah, I see, that’s the [core] of your power, isn’t it? Jade rushes in even as he calls out to me.

”Well done, Fleurety! I’ll finish it!”

At the same time, Yuri plunges into the former goddess with his sword. It’s very disturbing.

”Gya!”

At that time, something like a vine of light pierced the former goddess.

Along that vine of light, the [core] of power flowed somewhere. And .....

“I finally got my hands on .....

A light blinked as if to illuminate the entire royal capital, and the figure of a “girl” shining in the center of the light appeared.

That was the moment that the new god of this 【Boxed Garden World】 –the goddess Clarice–appeared.

“..... I’m seriously troubled.”

# Chapter 51

## Battle of God and Demon

“..... It’s very dazzling.”

Miss Clarice, who had taken the core of the [Old God]’s power from the former goddess, seemed to have taken the power as her own, emitting a holy power like a goddess.

”..... Oh, you ..... , give it back .....”

The former goddess murmurs as she grunts and extends a trembling hand to Miss Clarice.

Her body rapidly loses divine energy, and the surface of her body cracks.

”Oh, you can still move, right?”

Miss Clarice smiled and turned her gaze to the former goddess.

“I’ve had so much to talk to you about, you know? You have created a “Box Garden World” in this world and enjoy playing maiden games, Goddess. Thanks to you, I’ve been experiencing a lot of trouble since I was a child.”

“Why ..... it .....”

“You’ve gone quite far, even messing with the timeline. With your skills, there was a possibility that this world would disappear. To be reborn in such an unstable world, I questioned my sanity when I heard about .....[Old God].”

Reincarnation—a reincarnated person. Thanks to that, Miss Clarice must have been able to converse with that [Old God].

And learned about the other side of this world.

”Because I, who was treated coldly by the Viscount’s family, had plenty of time to investigate. The only thing that helped me was having a lot of old books. No matter what I do, it doesn’t improve. No one would help me. ..... No wonder, right? That’s what the main heroine was determined to do.”

“Oh, I am ..... and I want to make you happy...”

“It’s for your own fun, right?”

It is the story of the heroine of the story. Even though she was oppressed at home, she was happy and cheerful, and her kind heart was recognized and she lived happily with her prince.

“Because I was a player in a previous life, I could still endure it. I knew that one day I would advance to the academy. I wonder if I could have endured it if I was just a child with no memories? Has my mind become so worn out that I’ve become a manipulative character in your favor?”

“..... no, no, no, no, no, ..... I am!”

Suddenly, the former goddess attacked Miss Clarice. To take back the power that was taken from her. And to take out a grudge on the woman who made fun of her.

Miss Clarisse squinted slightly at the former goddess and pointed her finger at her.

“You’ve already ..... ‘faded away’”

A light was released from Miss Clarice, and a door appeared behind the former goddess, a door that repeatedly rumbled like a black, visceral thing. The door released countless tentacles from within entangle the former goddess and drags her in.

”Ya, stop..... gaaaaaaaaahhhh ! ! ! ! ”

The black door slowly closed and disappeared as the former goddess’s decapitated voice came from the darkness behind it.

“..... Phew.”

“Damn, Clarice, you did it! That’s my fiancée!”

Miss Clarice is breathing out, and Yuri, who has finally come to his senses, calls out to her. But instead of responding to that, Miss Clarice turned quietly to me.

“I’m not sure if ..... Fleurety knows what that is.”

“Isn’t it the administrator of space-time: .....?”

”As expected. Even though he’s an administrator, he’s not someone who seems to be able to communicate very well, but it’s helpful to have that information in [Old God]’s knowledge. It was really unstable around here because of the way that thing did what it wanted.”

”The sacrifice seems to be just fine.”

”That’s right. By dedicating it, you could have turned back the timeline between Earth and this world. I still don’t want to antagonize you. Will you be my partner now?”

”I’m sorry.”

”..... Yeah?”

Miss Clarice frowns slightly when I decline.

”Clarice, how dare you ignore me!”

Then, for the first time in his life, Yuri, who was stunned, raised his voice filled with anger, as if he had been ignored for the first time in his life.

Miss Clarice gave Yuri a cold gaze.

”I beg your pardon, Your Highness. As a new [Goddess], I have something to do.”

”Oh, I knew it was a goddess! That’s what makes our country safe! No, with you, the goddess, as my queen, I can have dominion over this continent!”

When Yuri heard of the goddess, the flames of ambition light up in his eyes and he laughs.

”That evil spirit wasn’t tricking the goddess, it was possessed by her! Such a one is a goddess...”

”Excuse me.”

In the middle of Yuri’s speech, Miss Clarice lightly waves her arms and unleashes a light.

”Clarice, what are you...”

Do-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o .....

“Oh, father and adoptive mother must have fled back to the house after all.”

A roar echoed somewhere in the royal capital. A huge pillar of fire stretched into the heavens from afar, dyeing the night sky the color of blood.

Perhaps that place is the Viscount’s family, Miss Clarice’s family home.

“Don’t you think it’s terrible that you’re leaving so soon after this is your daughter’s fine day?”

Yuri takes a step back as Miss Clarice laughs cheerfully, like a maiden who knows no dirt.

“Ku, Clarice, what are you doing!”

“What do you mean, I clean up the trash?”

As she replied to Yuri, Miss Clarice waved her arms again and flashed a light, and another pillar of fire rose in the distance.

“Don’t you think the mother who sold her daughter for money should be burned in the fires of hell?”

“Oh, you’re .....

Yuri backed away as if frightened. Amidst the distant screams of people and cries of fear and confusion, Miss Clarice quietly turned her gaze in one direction.

“Is it the schoolgirl who’s been harassing me next? Looks like you’re still at the Academy: .....

“Don’t let the Dragon God’s power be used inhumanly!”

Jade’s voice rang out, and a huge black dragon rushed at Lady Clarice. ....., but in the process, the black dragon’s head suddenly popped off.

“That was out of the blue.”

Miss Clarice boringly pointed her right hand at the dragons to check the other dragons. And with her left hand, she was catching the blow of the spiked club I had unleashed in a surprise strike with one hand.

“..... This is seriously troubling.”

“Fleurety, hold it in place!.”

In this desperate situation, where she crushed the head of the upper dragon with one hand and lightly received my full-length blow, Yuri raised his one-handed sword to Miss Clarice, try to use what he thought was an opportunity.

“..... so. I don’t need you anymore.”

I jumped back as fast as I could at the sound of Miss Clarice’s voice, crushing the tip of the spiked club like a mud dumpling and muttering coldly.

”Breath of the Dragon God,”

“.....”

A rush of light spreads like an explosion, and Yuri, a mere human, is instantly burned. I also reveal my true nature and cover my body with my eight spider legs, defending myself with all my might.

With that single blow, an area of about a kilometer or so, including the church facilities, had been cruelly burned to nothing and disappeared.

It seems that the dragons also tried to escape, but nearly half of them were burned by the light and crashed to the burnt ground.

”Oh, you’re still alive, aren’t you? Miss Fleurety.”

A glowing girl walks slowly through the still-burning aftermath and residual heat swirling around me.

Two of my legs have been blown off as well. Miss Clarice frowns at me as I untie my remaining legs and stand up.

”You, was that figure ..... “demon”?”

”Why do you all call me a Demon? I’m such a cute little spider.”

”Is that so? Well, okay.”

Miss Clarice looked slightly puzzled by my answer, then let out a small breath and smiled again.

”Now that you’re here, I’ll say it again. Your power is too good to be wasted, after all. We’re going to burn away the residue of that filthy

former goddess now. I need you to help me with that. Won't that be fun?"

"..... What do you want to do with the humans?"

"Well, you could at least help me with the ..... attack targets. Maybe the rest of them could survive if we're lucky."

She smiled prettily as if she had found a nice trinket, and then Miss Clarice reached out her hand gently for mine.

"Now, serve me, Fleurety."

"I'm afraid not."

After a moment's pause, I declined, and Miss Clarice blinked her eyes for a moment.

"Can I ask you why .....?"

"Very well. I have no intention of serving anyone but milady."

I smiled smugly.

"There's nothing in the world that's more wonderful than milady's two soft arms, so I have no choice."

"Go away ....."

I jumped away before the light released with a low voice reaches me. Unable to dodge all of it, one of my right legs is burned.

The moment I avoided the light, I was kicked in the back by Miss Clarice, who caught up with me before I knew it.

That former goddess was only able to use only 70% of her power even if it took a thousand years. But Miss Clarisse seems to have already mastered using her power of the [Old God], the [Dragon God] class.

As expected of an honors student, Miss Clarice. Her magical combat and direct combat skills are top.

The surviving dragons attacked singularly, but their wings and bodies were shot through with spears of light and crashed down.

As expected of a main heroine, I guess you could say she's the main heroine with the highest status. It's quite a troublesome opponent if I

seriously turn her into an enemy.

But ..... was there a difference in power between the two so far? I thought there was a three-fold difference in power between the two of them, but–

“Oh, did you notice?”

Miss Clarisse smiled a pretty flowery smile and spread her arms out like wings of light while floating in the sky.

”I was thinking of erasing this [Boxyard World] as well, but since we’re going to put it to good use, I’ll put it to good use.

Wings of light shining in the night sky...[Sanctuary]”

“.....”

The world’s atmosphere is transformed. Perhaps it was a gradual change, but when she invoked it, I understood.

The Realm of Sacred Light ..... In this, I can’t recover my strength. If I lose the strength and magic power I have now, that’s the end of it.

”I won’t recruit you anymore. You are a nuisance and I will kill you here.”

“It’s mutual.”

It’s pretty hopeless, but if I lose, Milady’s life will be in danger as well.

The only thing I have over Clarice right now is the number of legs and the endurance of my body, but can I manage with that?

“Ha-ha, this is starting to get interesting.”

Clarice shoots a spear of light and I duck just in time to roll over.

”Really, if I didn’t think I could handle the goddess, I could have been the crown princess with an open mind. I didn’t expect her to be like that.”

“I agree with you.”

Closing the distance between us at high speed, we kick each other in the knees, deflecting the spear of light with our spiked clubs.

Bokin .....

”Miss Clarice, can you see my underwear?”

“..... It’s the same for you.”

Clarice only lightly frowned at the injury, but my right knee was broken, so I use one of my right legs as an aid.

”Haha, that’s handy! Hey, didn’t Fleurety also meet [old god] in those ruins?”

“Yeah.”

I attacked with my ten-meter spider legs, but a little slash was enough to shatter my leg claws.

”I was only able to get information, but I was excited to find out that someone else had contact with that thing besides me.

Because there might be a chance to take away the goddess’ power.”

I wrapped the spider silk around the rubble and threw it, which weigh several tons, at Clarice, and she smiled quietly at me, shattering it with a barrier of light.

”So I have to thank you for a few things”

Multiple claw-like objects of light were unleashed from Clarice’s right hand and I was blown away as I was caught up in the attack.

“..... kefu.”

I was blown quite far away and plunged into a building, and spat out blood.

The rest of my magic power is about half ..... I defended myself as quickly as I could, but the left side of the building is wiped out, both the spider’s legs and my own limbs. The rests I have are the right arm, the broken right leg, and two spider legs on the right side.

Using the spiked club as a staff, I gently stand up with the spider’s leg and the broken right leg. I can walk, but fast combat may be difficult.

Clarice seemed to be going crazy in her psyche, albeit a little at a time. Is it still too much power for a human?

And how far did I fly? It looks a little familiar: .....

Gatan .....

“Le, Letty .....

“Milady .....

It's a big deal: ..... Milady has found out that I am a Lovely Spider.

“Dragons, giant dragons, are fighting something on top of the church!”

The venue for the graduation party. The appearance of an evil spirit that tricked the goddess and my dearest friend Letty, who pursued it.

I've been using healing magic on the injured people at the venue, and I turned my head to the window at the sound of someone shouting.

I know that this was the real goddess. Those dragons must be fighting for the old god.

Many people went to the window, and beyond the faintest glimpse, I could see several things flying around and spitting fire.

“Is that ..... is Letty in there too? Is she fighting?”

She has always gone beyond the realm of a maid to do things for me. Maybe I'm the only one who thinks of us as friends because she is working for me, but she is an invaluable friend.

I know she is strong. Wherever and whoever I was dealing with, I felt safe with Letty. So I'm sure she'll be back soon this time, too. That's what I thought, but her opponent is a goddess. ..... Please, please come back safely.

”Kyaah!”

Suddenly, a large pillar of fire rises in the distance outside the window, and the people in the audience scream.

What's happening .....? The pillar of fire rose again, followed by the light outside the window.

”-Sharon! Sharon!”

“..... Mr. Andy?”

I seemed to faint for a moment. When I wake up, Andy, who was holding my shoulder, breathes with relief.

My cheeks heat up as he touches my shoulders, which were exposed by the dress. I'm embarrassed, and I look away from his gaze and see—

“.....”

There were a lot of people in the hall there, fallen and injured. As I recall, there was an explosion of light, and the windows had been blown out.

”I can't use magic!”

”Me too!”

”No. ..... skills are not working!”

Someone was screaming. Are skills disabled? If you can't use your skills, most people won't be able to use magic. Then what about these injured people?

“..... Sharon?”

”I'll take care of it!”

I don't have any magic skills. So I've been practicing a lot with Letty so that I can use it without skills.

”For those of you who can remember the healing magic spell, please write it down on paper! As long as the magic power is flowing steadily and you chant it properly and without mistakes, it will activate even without the skill!”

I called out to the surgeons who were healing, and I, too, cast a healing spell on the injured man.

.”..... Miss Sharon ... thank you ..... sorry...”

”It's okay.”

A female classmate of mine who used to make fun of me was crying and apologizing.

”Sharon, it's time for you to take shelter.”

”What are you talking about? There may still be some people injured.”

“But ..... what if something happened to you?”

Mr. Andy is worried about me and advises me to take shelter. I can still hear the sounds of fighting in the distance. I’m sure Letty is still fighting.

“Mr. Andi. We are noblemen. What are we going to do without moving in a situation like this? ‘Pull yourself together, Andy.’”

“Sharon.....”

When I scolded him, he was momentarily startled and put his lips to my hair with a smile.

“I’ll work for my people. I’ll work for my people. I’m off, my Sharon.”

“Okay.”

As the surgeons learn their spells and tell the wounded who can move to leave the battlefield, I check to see if anyone has missed their escape.

My childhood friend Karl said he was going to check the men’s dormitory, so I’ll check the women’s dormitory.

“No one’s ..... here.”

I was relieved that the underclassmen’s evacuation drill after the last demon attack seemed to be working.

boom

“Huh!”

I let out a small scream at the sound I heard.

What is it .....? At the back of the first floor of the girls’ dormitory. There, I heard a noise that sounded like something breaking.

For a moment, my body quivers as I remember the fear of being attacked by a demon. But Letty is doing her best too. I can’t just stay scared either.

As I quietly approached the sound of footsteps, I began to regret my decision.

The chill grows stronger with each step. A horrible, evil presence A

soul-rejecting fear appeals to me to 'run away.'

But if there is a demon in the room, you need just to check it out. Otherwise, an injured person who can't move could be in danger.

I slowly approached and peeked out from the shadows and saw a black figure there.

”.....!”

An inarticulate scream rises in the back of my throat.

Blood-red eyes, dark skin like bronze weathered clothes that look like they've been neglected for a thousand years shake without a breeze, and the horrible spider-black legs were sprouting from its back.

Demon It's a high-level demon that even rivals the Great Spirit – 【Great Demon】.

“But ..... its face is .....”

Gatan

“Le, Letty .....?”

“Milady.....”

With the sound of debris being knocked down, or perhaps the sound of my voice, the demon turned around quietly and called my name.

“I'm sorry ..... You found out that I'm a Lovely Spider.”

“What about .....?”

The sudden, matter-of-fact statement convinced me that this demon was Letty.

“Lovely Spider! I don't know what you mean!”

When I looked closely, I saw that her body was covered in wounds, and I gasped at the fact that her left limb was torn to shreds and missing. The right leg may be broken, and it looks as if she is forced to stand on a spider's leg.

”Please wait a moment. I'm a maid, but if you want to keep me as a pet, put me in a bug cage .....”

“How could it be? Sit down and be quiet!”

“Yes.”

Demon form Letty sit upright on the floor with an honest flattened face when I scold her. I have to admit. I’m still scared.

I couldn’t leave her hurt in front of me, and I couldn’t leave her alone.

“What was ..... there? Where is that goddess?”

“The goddess was destroyed by the new goddess Clarice. It seems that she intends to erase all traces of her past. You must flee to a faraway place now, milady. I’ll buy you some time.”

“.....”

I don’t understand half of what she is saying. It’s scary just listening to that voice too. But I do know that she is genuinely concerned about me.

“You’re ..... Letty, aren’t you?”

“Yes, I am Fleurety.”

With those words, I reached out a quietly trembling hand, and Letty stepped back slightly.

“I’m sorry. Your dress will be dirty.”

“I don’t care about that!”

I forcefully take Letty’s hand and use my healing magic on her.

Just touching her makes my hand tremble and makes me feel nauseous. My healing magic is hardly working. But I wanted to do something for Letty, who fought for me until she got to this point.

“..... It’s okay now. Please let go.”

“But I still have more magic .....”

“I’m not human, so you mustn’t touch me in this state too much.”

At Letty’s words, I look up and look into her eyes.

Maybe she’s so hurt that she can’t get back to her normal state. And

yet, I feel angry at Letty for trying to care only for me.

”Letty!”

“Yes, Milady.”

I grab the hand that’s trying to pull away and hold it tightly.

“It doesn’t matter what you are! Even if it’s a spider, even if it’s a demon, Letty, no Fleurety is my best friend!”

Letty’s eyes widened for the first time, and soon after that, like a bud blossoming, she gave me a big smile that made me feel embarrassed.

”Yes, Milady!”

At that moment, it was as if ‘something’ connected between us. I heard a click and a sound like a ‘key’ being dislodged from inside.

I felt like there was a “something” connected between milady and me. I could feel her heartbeat and thoughts.

I can feel her heartbeat and thoughts. Do my thoughts reach you, milady?

A sense of freedom, like being released from the shell that covered your entire body: ..... Is this what [the Lord] was saying?

I finally understood what I was.

I feel lighter. I can feel the power flowing out of me.

And ..... I truly understood who I was becoming.

“..... Did I put a little too much effort into it?”

The night view of the royal city spreads out below. Directly below, the whole area, including the church, was transformed into a circular clearing. More than a dozen giant dragons lay dead. A fire broke out in several places in the capital, and humans were screaming and running away.

Humans .....? Not long ago, I was a human too, but I can’t help but chuckle a little at how my perceptions have changed.

I’m not going to be able to get the same amount of “power” as you. I

became the true Goddess of this world after I won the power of a god – the old dragon god – as my own.

The proof of this is that even that maid who was so afraid of being opposed to me was torn to pieces and blown away by a single act of my power.

I was going to kill her, but she's probably still alive. Because she's .....

A high-level demon that even rivals the great spirits that cause natural disasters – 【Great Demon】.

Even for me, I couldn't believe that such an insane existence really existed with my present-day memories on Earth. Even if she usually had some insane powers, she was no different from an ordinary human being.

Was that the mimicry of a demon? A superior demon would lurk inside a human and breathe malice into people, so even if they cared for God on the surface, it was hard to know what they were thinking on the inside.

In that sense, I wonder if Sharon is a victim too. She was also more honest than the game, but she's a villainous daughter, so it's not surprising that she's up to something.

In a way, "villainous girl" and "devil's maid" are a perfect match.

"Well, ....."

The few surviving dragons escaped in pieces, but once their wounds are healed, they will come after me again.

It's dangerous to let that demon maid escape here as well. I can never let anyone who could potentially harm me live. That maid is more troublesome than multiple dragons in terms of danger.

But that's a case of being used in a small, shrewd move like setting up that former Goddess. Obviously, even in the earlier fight, I, who can use all of [Dragon God]'s power if I fight properly, would not be able to lose.

It would be troublesome if she could hide. Suppose I directly aim at the villainous daughter Sharon, who is probably the demon's contractor. In that case, she will be contractually forced to come out.

That demon was blown away in the direction of the Magic Academy? Perhaps there might be Sharon.

Within this [Box Garden World], I can see anywhere. It was comical to see my father and mother burning to death while suffering.

Sharon is still inside the academy. But ..... is a bit weird. It's like a spider's web that's hard to see. .....

At that moment, the word "spider's web" reminded me of the devil, and I felt a little uncomfortable with it.

.... It's all right. I'm not going to say goodbye to you, Sharon. I don't have any hard feelings toward you.

Just as I was about to fire a barrage of light towards the academy – something like a shockwave hit my barrier.

"Oh, ..... Mr. Elias?"

I suppressed my annoyance a bit and turned my gaze only to see the white armor-clad Holy Knight Elias pointing his sword in my direction.

"To the new [Goddess], disrespect!"

“..... I could hear the goddess' decimation. That may not have been a goddess, but it's also true that I was saved by that thing.”

“Oh, so you're willing to fight back for that idiot?”

“..... No, I don't feel that way. But anyone who disturbs the peace of the people will be avenged by this holy knight Elias!”

“..... Ah, yes.”

He irritates me. After all, the things left behind by that former Goddess irritate me.

I was thinking of letting the target of the attack live, but I'm going to erase everything that smells like the former Goddess.

“Go away.”

The ground that Elias was on turned into a crater. Through that dust cloud, Elias, who had put up a barrier, thrust at me and slash at me, who was in the air.

As expected of the strongest 【Holy Knight】. In a general game, is it the equivalent of a 【Hero】? But .....

“I’m sorry to hear that.”

He attacked me, but his sword was blocked by my light barrier. Before Elias, who was falling to the ground, could adjust his stance, I shot out a spear of light, and something flew out from beside him, causing Elias to evade the spear of light.

“Holy knight, I invite thee to the sky!”

“You can go to ..”

“Don’t look over your shoulder. Let’s go!”

“Oh!”

That little green dragon that was wandering around. I’m surprised that he could fly with an armored knight in his arms at that small size.

But what are you going to do with that speed? What are you going to do with that kind of aggression? No, you can’t. That demon could do better.

“Huh!”

“Ugh.”

They are easily blown away by my wide area shockwave. With the durability of a human or a child dragon, it’s not even a decent fight.

”.....?!”

Suddenly I feel a chill, and I stop the chase.

..... something is there. Something is coming. I look around for it – a pale shadow floats behind the battered and floating holy knight and the child dragon in the air.

It’s that demon maid – Fleurety.

“Oh, you!”

“Miss Fleurety! You’re hurt.”

When those guys turned around in surprise, the demon maid, who

smiled thinly, grabbed those guys with one hand and started swinging them around.

”Leave this one to me. You two should take shelter, please.”

”What? Hey,”

”Wait, wait, wait, wait!”

The holy knight and the little dragon, who had been swung around, were thrown far away with a scream. ..... That thing, if it were an average human, it would surely die, right?

I didn't attack at such a strange sight. For some reason, I hesitated to attack.

”Here you are, Miss Clarice.”

Throwing the interloper farther away, the demon maid turns to me and smiles thinly again.

..... what? Something is wrong.

Even if the skin color had returned to a human-like color, the pale skin looked more like the skin of a dead person, and even her demonic form had disappeared.

It's a good thing that she can get the most out of her time because it's not just a matter of time before she can get a new one.

..... What...this? I'm hesitant to attack her myself, even though she doesn't look like she can fight like that.

”..... you, ..... “what”?

” I am me .....?”

At that moment, the discomfort became worse.

Pish!

A crack ran through that pale skin, and the weathered maid's clothes also crumbled like rot.

Zush!

As the black spider's legs pop out of the limbs' shredded cross-section,

they squishily change shape and turn into a human limb-like shape.

Zucha!

Eight black spider legs sprouted up to pierce her back, taking on a gritty, hard black sheen.

What's going on? What is that thing trying to get?

As her glistening white skin was revealed underneath the cracked skin and her slender limbs stretched out, hard black spider legs replaced the rotten maid's outfit.

It was an all-black maid outfit.

It was a skeletal armor that resembled a maid's uniform.

“I’m sure you’ll be able to find a way to make your life easier and more fun.”

“..... impossible .....

I suddenly understood. It's impossible. The knowledge of the [Dragon God] in me says it is.

What I'm feeling is 'fear.'

The fear I feel for the demon is a passive skill effect of the demon. But it can be avoided with equal power. That's why I, the [Goddess], was not afraid of her.

The knowledge in me knows what 'it' is.

That's ..... ..... the rebel of God-[Devil]

In various dimensions and in multiple worlds, the legendary beings who claimed to be gods were destroyed and devoured by those who claimed to be gods. The darkness of the moonlit night seemed to grow darker at the presence of this evil.

.....

Why does such a thing exist? How could such a being be here!

When a white haze overflows from its presence, it becomes a white thread scattered around the area. From the cryptic cemetery where the ..... church used to be located, the greats of the past, dressed in

extravagant costumes, rise up in their bones, and crushed corpses crawl out of the rubble of the area. The charred dragon corpse walked out comically like a puppet and lowered his head respectfully behind the demon.

“Again, nice to meet you.”

The demon’s voice lingers in my ears.

“The Golden Sacred Demon Army, Lieutenant General Fleurety, this is...”

A thin cloud covers the moon shining in the starry sky, tinting it gray and highlighting the two girls’ light and darkness gazing at each other in the air.

The blonde [Goddess], dressed in a pure white dress, shines brightly to illuminate the world, and as she swoops down to the ground, several small flowers begin to bloom under her feet.

The black-haired 【Demon】 in a jet-black maid’s outfit shines darkly as if to dye the world and softly descends to the ground. The dead surface that emerges from underneath its feet lets out a vindictive moan.

Two contrasting girls. When the 【Devil】 maid smiled thinly, the 【Goddess】 girl stared at the 【Devil】 with sweat smeared on her forehead.

The 【Goddess】’s overflowing divinity fills this 【Box Garden World】 , and all creatures living there recognize the existence of the 【Goddess】 , kneel and ask the Goddess for forgiveness.

However, there was no delight on the 【Goddess】’s face.

The puppet corpses that were waiting behind [Devil].

Crushed corpses and the corpses of dragons stare at [Goddess] with cloudy eyes with no light.

The heroes, saints, holy knights, great sages and popes of the past who protected this country for nearly a thousand years and were buried in the underground graveyard after they died, stood up in their bones in their old luxurious costumes, clattering their bony jaws against the [Goddess].

A crowd of puppet wraiths. An army of demons.

Rather than that horrific hellish scene, the [Goddess] just felt ‘awe’ at the thin smile on the [Devil]’s face.

“You’re a little too stupid .....? Fleurety.”

The white [Goddess] – Clarice says this as she bites her teeth.

“Huh? What are you talking about, Miss Clarice?”

The Black [Devil] – Fleurety tilts her head slightly with a smile.

“Don’t play with me! If you are the Devil, you can blow up this entire sanctuary!”

“Oh, is that what you mean?”

“The more I fight, the more I’ll be at a disadvantage if you can control a corpse that can move freely even within the sanctuary. How can you hold back your power when you have that much power!”

“I’m sorry about that. Unlike God, the Devil is a “shy person” who does not like to show off.”

“Don’t be silly!”

“There is no doubt about it. If you’re looking for a reason, don’t you think people would be even more anxious if they felt the presence of the Devil at a time like this?”

“What. How dare you insinuate that I am a goddess who killed humans?”

“That’s exactly what I’m talking about. You can kill as many humans as you want. They’ll multiply by themselves like seaweed anyway. Besides, it’s not the Devil who has killed the most people so far. It’s the Goddess, you know?”

“You’re saving more than just .....”

“Yes. Clarice is the [Goddess]. Do as you please. But–“

The corpse’s lightless eyes stared at Clarice at once, and Clarice stepped back slightly as the demon’s bright red eyes shot her.

“I will not forgive you for attempting to do any harm to milady.”

The Devil tries to protect her entire environment for the sake of one person. The demon and the contractor – Fleurety's actions, which exceeded even that framework, were beyond Clarice's understanding.

“I hate ..... this world. It's not just me. Because of that Goddess, people like Sharon were killed! I'll destroy them, living in a world of lies, under such a goddess, I'll destroy them!”

Even the earth trembles in fear of the emotions of the Goddess, who seems to goes crazy.

In the midst of this, Fleurety lightly waves her hand, and the departed walk scatter to the four directions.

“..... What are you trying to do? Do You don't even have to get serious?”

“The story is, I've evolved, but I'm not at my best yet. I have only half the magic power.”

“..... What do you mean by that?”

“Thanks to the sanctuary of this [Box Garden World], I haven't even been able to recover the damage from the previous battle. In my current state, would I be as strong as you?”

“If you were ....., why would you let the carcasses down?”

“It's not to be used for fighting in the first place. They are a bulwark to keep our fight here.”

“....., haha, what are you talking about? It's not a game, okay? If you make people look too stupid–“

“You're under a lot of stress, Miss.”

Clarice's anger wavered momentarily in confusion at the abrupt words.

“Stress ....."

“You want to break it, right? Frustrating, isn't it? You want to scream and flail and destroy everything, don't you?”

A whisper of the Devil creeping into the crevices of the mind, quietly seeping in.

Fleurety takes out a broken spike club and loosely points it at Clarice.

“Would you like to release stress .....? It would be great if you could be a partner to help me adjust to who I am now.”

Clarice was stunned for a moment by how she said it, but then she burst out laughing like she was holding her stomach.

As Clarice extends the light from one hand, she draws the sword that had fallen there – probably the [holy sword] that Elias had dropped – and uses the Goddess’s divine energy to transform it into a rapier for easy handling.

”To relieve my stress, I’ll be your practice partner.”

Then, like a goddess, like a noblewoman, Clarice smiled a gorgeous, radiant smile.

“Thank you, Miss Clarice.”

As Fleurety feeds the spiked club with magic, the damaged parts are repaired, and the distorted magical iron changed into a smooth surface of magical steel.

”Then”

Holding their weapons in their right hands and pinching the hem of their skirts with the fingers of their left, the black and white girls gently closed the gap between them and turned the weapon in their hands toward each other with dainty smiles, like inviting their opponents to dance at a ball.

“Let’s get started.”

Dancing madly, until death.

Weapons of light and darkness clash, sending sparks of black and white.

Its impact and bell-ringing roar shook the royal city even after the people were evacuated, and after seven days and seven nights – the

Humans learned that the grace of the [Goddess] was lost from this world.

# Chapter 62

## Final Episode The Story Begins

No air. No water. There is no light. There is no darkness.

In the chasm of another dimension, where no living object is accepted, I sit on a distorted black object, take a petal from a large black rose-like object and bring it to my mouth, one by one.

“Love, love, love, love .....

Oops, I've done some girlie-style flower fortune-telling, haven't I? I've been told that the compatibility with milady is excellent.

I was uncharacteristically girly, but I'm a lovely maiden with a pure heart, so there's nothing to worry about.

“You're not going to be able to find out what's going on. Is that the soul of a “goddess”?”

It seemed to be a tactless customer. When I glanced at him, he looked down at me, a big white shadow like a mountain.

“No, sir. It is Clarice. Dragon God.”

You can't lump those flimsy things together with the pure, dark, and distorted soul of this person.

“You'll be able to find out more about it at .....

“Good. But more importantly, has the distortion been fixed?”

“It is. In good health.”

“I could have taken that [power] away from you, but I don't need a thing like that.”

I briefly considered transferring it to milady and having her be [divine], but I'm troubled because if she's clothed in holy spirit, I won't be able to stay near her.

I tacitly allowed that 【Dragon God】 to return to the Dragon Hall because I want him to manage that continent.

The ex-goddess had created a world such as 【Box Garden World】 , distorting time to connect with the earth, so there was a small gap in time and dimension between the inside and outside of the 【Box Garden World】 .

Ignorance is a sin, isn't it? As a result of a former goddess's recklessness with no ability and knowledge, that entire continent was in danger of being erased.

Therefore, I have entrusted the management and repair of it to the Dragon God.

I have to take care of milady, and I don't want to be bothered with such trivial matters.

Thus, I have established an alliance with the Dragon God.

He also thought that he was in danger because of me becoming a devil, but we have agreed that as long as he continues to accommodate milady and her surroundings, I will not be hostile to him.

Well, I don't know about other gods, but the dragon race is neutral.

This world – there may still be parasites calling themselves other gods on other continents, so the more eyes you have, the better.

Oops, the last petal is missing.

That flower is the soul of Miss Clarice. Those black petals are like experience gained by Clarice, so I can still eat them if I want to

I throw her soul, which has become a white bud, into the gap between dimensions.

“The devil throws away a soul. ....”

“Leftovers” is such a clumsy thing to do. Would you be so kind as to ignore it?”

As I squinted up at the giant white dragon, the Dragon God shuddered slightly.

“Yes.”

At least go back to your world, not the one you hate, but the one you came from. I won't let anything stand in your way.

“Kisher.”

“Oh, isn’t that Betty?”

One of the locally adopted spider maids (?) Betty was on my shoulder, raising her paws menacingly.

I thought she was turning into a demon, but did she already turn into a demon since she could come here?

“Great. Let’s hire you officially, not part-time.”

Betty said that milady was worried about me, so she came to pick me up to go back early.

“I understand. Then let’s go home, Betty.”

“Kisher”

Thus, I return to the Kingdom of Algray and run through the anxiety of losing the goddess and bustling royal capital, which is under reconstruction, to arrive at the Academy, where milady is waiting for me.

“..... Letty!”

“Milady!”

Milady with tears in her eyes and I ran up to her with open arms—

“You are too late!”

I worried her too much and got poked with the opening slipper.

“The bride and groom, entrance.”

Three months after the disaster known as the Seventh Day of Requiem, on this day, in the capital of King’s Landing of Algray, a marriage ceremony was being held between two noble couples.

The first was the newly crowned Crown Prince Joel and his otherworldly bride, Miss Ginko, who was destined to bring prosperity to the country.

The ceremony was held in a hurry to alleviate the anxiety in the country after the death of the first prince, Yuri, in a tragic accident.

Miss Ginko is beautiful. It smells a bit criminal to marry so soon after turning 15 years old, but the country's people also expressed their joy at the lovely queen.

Among the guests, Miss Fua was arm in arm with both Sai and Hao. The best winner might be Miss Fua. Perhaps influenced by the maiden game, they also recognize polygamy.

The other couple is our angel, milady, and her marriage partner Andy.

You will find that you will be able to get a lot more than just a few minutes of your own time.

You can't blame them for that. It is a strategy to deceive the public with the two lovely bridesmaids.

You will be able to find out more about the company and its products.

It's a good idea to have a good time with them. More than real melon!

(Hard to understand, but I think she means Andy and his future with Sharon's Melons)

..... Oh, I got a glare from milady.

Well

I want to watch them forever, but I can't say that.

I will need to take care of them at the wedding reception, make the bed and prepare naughty underwear for the wedding night. I will be able to find out what I need to do to make her life more comfortable. Maids have a lot of work to do.

Besides,

With the loss of the goddess' favor and boundaries from this country, interference from the other countries has increased.

The reason for Joel's appointment as crown prince and his hurried marriage to Miss Ginko was also to prevent other countries from forcing a princess on him.

Because of the goddess, this country has many massive dungeons that produce quality resources. Unlike this country, where civilization was halted because of the goddess's selfishness, there are even magic guns and magical artillery in the outside world.

“Open, [Maids’ waiting room]”

With the jet-black key taken out of my pocket, my own personal [unique sub-space] opens.

The head maidservant sent this as a promotion gift, and it will be treated as a branch office of the [Paradise Lost] where the head office is located.

Inside it – a thousand maid demons who were my former subordinates are waiting for me as a loanee.

When I lightly wave my hand, the cute maid demons of beast, insect, and ape types who had been kneeling in reserve all stand up without a sound.

“Now, everyone. Let’s start with a quick ‘cleaning.’”

Milady, I’ll be with you forever.

Time has passed – Year 224 of the New Kingdom.

“She’s so restless.”

At The Marquis de Mercia’s house on the outskirts of the royal capital, a beautiful woman In her mid-twenties was accompanied by several maidservants, walking gently down its wide corridors, letting out a sigh to the restless Lady.

She has silver hair and blue eyes. The silver hair is a color of hair that has been passed down from generation to generation from a woman who married several generations ago, only passed down to her female relatives.

The old maid of honor, who has served her since she was in the mansion, calls out to her softly, “Princess, this is your day.”

The princess was very much looking forward to this day.

But that’s not good enough for a girl who is supposed to be a princess.

The maidservants smiled at the woman who complained and said that such a girl was cute.

“I’m sure you’ll find that picture down there. Let’s have a look at that one too.”

“Yes, Miss Kyria,”

More than two hundred years had passed since the day known as the Seven Days of Requiem when the goddess’s grace was lost.

Although it fended off relentless interference from other countries and even fought a small war, the neighboring countries that lost the grace of the goddess at the same time relied on Al Gray, which absorbed the neighboring countries in consultation and is now known as the most incredible power in the continent.

Only Al Gray did not succumb to any interference or threats.

You can find several different types of shoes and boots in the market.

Nowadays, technology and civilization are catching up with other countries, becoming an era of peace.

As a banner to unite the growing country, seven years ago, the Dauphin took a daughter from the Marquis of Mercia, known as the family of saints.

To keep her promise, Crown Princess Kiria had returned home with her daughter to her birthplace, the Mercia family, for the fifth birthday celebration of her beloved daughter, the princess.

“Miss Kiria, the princess is here!”

A little girl with silver hair was looking up at a large colored “picture.” The little girl, who may have noticed the footsteps, turned around and opened her purple eyes wide.

“Mummy!”

“There you are. Sharon.”

Kyria hugs her daughter Sharon and looks up again at the woman in the picturebook who looks exactly like her daughter.

“It’s your ancestor, ‘Sharon,’ who was called the ‘Saint of Charity.’”

“Is she the same as me?”

“That’s right. The daughter of the Mercia family has silver hair like this one, but you had the same eye color as Lady Sharon, hence the name.”

“My eyes are the same.”

Sharon, the “Lady of Mercy,” overcame the disasters more than 200 years ago and continued to heal her people.

She is said to have lived to be over 100, far longer than average, and never lost her beauty even as she aged, and although she is said to have been around 50 when this picture was taken, she looked as youthful as if she were in her late twenties, with a very bouncy “extra-large” figure.

Many men tried to approach her, but all of them were eliminated by a maid always by her side.

The maid’s name is not known, and she was a lifelong bachelor, but it is said that she and a holy knight had a heart-to-heart and kept each other pure and in love.

“Maid?”

“The maid was working for Sharon, and she was a very important ‘friend.’ It would be nice if you could have a maid like that to serve you.”

“Yes, Mommy”

The promise Kiria made to Sharon. It was to introduce Sharon, who was now five years old, to her maid from the Mercia family.

I’m sure we’ll be able to find out more about it. Besides, it is also a good idea to have a good time with your own family.

Of course, there are many noblemen from the royal family and Mercia family faction, but they don’t have children of a good age, and even if they did, they are afraid of Sharon, who is low on the list of titles and has a tight face.

The crown prince and Kyria are worried about this situation, so they asked the trustworthy Mercia family to introduce their lovely daughter to a maid of honor, who is around the same age and will always be there for her.

“What does she look like?”

“I’ve heard that she’s so good and so pretty that the head chamberlain of the Mercia family adopted her. I’m looking forward to it.”

“Yes”

When I went to the terrace with a restless and excited Sharon, I found a little girl in a maid’s outfit with her head down in a beautiful gesture by a table where Kiria’s choice of tea and snacks had been prepared.

“She did?”

“That’s right, Miss Kyria.”

Smiling ticklishly at the head maidservant, calling her Miss, Kyria pushed Sharon back and made her stand in front of the young maid.

She said, “This is the child who will be your maid. As a princess, you will personally ask those in your entourage to serve you.”

“Yes, yes.”

With the heart of a small animal, Sharon, who has rarely spoken with girls her age, jerks and holds out her hand vigorously to the young maid.

“I’m going to have to say that I’m going ..... to be friends with you!”

“Yes, Sharon. It’s a good idea to have a good time. Please stay with Letty.”

It’s the first month of autumn in the New Kingdom, twenty-four years later.

The story of a lonely, clumsy princess and a strange maid begins.

“I’ll do my best to make milady a helpless girl!”

“I don’t understand!”

### **[Side Story] A beautiful day of the maid**

Three years had passed since the Establishment of the New Kingdom in Algray Country, which began anew on the Day of Calamity, called the Seventh Day of Requiem, when the grace of the Goddess was lost.

With the disappearance of the Goddess’s boundary, interference from other countries increased, the inhabitants were anxious about the disappearance of the Goddess, but the city gradually regained its vitality.

The villa of the Marquis de Mercia in the royal capital is now home to the incoming head of the family and his wife.

The lady is called the “Saint of Charity” who healed the people whose skills were disabled after the disaster, and although she is shy and doesn’t appear on stage much, the servants of the mansion thought she was very lovely.

The lady has a personal maid who she professes to be her best friend.

That maid is one of the partners from the human summoned from another world when she was a student. The person who becomes the aristocrat’s partner has the status equivalent to that of his or her partner, so although she is only 18 years old, she is rumored to be the next head maid.

”Thank you for your service,”

“Yes, thank you!

The gatekeepers of the mansion stood tall to return the greetings from the black-haired maid.

Although she is second in rank to the Madam, the gatekeepers are still really polite and thank her because they are scared.

Shortly after the Madams marriage, a lowly nobleman’s maid of honor, who had wanted to be the next head maid of the family and had been an heiress for some time, had repeatedly insulted the young lady. She had been corrected the same day and was now a completely different person.

They don’t know what happened, but after that day, the maidservant stopped talking to anyone else, even changed her name, and assisted the maid.

“If you want to go out, I will call you a carriage: .....

“It’s my usual shopping, so I don’t need one but thanks. I’ll call you if I need you.”

“I see. .....

There are several stories about her, and it is said that when she whistles, an “eight-legged horse” appears out of nowhere towing a jet-black carriage.

“Then let’s go.”

As the jet-black maid walked out quietly, the gatekeepers almost screamed when they finally noticed another maidservant following her.

The maidservant, who has changed unimaginably from before, replies to the maid with her pale face and eyes wide open.

“Betty.....”

“Betty, you are very good at it.”

A maid followed by a maidservant who walks like a giggling puppet.

“What in the world is she ‘good at’ .....?”

As the gatekeepers were looking at her, Betty’s face suddenly turned back 180 degrees, and the gatekeepers let out a muffled scream.

“Betty ..... “

“”.....””

The gatekeepers are determined not to go against the maid, even if it means going against the king.

The maid, however, is surprisingly dependable and well-liked by the other servants.

Because she is only strict if it involves the young lady, but otherwise, she is a very tolerant and open-minded person. She can immediately solve various problems.

The biggest reason for this is that the lovely Madame, called a saint, shows great faith in her.

The lady’s tight-looking but beautiful and lovely personality and the dainty looking and very unforgiving maid must be a great combination.

Within minutes of the maid leaving the mansion, a beautiful young man with blonde hair walked in front of her calls out to her with a gentle smile.

“Hello”

“Elias, how do you do?”

The people around them smile lukewarmly at their appearance.

“It’s another beautiful day.”

“Yes, sir.”

“Betty .....

As the maid starts walking, Elias starts walking with her.

The maid used to make all of the Madam’s meals, apparently, but since she married, she has given specific recipes to the head chef, and she only makes the daily sweets.

The sugar and syrups needed for the confectionery are bought directly by her from the neighboring stores. Failure to meet her standards is synonymous with low quality, so over the past few years, the quality of food-related products has become surprisingly high.

The store near the third dungeon that she used to patronize was famous for its owner’s charming hairstyle, but it seems that he suddenly said ‘I’m going back to the sea’ and disappeared one day.

The last person who saw him testified that he was green all over, but the authenticity is not certain.

“Betty .....

“Then give me 50 kilos of your honey and flour and some extra rock sugar.”

“That’s cool. And the thing is .....

“Of course.”

When the maid handed a small bag to the shopkeeper, he checked the black stuff and almost finished the reimbursement.

It’s been rumored in the neighborhood that the shopkeeper has grown strange hair lately.

“I’ll take the package.”

“Yes, just half, then, please.”

Stopping to put away the luggage in the expansion bag, the maid gives half of the bags to Elias.

And so the two of them walking side by side look like a senior maid and her bodyguard – or a good friend, but both of them are lightly carrying 50 kilos of luggage in one hand, so something is wrong with them in many ways.

At the store are small insects and the like, but when they finish shopping, none of them are still there, and a shadowy maid is mumbling in a corner.

“Betty ....”

When the maid whistles, small, snotty children come strutting up from the back alley.

They are different from the past children, but in a big city, there would always be these less affluent children, and the maid still interacts with them.

“How are you kids doing?”

“Good!”

The maid smiles softly at the young children, who reply innocently.

“In the surrounding small countries, the confusion is subsiding.”

“The Code Empire of the West moved part of the army.”

“Several spies from the southern principality of Cilicia have blended in.”

“I see, I understand very well. Your reward.”

“thank you!”

The smiles of innocent children are soothing.

“So thank you, Mr. Elias.”

“It’s no big deal.”

When they returned to the front of the Mercia house after two hours, She saw Elias give a sparkling, passionate smile to the maid, who beautifully bowed her head.

After watching Elias leave with a light wave, the maid servant carries her bags in one hand and heads to the beloved young lady who is waiting for her.

“Miss, I have purchased today’s calories.”

“I don’t eat that much in one day!”

Today, the maids’ days continue as usual, with kind eyes on the lovely young lady’s fluttering.

“Betty .....

### **[Side Story] A wonderful day of the head maid**

In the night-only world known as Paradise Lost, there exists a queen called [Golden Lord].

She is the absolute reigning Lord in this world, and she has a group of men called [SHACHIKU] (*a person who overworks for a low wage but is still blindly loyal to his company*) who work around the clock, said to be in the millions or tens of millions.

However, there are only 13 specially selected maids at her side to take care of the Lord. One of them, a black-haired spider maid, has been promoted and is on assignment in another world, so there are 12 of them. They never cut corners, and they are operating as usual.

Then one day—

“We’re out of material.”

A slender woman about twenty years of age, with a slender figure, who was making sweets for her beloved Lord, muttered in a flat, emotionless voice.

Her glistening blonde hair was curled into a vertical roll, and her face, devoid of all distortion, would be considered by 9

out of 10 people to be a stunning woman.

“I’m going to get the material.”

“Yeah, yeah, go ahead.”

Next to her, a silver-haired woman of about the same age who was devouring the confectionery prototypes as she puffed out her cheeks,

scowled for a moment at her colleague's abrupt words, and then waved her hand with a smile.

"It's a good thing that you're able to have a good idea of what you're looking for."

The other ten top maids, who are also their disciples, line up to greet the blonde as she walks out of the workroom, bowing their heads without the slightest difference.

"Have a good time."

"Oh, did I get it wrong?"

The head maid who landed in a certain world nodded her head at the slight discomfort.

She is sure she'll be able to find the way to the world of the head spider maid.

She could have the spider maid deliver it to her in person, but since she's still not as skilled and powerful as the head spider maid, She thought She'd give her some extra training as a teacher, but

"..... It is from 'that world' again?"

Surprisingly, there are many worlds inhabited by humanoid creatures in the universe. It was said that the reason such similar humanoid life forms and similar cultures existed was that the will of planets called [worlds] were attracting life from other worlds.

Because the spirits of the inhabitants of 'that world' are devastated, and many of them always want to start over in another world. The inhabitants of 'that world' are called out with a high probability when other worlds use 'other world summoning.'

They can be reliably called with little magic power because they want to, but the inhabitants of 'that world' are dangerous.

They wish to start over, but they do not fit into other worlds and bring a distorted culture and civilization to other worlds, searching for the environment they want, corrupting the world before it can mature.

The world that has attracted such 'cancer cells' has a high probability of thriving for a few hundred years, but many have died out in a thousand years. And apparently, some [gods] anticipate this and

tacitly approve of it to eliminate the warped civilization.

The head spider maid, a disciple of her, was originally one of those, but now that she has become a member of their side, she seems to be struggling to get rid of the bizarre civilization.

This world summons others from such ‘that world’, and in the aftermath, the head maid is also slightly displaced from the world she was supposed to be heading to.

“I can’t blame them.”

Even a being as strong as the head maid can be affected by such a thing if she is walking around without thinking.

She senses that the time between the summoning and the head maid’s arrival seemed to be several months or years off.

Still, even if it was a coincidence since it was the first time She came to this world, the head maid decided to track down the summoned magic power’s residue to see if there are any unusual ingredients.

“Anne-Marie! It is unconscionable that a duke’s daughter would repeatedly use her power to harass others, and I am breaking off my engagement with you!”

At a gala gathering of noblemen from all over the kingdom, Edgar, the crown prince of this country, hugged the dark-haired girl.

“Oh, no, there’s been a mistake, Mr. Edgar!”

The white-blonde girl, who was momentarily taken aback by Edgar’s words, hurriedly said so, but Edgar stared at his former fiancée with contempt.

“This is approved by my father, the king!”

“..... Oh, no.”

The head maid is not going to be able to get it right from the start.

It’s not just a simple matter of having a good time, but also a great deal of fun.

The saint’s power and the artifacts burned down part of the forest, and the kingdom seized part of the demon king’s territory in the forest.

There were celebrations for this, and Anne-Marie's annulment took place in the eyes of such a large number of nobles.

Anne-Marie had memories of a previous life. She was an ordinary high school student who was hit by a tractor and died, only to find herself reborn.

With that knowledge, she realized that the Divine Weapon was a weapon of mass destruction, similar to modern rockets.

After researching it, she learned that the ancient civilization had collapsed because of its heavy use of the weapon. Still, she was alienated by Edgar and his entourage for preaching it.

She told a woman summoned, possibly from her previous world, of the danger, but she didn't listen to her and complained to Edgar that she was being harassed.

The dark-haired woman pestered Edgar as Anne-Marie stared at her, remembering her smiling while burning down the demon king's territory with weapons of mass destruction.

"I'm afraid, Mr. Edgar, Miss Anne-Marie, is staring at me."

"Don't be afraid, Chloe. I'll keep you safe."

Chloe has a pretty baby face and looks only about twenty years old in this world, but Anne-Marie, who had a chance to look at her belongings, knew from her driver's license that she was 28 years old.

She says she is 17 years old and is already spoiled by 18-year-old Edgar. How is she an adult?

She has been engaged since childhood, and even though they didn't have much affection for each other, they had a reasonably good relationship, but she didn't expect to be cuckolded so easily.

The demon tribe is different from the demons, even if they are called demons. They are former human that did not die even though they were exposed to too much magic.

They are feared because they are stronger than humans, but they are warm and honest.

When Anne-Marie learned of this fact and learned that a saint was summoned to use a weapon of destruction, she was highly praised for

the nobility of the warning she gave when she went to the Demon King's castle on her own in secret, and the beautiful Demon King then courted her.

"How did this happen? It was as if a giant hand was playing with my fate, and it all backfired."

"Anne-Marie, you are suspected of working with foreign countries. You will not escape the maximum penalty!"

"I didn't do that! I have tried to reduce the damage, but I have never tried to endanger this country."

"You'll talk when you're interrogated in the dungeons from now on."

Anne-Marie's eyes darkened as Chloe smiled sarcastically at her.

"It's not just a matter of time before you'll be able to find a way to do the job."

"Oh ..... God,"

"Although it's not such a big deal."

Suddenly, everyone present was startled by the blonde maid who was there before they knew it.

"If I may, I'd like to ask you a little question, but have you had any visitors from other worlds lately?"

"Eh, ..... its"

"It's a good idea to have a good idea of what you're going to do if you're not going to be able to get the job done."

"You're a maid! That is rude!"

Edgar, recovering from the shock, barked at the blonde maid.

Of course, with so many noblemen, there would be a shortage of servants, so they had called in maids from several noble families in the royal capital, and naturally, they thought it was a maid from some house.

But she turned her eyes to them, like a trainer to an undisciplined dog that barks.

“Please call me ‘head maid.’”

Just then, he walked towards Chloe.

“It’s a good idea to have a good time with your friends and family.”

“..... Huh?”

When Chloe let out a silly voice at her situation and the pain she was beginning to feel, the head maid didn’t look at her and called out to Edgar and the others.

“It’s a good thing that I’m going to exterminate it for good because it’s a blight on this world.”

“Chloe —!!!”

“Ki, you!”

Edgar screamed, and as the Knight Commander’s son drew his sword and pounced on him, a golden whip-like object flew for a moment, smashing his sword into dust with his entire head.

“..... yah, yah, I don’t want to die, I create a reverse har...geez.”

Chloe, who was about to say something, collapsed with white eyes as the head maid, grabbed what looked like a glowing black ball and pulled her hand out.

Everyone froze in place at the sheer tragedy that had occurred in an instant.

“Who is this wreaking havoc in my realm!”

Suddenly, a pillar of light stood up through the ceiling, flooding the room with clean, divine air, from which a being in the form of a ‘little girl’ dressed in a kimono descended.

“..... the goddess.”

It is the only [god] that this monotheistic country worships, and both the sacred artifacts and the summoning of the saints were brought by the goddess.

You can find many people who are familiar with the friendly gods who show up at the annual Thanksgiving feast held in the cathedral of the royal capital after offering a large number of offerings.

“You will be able to find out the reason why you shouldn’t have done that.”

“I am sorry. I’m sorry, please be quiet as your presence is depressing.”

The goddess was pierced from behind by the head maid’s hand, and in her hand, which had penetrated her chest, she held something that looked like a glowing ball.

”Guffaw.”

When the head maid lightly twisted her arm, the body of the goddess scattered.

“It’s a good idea to make sure that you’re not going to have to worry about your health and well-being. I’ll take this as payment for pest and parasite extermination. There’s no need to thank me. And if there are any more protests, I will accept them for five seconds.”

As expected, there is no such daredevil against the monster that annihilated the goddess.

But then

“Anne-Marie!”

“Mr. Simeon!”

A dark-skinned young man jumped in through the window and embraced Anne-Marie.

Seeing this, the head maid clapped her hands as if she remembered something.

“I forgot to pick you up on the way. Was it cold on the roof?”

“.....”

Anne-Marie and Simeon, the Demon King, want to say something to the playful remarks but cannot say anything. Anne-Marie and Simeon, the Demon King, are silent as they cover for each other.

“As an apology, how would you like me to bring you to a place of your choice?”

“..... please.”

Thus, the duchess Anne-Marie became the Queen of the Demon King by eloping, and the couple supported each other through the trauma from before their marriage and developed a deep love for each other.

And in the kingdom that lost the goddess, the divine instruments, which are magic tools, stopped working due to too much magic, and after a few years, they were absorbed by other human nations, and the royal family was dropped to a nobleman.

The head maid made a tart with the finest ingredients she had harvested, but the golden master said it was 'delicious, but a bit sour.'

"Not diligent enough."

"But It's delicious?"